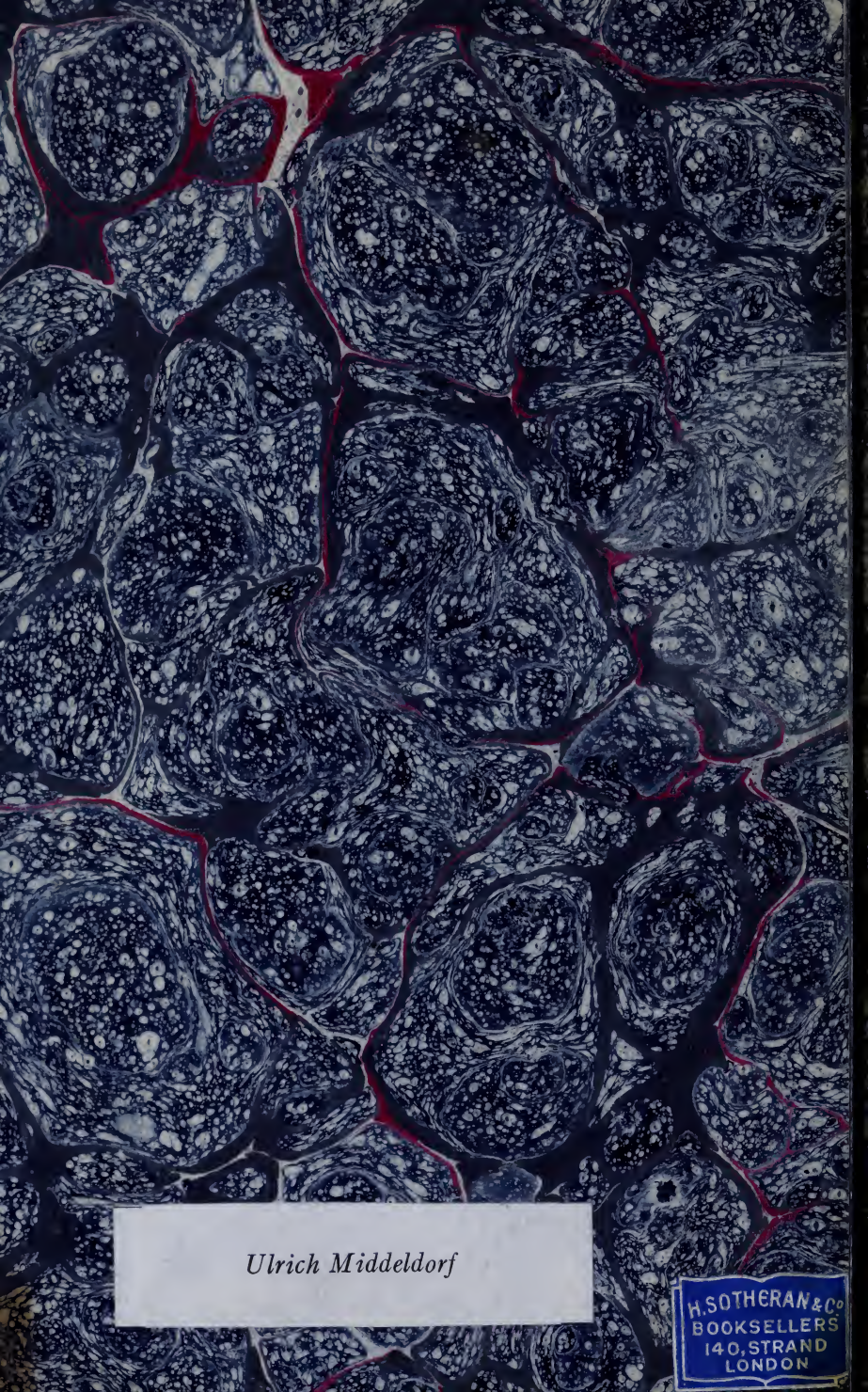

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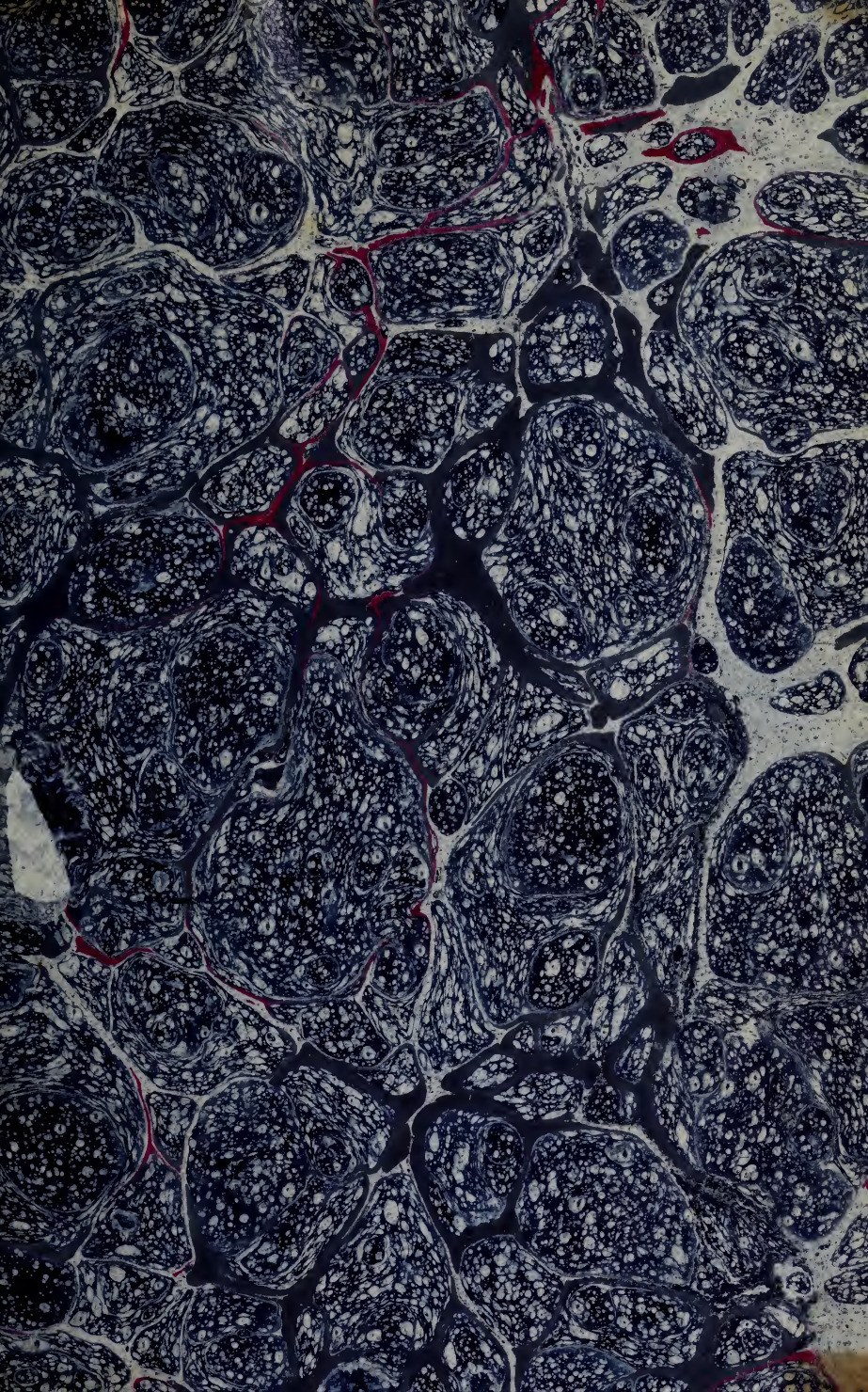

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TRAVELS

AFTER THE PEACE OF AMIENS,

THROUGH PARTS OF

FRANCE, SWITZERLAND, ITALY,

AND

GERMANY.

By J. G. LEMAISTRE, Esq.

AUTHOR OF A "ROUGH SKETCH OF MODERN PARIS."

---------- Celeberrima per loca vadet. Hor.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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ERRATA.

P. 92, last line but four. *For* "humor" *read* "curiosity."
193, l. 20. *For* "the three" *read* "three."
205, l. 2. After the word "diminishes" *add* "in diameter."

TRAVELS

THROUGH

FRANCE, SWITZERLAND, &c.

LETTER XXII.

The court of his Sicilian majesty — Presentation of the author and other Englishmen at Le Grand Couvert—Account of the royal family — English ladies presented to the queen — The queen's address to these ladies, and remarks on English wives and English husbands—Balls given by her majesty, at general Acton's, to the English at Naples — General Acton and his young wife—Hereditary prince and princess—A ball given by the queen, at the palace of La Favorita, at Portici—Neapolitan society, manners, and behaviour—Spanish ambassador; his palace, ball, manner of living, and masquerade character.

Naples, Feb. 24, 1803.

My dear sir,

WHEN I arrived at Naples the royal family were at the palace of Casserta, where, since their return from Palermo, they have principally resided. They came to town to spend the king's birth-day (the 12th of Ja-

nuary), and a grand gala was held at court in honor of the occasion; when Mr. Drummond, the British minister, did me the favor of presenting me, together with many other English, to their Sicilian majesties. We were of course in full dress; and, having accompanied Mr. Drummond to the palace, proceeded through a long suit of unfurnished rooms into a very large saloon; where the king and queen, in company with their son (the hereditary prince), his wife, and the princesses, sat at dinner; according to the etiquette observed by the Bourbon family, who uniformly hold their court while they are at table, whence it is called *le grand couvert.*

Though it was only just twelve o'clock, the king ate very heartily; while the queen refused every dish which was handed to her.

The court or company round the table was numerous, and formed a complete mob; and though I am persuaded that the noblest blood in Europe flowed in the veins of the dukes, princes, and *marquises*, assembled on the occasion, they had very much the appearance of strolling actors prepared to represent the heroes of tragedy, or of footmen in the cast-off dresses of their masters. Their coats were laced and spangled all over; their hair was frizzed, and powdered to vie with the color of snow; and many of them had ribands, stars, and

chamberlains' keys; yet there was a meanness in their persons and manner, which destroyed all the effect of their tawdry ornaments, and only rendered them doubly ridiculous. I looked with pride on the dignified simplicity of my young countrymen, who, in their plain cloth coats or manly uniforms, looked like superior beings, when contrasted with these pigmy nobles, in spite of their gold, their velvet, their orders, and their grimaces.

When the king had at last finished his dinner, and had risen from table, we were one by one presented to his majesty; who only bowed, without speaking to any one of us, though there were several British peers in the party. He contented himself with observing to Mr. Drummond, that the English were so numerous as almost to form a colony.

The king is a tall athletic man, with light hair and eyebrows, and no very expressive countenance. He was dressed in a white uniform faced with red, and decorated with various orders. The queen, to whom we were afterwards presented, was extremely gracious, and inquired after the English ladies, whom she said she hoped to receive the following day. Her majesty, though sister to the unfortunate and lovely Marie Antoinette of France, by no means resembles that charming woman either in person or in manner. Her figure is corpu-

lent, and not distinguished by any peculiar degree of elegance; and the notes of her voice cannot justly be called harmonious. We next made our bow to the hereditary prince and princess. The former is a heavy-looking man, between thirty and forty years of age, with light hair and corresponding eyebrows. His first wife, an archduchess of Austria, died about a year since, much esteemed by the public and lamented by her husband. He was very lately united to his present princess, who was brought out of the Escurial of Spain to receive the hand of the prince. She is scarcely fourteen years old. Her face is pretty, and expresses much good-humor; but her person is short, and not particularly graceful.

As soon as the ceremony of presentation was over, the royal family retired into another room, and held a court to which none but ministers of state, foreign envoys, and Neapolitans of a certain rank, were admitted. None of the English were allowed the honor of being received in this *sanctum sanctorum*, with the exception of Mr. Drummond, who, as representative of his sovereign, enjoys the privilege.

While we awaited his return, I had time to look round me, and was more and more astonished at the miserable appearance of the persons who formed the court. The ladies were

if possible more shabby than the men. They wore dresses of blue and gold silk, which from their tarnished state seemed to have descended from mother to daughter for many successive generations. Their hoops were little and clumsy; and the ornaments of their head did not display any of that classical taste which is now become so common in such decorations in other parts of Europe. The number of pretty women was uncommonly small.

I dined the same day with our minister, who, though a retired and studious man, lives with much splendor: and in the evening went to the theatre of San Carlos, which in honor of his majesty's birth-day was generally and brilliantly illuminated. The effect was grand: and the house, beautiful in itself, and of great size, was particularly striking on this occasion. Immense wax candles, profusely scattered over this vast building, gave the light of day; and the nobility and their wives, who filled the boxes, appeared in full dress, ornamented with all their diamonds*. Taking it "for all in all," I consider this *spectacle* as the most splendid which I have seen since I crossed the Chan-

* An Italian lady's fortune is generally laid out in the purchase of jewels. Hence it sometimes happens, that a female has the value of ten thousand pounds in diamonds, whose husband's income is scarcely equal to the interest lost on these expensive baubles.

nel. The darkness which generally prevails in the theatres of the continent destroys the effect of the finest architecture, and takes from the pleasure with which the most finished performances are viewed by an English spectator. Nor is S. Carlos, on common occasions, better lighted than the playhouses of other capitals.

Two days after the king's birth-day, the English ladies at Naples were presented to the queen; and as Mrs. L. was of the party, you may depend on the accuracy of my account. At three o'clock in the afternoon they repaired to Mr. Drummond's house, and thence accompanied him to the palace. Her majesty, following the customs of the Austrian court, in which she was educated, receives in private, and accordingly no persons were present at this ceremony but the queen, Mr. Drummond, and these ladies. After each had been named, her majesty made a kind of speech, and expressed how happy she was at seeing so many English ladies at her court. "For I esteem," added she, "the venerable character of your queen, and think very highly of British females in general: they are good daughters, good wives, and good mothers." As the compliment was addressed to all, no one made any reply; but Mr. Drummond, considering this praise as offered to the country which he represents, made very naturally a bow of gratitude. "Point de

révérences, monsieur," exclaimed the queen: "I speak of English ladies, and by no means of English men: ils sont libertins, mauvais sujets, buveurs, inconstans, &c. Si j'etois homme, je prendrois une de vos compatriotes pour ma femme: mais Dieu me défend d'un mari Anglais*.'

Though every one will agree that our fair countrywomen fully deserve the praises bestowed by her Sicilian majesty, few will think that English husbands merit so severe a censure. More domestic happiness is certainly found in Great Britain than in any part of the continent; and as all duties are reciprocal, and are rarely fulfilled on one side and not on the other, it is almost an absurdity to speak of wives being generally good and husbands generally bad. Singular instances may be adduced, where the matrimonial tie is violated by the husband and strictly observed by the wife; but such instances are rare; and no position, taking a view of society at large, is truer than this, that good wives make good husbands, and *vice versâ*. Her majesty must either have contracted a prejudice† against Englishmen in conse-

* "They are libertines, spendthrifts, drunkards, inconstants, &c. If I were a man, I would take an English wife; but God forbid I should have an English husband."

† Perhaps this prejudice may have been occasioned by the dislike which her majesty is said to entertain at present

quence of the misconduct of some individual, or have been deceived by erroneous views of British manners.

After paying some additional compliments to the character of English women, her majesty bowed, and the ladies retired. The queen was *en négligée*, and received the party in a large unfurnished apartment. The presented wore neither hoops nor lappets, but were in other respects much dressed.

Her majesty has since testified her esteem for the English, by several entertainments given by her order at general sir John Acton's, and to which none but our countrymen, the *corps diplomatique*, and the court, were invited. They were honored by the presence of the king, the queen, and all the royal family.

General Acton lives in a large mansion near the palace; and his apartments, the furniture of which was entirely destroyed during the re-

against her former favorite, our countryman, general sir John Acton; who, though still ostensibly honored with her protection, is reported no longer to enjoy her confidence. That minister, who formerly owed his power to the influence of the queen, has supplanted her majesty in the partiality of the king, and now enjoys the royal favor independently of the source whence it originally flowed. Such at least is the general rumor among the first circles at Naples.

P. S. Since writing the above, general Acton, through the intrigues, or rather the orders, of France, has been deprived of his office, and has retired to Sicily.

volution, have lately been newly fitted up with much taste. He is still, at the age of seventy years, a hale well-looking man, nearly six feet high. He married about two years ago his own niece, daughter of baron Acton, his younger brother. She has already one son, and is expected very shortly again to increase his family.

The entertainments given at his house consisted of English country-dances (the first of which was begun by the princess royal and Mr. Drummond our minister), and of Spanish *ballets* of a peculiar kind. In the latter, his royal highness the hereditary prince took the lead; and, though not of a person exactly suited to the activity which such an exercise requires, exerted himself more than any one else. He danced the whole evening with his young wife, whom he instructed in the figure with a voice and countenance which expressed the great importance which he attached to the achievement of the ballet. The evenings always concluded with the *Gallopade*, a romping dance, in which his royal highness was again the most conspicuous performer, dragging his little princess, who found it extremely difficult to follow him, from one to the other extremity of a room of great extent. Refreshments of ice, lemonade, and cakes, were served

in profusion; but supper formed no part of the entertainment.

Three such assemblies were given; to all of which the same persons were invited. The queen took an opportunity of speaking each night to most of the English ladies who had been presented to her, and staid till a late hour.

The unmarried princesses are not handsome; but enjoy the reputation of being amiable and highly accomplished. The younger prince, a boy of fourteen, was dressed in a full suit of uniform, with five stars on his breast. He wore his hair powdered, with a long tail, equaling at least half the dimensions of his person. The military part of our countrymen appeared in their respective regimentals; and the rest in the full dress of our court.

As none of the Neapolitans were present at these balls, some complaints were expressed by the higher classes of the *noblesse;* to obviate which, her majesty gave a subsequent entertainment at the king's palace near Portici, called *La Favorita,* to which a select number of her own subjects, and all the presented English, were invited.—Nothing can be prettier than the house where this *fête* was given,—distant about seven miles from Naples. The company danced in an octagon room, which

was brilliantly lighted; and a flight of marble steps in the centre led to a number of small rooms, which had balcony windows opening on the great saloon. The view of the ball from one of these windows was beautiful; and the whole scene presented a *coup d'œil* uncommonly splendid. Nearly a thousand persons were assembled. Among the Neapolitan ladies I remarked some pretty faces; but their persons were not seen to advantage, as the dresses which they wore were neither remarkable for elegance nor even for cleanliness. The gentlemen were extremely mean and shabby in their appearance. The foreigners were all in full dress; but the royal family and the Neapolitans were in frocks.

Beside the ball-room and adjoining cabinets, a suit of apartments was lighted and thrown open on the upper floor. Many of these are extremely elegant, particularly a large saloon, the floor of which is formed of mosaic marble brought from the island of Caprea: and the whole was illuminated by a lustre handsome in its form and brilliant in its effect. The other rooms, though smaller, were fitted up with equal taste. The bedchamber of the king, which we also saw, is furnished with much neatness.

Refreshments were served at one extremity of the ball-room, but there was no supper:

and we all returned to Naples at a late hour, half famished with hunger.

The other opportunities which I have had of seeing Neapolitan society, have been at the Spanish ambassador's, and at the apartments of an English acquaintance, who came hither particularly recommended by several relations of the first nobility of this town (resident since the late revolution at Paris), and who consequently has been received into all the best houses. At a ball given by this friend, we met almost an equal number of English and Neapolitans; and I cannot say, that, thus contrasted, the latter gained much by the comparison. As far as I can judge of the *noblesse*, I think they are lively, good-humored, talkative, and free in their manner. The men are universally ill-looking, small in stature, and dark in complexion. The women are not generally handsome; yet I have seen some who deserved to be called so, in spite of the bad taste which their dress displayed. Our country-dances are universally adopted; but the Neapolitan manner of dancing them has this peculiarity, that a gentleman, in going down the middle, puts his arm round the waist of his partner, who returns the compliment by placing herself in a similar attitude. Nor do such freedoms offend the delicacy of the Italian ladies, who seem by no means scrupulous in

the observance of what the French call *les bienséances*. As an instance of this levity, I will mention a scene which I myself witnessed. At a crowded ball, at which I was lately present, a young duchess, who is considered as the most distinguished beauty of the place, ran from one room to another, followed by five gentlemen of different ages, each of whom, as he caught hold of the fair fugitive, either pinched her back or tickled her arm: and this indecorum passed off as a very harmless joke in the presence of two or three hundred persons *.

The ladies of Naples, like those of Rome, speak in a loud tone of voice, bordering on a scream; and the noise of an assembly is thence inconceivably great.

The Spanish ambassador, the marquis de Moss, is married to mademoiselle de Pinto, who was born in England, and is daughter of M. de Pinto, prime-minister of Portugal, and formerly long resident in London as envoy from his sovereign. At the house of this lady, who of course visits the first Neapolitan families,

* Since my return to England I mentioned this circumstance to a gentleman, who, before my arrival at Naples, had passed a year there, and lived principally in the first circles of the nobility. He assures me that he saw a Neapolitan beau at a crowded ball tear the sleeve from the gown of this same duchess, who only laughed, and called him a ridiculous fellow.

and who has given several assemblies, I have had frequent opportunities of examining the manners of the higher classes: and at a ball, to which she had the goodness to invite us, we had a specimen of Spanish hospitality, and of the Spanish style of eating. At supper the ambassador could not be persuaded to take a seat, and went from table to table, to see that his guests were properly accommodated. The dishes of which the supper consisted, had various forms, but the greater part of them was made of pork dressed in different manners.

His excellency lives in a spacious palace, and keeps a numerous retinue. Indeed his whole establishment is handsome, and becoming the high situation which he fills. You will be surprised when I add, if you entertain the ideas so prevalent in England of Spanish gravity (which ideas, I am assured by a friend who resided some time at Madrid, are entirely groundless), that at one of the public masquerades given at the opera-house during the carnival, the marquis de Moss appeared in the character of *Nobody*, with an immense head; and, thus disguised, wandered about the pit during the greater part of the night, accompanied by his lady in a similar dress. I ought to mention, that he is large in his person, and not less than fifty years old. I supped after-

wards with him in his box; and, though he was much fatigued with his exertions and with the heat, he seemed to be much pleased with the feats of the evening.

Having now taken a cursory view of the climate, amusements, manners, court, and society at Naples, I shall in my next speak of those objects to which connoisseurs and classical travellers more particularly direct their attention.

I am, &c.

LETTER XXIII.

Curiosities in and near Naples---The Studio and Hercules Farnese---Capo di Monte---Royal palace of La Franca Villa---Carthusian convent, and view from that situation---Fortress of San Elmo---Portici, and its museum---Manuscripts---An English clergyman sent by the prince of Wales to decipher the same at the expense of his royal highness---Ancient paintings found at Herculaneum and Pompeii---Herculaneum: its history, discovery, and present appearance---Pompeii seen in open day: its contents---Excursion to the summit of Mount Vesuvius.

Naples, Feb. 26, 1803.

My dear sir,

THOUGH the number of churches at Naples is very great, and among them there are undoubtedly some which deserve the attention of strangers; yet, in consequence of the inferiority even of the finest here, to those at Rome, and of the much more interesting sights which the country around affords, it frequently happens that travelers devote their principal time to the environs, without paying more than a cursory visit to the curiosities of the town. This, I confess, has been the case with me; and, enjoying the delightful rides in this neighbourhood, the classical recollections which they excite, and the extraordinary views which they present, I have not been able to persuade my-

self to exchange these fairy scenes for the gloomy aisles of mouldering churches; or to breathe the pestiferous air of cemeteries, when nature, clad in all her most alluring charms, invites me to wander on the shores of the Mediterranean.

For the churches of Naples, therefore, I must refer you to former travelers, if not already tired with the long accounts which I have sent you of those which adorn the other cities of Italy. I can talk of cathedrals, monuments, and altars, when they are the only things which claim my notice; but when I am to choose between these and picturesque scenery, dignified by having been honored by the presence of the most illustrious of the ancient Romans, I must be pardoned for paying much greater attention to the latter than to the former of these objects.

Among the most interesting sights within the city of Naples, the Studio ought first to be mentioned. Besides its library, which consists of a valuable assemblage of books, that occupy a splendid room of vast length, and a cabinet where some rare manuscripts are deposited, there is a fine collection of ancient statues. The most beautiful of these is the celebrated Hercules* of Farnese, which has, I know not

* This far-famed statue, which was found in the *thermæ* of Caracalla, was long the ornament of the palace of the

how, escaped the grasp of France. This beautiful figure is so well known, and has been so often described, that it would be impertinent in me to attempt saying any thing on the subject. I cannot however help observing, that Hercules, generally considered as the personification of strength, is oddly enough placed here in an attitude of repose, leaning on his club. "He has just achieved," said a connoisseur, "one of his labors; and thence this position." Yet surely fatigue requiring rest is the consequence of exhausted, not the symbol of existing, strength; and he who appears in this state, whatever his prior exertions may have been, does not present the idea of invincible force.

From the Studio we went, on the same day, to a palace of the king, in the suburbs of the town, called Capo di Monte. The prospect of the bay, from a window on the staircase of this house, is delightful, and is one of the best points of view in which I have seen it. The rooms of the palace are spacious, and ornamented with a numerous collection of pictures, said to be *chefs-d'œuvres* from the pencils of the first masters: but, though I am

family whose name it has since borne: it was removed to Naples some years since, with other property inherited by the present king of the Two Sicilies, the sole existing descendant and representative of that ancient house.

no judge of painting, I strongly suspect, from the appearance of the pictures, that the originals have been sold, and copies substituted in their places. My suspicions are increased by the circumstance of all the furniture having been either sold, stolen, or removed, during the late revolution. After such depredation, is it possible that the most valuable articles in the house, pictures of undoubted reputation, should have escaped the hands of those who either plundered the palace for their own advantage, or disposed of the furniture in consequence of the distresses of the country?

We were told, as we walked through the apartments of the Capo di Monte, that his majesty had been shooting that morning in the immediate neighbourhood of this house, and had himself killed ninety pheasants. However great the number may appear, it is little when compared with the stories which are daily told of his majesty's prowess.

The king has another house near Naples, called La Franca Villa, where I saw some admirable pictures by Raphael, Titian, Guercino, and other artists of distinguished name. There was no catalogue, and the friends who accompanied me would not allow me sufficient time to mark down the principal works collected here.

The Carthusian convent, which stands on a

vast eminence, and the celebrated castle of San Elmo, occupied very pleasantly one morning. After spending more than an hour in climbing up this ascent, I at last reached the entrance of the monastery. The *Chartreuse* is a handsome building, of neat and clean appearance, commanding one of the most magnificent prospects in the known world. The brethren of this order were formerly sixty in number, but they are at present reduced to six. The revenues of the house, which were immense, have been lately confiscated, in order to enable the government to defray the extraordinary expenses of the war. The allowance of those who remain is only six *carlini* a-day (equal to three shillings of English money). The chapel, the *sacristie*, and the refectory, are handsome rooms, and are adorned with pictures by the first masters. The prior's apartments are large and elegant: they likewise possess some works of esteemed painters. The windows command the most sublime and extensive view imaginable. This view is formed by the city and bay of Naples, which seem to lie at the foot of this mighty hill; Mount Vesuvius; the island of Caprea; and other picturesque objects.

The fortress of S. Elmo has been completely repaired; but every place which contains a gun bears marks of its late erection, and con-

sequently of the havoc produced by the war. The fortress, lofty as is its position, is surrounded with still greater heights: I cannot therefore conceive how it was ever capable of great resistance. Most of the guns are so planted at present as to command the town. Probably the government is of opinion, that the fortress may prove more useful in defending the sovereign from an attack of his people, than from that of a foreign enemy.

One of the first excursions which I made in the environs of Naples brought me to Portici. I visited there the museum formed of those articles which were found in the ancient and excavated cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii. Many of the most valuable things belonging to this highly interesting collection were sent by the king to Palermo, at the beginning of the revolution; but those which remain are extremely curious. Besides eggs, straw, and other commodities, usually considered of a perishable nature, but which were found quite perfect, as left by the unhappy sufferers almost two thousand years ago, I saw glass, exactly of the same quality as that which we use, taken from the frame of a window; bottles of the usual shape; tumblers; rings; necklaces; stamping instruments, with which the Romans affixed their names, and which, strange to say, did not lead to the discovery of the art of printing; hatchets;

kettles, and other utensils of domestic economy; with helmets, spears, and warlike instruments of all sorts, many of which are exactly similar to such as we employ at this day. There are also in the collection some beautiful lustral basins, and several Grecian statues. What pleased me more than every thing else, was the sight of the numerous papyri, or manuscripts, which were discovered at Herculaneum rolled together in a closet. They look like long pieces of charcoal; but, notwithstanding this unfavorable appearance, the characters of the majority of them are not irrevocably lost. It is somewhat singular, that such of them as the lava did not touch fell to pieces on being brought into the air,—the damp having rotted them; and that those which were apparently burnt are the only ones which have been preserved. They are written on a substance made of the barks of trees and the leaves of the papyrus, and rolled tightly together. The writing is only on the inner side. By a process, originally suggested by a monk, whose name was Antonio Piaggi, the art of unrolling these valuable manuscripts was discovered, and some of them have been completely copied. The present king of the Two Sicilies encouraged the undertaking, which proceeded gradually, but slowly, owing to the immense care, patience, and time which the task required. The last war of

course stopped the progress of this classical pursuit; and on the return of the king from Palermo, his finances were so reduced that he had not the means of ordering these labors to be resumed. Under these circumstances, his royal highness the prince of Wales thought it right to offer his assistance, and, with a liberality and attachment to the cause of literature not only honorable to the private character of his royal highness, but likewise flattering to the great nation whose future destiny may greatly depend on the talents, virtues, and principles of that distinguished personage, sent hither an English clergyman (Mr. Hayter) recommended by the university of Cambridge, with a salary of five hundred pounds, paid out of the private purse of the prince, with instructions to continue this interesting research. The king of Naples, I need scarcely add, has given his consent to these arrangements; and the books redeemed in this manner are to be at the disposal of his royal highness.

Several persons are now employed in unfolding the manuscripts, under the guidance and direction of the reverend Mr. Hayter; but I am sorry to be compelled to add, that as yet the pursuit has not advanced with very rapid strides. The gentleman entrusted with this honorable mission is an agreeable companion and an excellent scholar; but, if the reports of the

country be at all well founded, the progress hitherto made has by no means equaled the expectations which, in consequence of the munificence of the patron and the great knowledge of the agent, the friends of literature had been induced to form. Two hundred *papyri* remain to be examined: and should the business be pursued with activity, it is highly probable that some valuable and interesting additions will be made to the general stock of classical riches. The persons entrusted with the mechanical task of unfolding, are ignorant of the language the characters of which they copy: the works recovered will therefore bear the most indisputable proofs of their authenticity. I was present one day at the operation by which this process is effected, and the volume on which the men were employed had affixed to it the name of Epicurus. In looking into M. de Lalande's book, written thirty years ago, I find he mentions a work by the same author which was then deciphering at Portici. Perhaps the manuscript which now occupies the attention of the clerks may be a different volume; yet the circumstance is suspicious, and might tempt one to imagine that the undertaking had made no progress since that time.

In some of the upper rooms of the museum the floor is of ancient mosaic, also taken from Herculaneum, and extremely beautiful. Among

the things preserved here, similar to those of our days, there is a complete assortment of kitchen utensils; tools of husbandry; tools of gardening; musical instruments; medals; weights and measures; ink; needles, thimbles, and other implements for ladies' work; besides combs, pins, perfumes, and even *rouge*, for their toilets. Of articles completely Roman, and unknown to us, the most singular are the lachrymary bottles, which are said to have contained the tears of relations at the loss of their friends, and particularly of wives at the death of their husbands. — The following words in holy scripture have evidently an allusion to this custom: "Put my tears into thy bottle." —Each of these bottles is of the size of an apothecary's phial. Some of our modern widows, in spite of all the refinements of sentimental love, would find it difficult to afford so copious a testimony of regard to the memory of their departed lords.

In the rooms below, we saw the collection of ancient paintings found at Herculaneum and Pompeii. They have been so often described that I shall not attempt entering into a detailed account. The coloring of them is fresh, and the execution admirable. The pilasters and arabesque borderings, which are so much admired in the modern decorations of houses, are but servile copies of these ancient ornaments;

and after seeing them, one is compelled to acknowledge that even Raphael was a plagiary.

We next descended into the remains of Herculaneum: and before I speak of what I saw there, it will perhaps be proper to mention the former state of this ancient city, and the singular manner in which it was discovered.

It derives its name from Hercules, but has been differently written by different authors,—some calling it Herculaneum, some Herculanium, some Urbs Herculiæ and Salinæ Herculeæ, and others (particularly the Greeks) Heracleion, Heraclanon, and Herculaneion. Since its modern appearance, it has been styled by the Italians Herculana, Herculanio, and Ercolano. Count Caylus, and the members of the *Académie des Inscriptions*, have recommended the orthography of *Herculanum*, since generally followed by the French: but as in England it is more frequently written *Herculaneum*, I shall call it by the latter name.

Herculaneum is mentioned by Cicero and by Strabo, who lived in the time of Augustus and Tiberius. The latter of these writers observes, that after Naples comes Herculaneum, one end of which is washed by the sea, and the air of which is salubrious.—The same author also mentions Pompeii.

Pretending to owe its origin to Hercules, and successively inhabited by various tribes,

this city fell under the dominion of the Romans one hundred and ninety-three years before Christ. Nearly a century afterwards it became a party in the social war against the republic, and was again reduced to obedience by T. Dedius the proconsul. Being then made a Roman colony, it was soon in a flourishing situation; and is mentioned by Pliny as one of the principal towns of the Campania. The richest citizens of Rome possessed houses in the delightful environs of Naples, and the immediate vicinity of Herculaneum was not neglected. Cicero's letters speak of the residence of the Fabii; and Seneca mentions a house which Caligula destroyed, because his mother had been imprisoned there by Tiberius.

It is not exactly settled by antiquaries at what time this city was destroyed,—some dating that event in the seventy-ninth year after Christ, and others placing it subsequently to the commencement of the second century. Whenever it may have happened, it seems clear that Herculaneum was buried under the cinders, or lava, ejected by an eruption of Mount Vesuvius. It is supposed that the great mass of matter, which finally covered from view the whole town, fell by degrees, and not at once. Few skeletons were found, and little gold or silver, excepting such as was in too bulky a shape to be easily removed. Whence it is concluded, that

the inhabitants must have had time to make their escape. It is even conjectured that a second city was built on the ruins of the first, and that in a similar eruption it experienced the fate of its predecessor.

Herculaneum had been so completely forgotten at the beginning of the last century, that disputes existed about its real situation; and though Strabo had mentioned it as coming immediately after Naples, some writers had placed it on the summit of Vesuvius, and some on the other side of that mountain. An accident discovered this interesting city. Emanuel, prince of Elbeuf, of the house of Lorraine, travelling in Italy in the year 1713, became enamoured, at a ball given at Naples, with the daughter of the prince of Salsa. He married her, and, wishing to have a villa in this neighbourhood, began building one at Portici. He employed in this undertaking a French architect, who had invented a kind of stucco as hard and smooth as marble, the composition of which was made of the dust and broken pieces of different marbles. For this purpose he wished to collect together as many such materials as possible; and hearing that a peasant had found in his garden, far under ground, an ancient well, he gave him a sum of money for the permission of digging, hoping to find some remains of other buildings, whence he might draw the ar-

ticles necessary for his purpose. After the labor of some days, he was rewarded for his trouble by discovering a statue of Hercules, and next, one of Cleopatra.

It is singular enough that a figure of Hercules should lead to the discovery of a city said to be built by him, and which derived its name from that demi-god.

These first successes induced the prince of Elbeuf to continue the researches which had thus been begun under his protection; and several Grecian statues, porticos, inscriptions, and at last an ancient temple supported by eight columns of alabaster, were brought to light. Some of the discovered articles were sent to France, and others to prince Eugene at Vienna.

The produce of these excavations became so considerable, that the government of his Sicilian majesty thought it necessary to interpose, and the prince of Elbeuf was ordered to discontinue his researches. From this time nothing was done till the year 1736; when don Carlos, having succeeded to the throne of Naples, planned building a palace at Portici. On this occasion the prince of Elbeuf made a present to his majesty of the house and ground whence such precious articles had already been drawn. The royal workmen were ordered to dig fifty feet perpendicular under ground; and

in carrying this order into execution, an entire city was discovered. Even the bed of a river which ran through the town was found out, and some of the water was still flowing.

The excavations were continued, under the superintendance of M. Venuti, a celebrated antiquary; and the temple of Jupiter (in which stood a golden statue), and at last the theatre, the inscriptions on the principal gates, the fragments of horses in gilt bronze, and of the car to which they were attached, and innumerable other statues, pillars, and pictures, brought to light, were the result and the reward of these labors.

In 1765 fifty workmen only were employed; in 1769, ten; and in 1776, only three or four: yet new discoveries were constantly made during this time.

In consequence of Portici standing immediately above the spot where the excavations had been made, it was found necessary, as soon as one house or building in the ancient city was examined, and its most curious ornaments removed, to fill again the cavity with the lava taken from the succeeding one, in order to prevent the foundations of the modern edifices from being weakened. This circumstance rendered it impossible to make any regular plan of Herculaneum, and is the reason why little remains at present deserving notice.

I proceed to speak of our visit to Herculaneum. We descended with lighted torches, and examined the vestiges of this town. All the excavated buildings have been gradually filled up, in the manner already mentioned, except the theatre, in which we saw the orchestra, the stairs leading to the stage, the box of the consuls, the places where the people were seated, the situation of the stage and the scenery, some red marble which decorated the building, and the pedestals of the equestrian marble statues of Balbus the elder and Balbus the younger, which have been removed and now ornament the entrance of the palace of Portici. We also saw the spot whence the bronze horse was taken, now forming one of the principal treasures of the museum.

Herculaneum is no longer, for the reason which I have assigned, as interesting as it must have been formerly, while the principal buildings were yet open: yet even in its present state it cannot be viewed without feelings of an extraordinary kind. To walk in an ancient town, under the foundations of a modern one; and to reflect that the former, though lost and forgotten for several centuries, was once more beautiful and more flourishing than that which has been built over it, excites much serious contemplation. The history of the place recalls to the mind the mutability of human af-

fairs, and the limited extent of human knowledge.

Before I drop the subject of Herculaneum I ought to add, that the streets ran at right angles from each other; had the convenience of flag-stones for foot-passengers, as in London; and were paved with lava, exactly similar to that which has fallen from Vesuvius in modern days. Thence it is conjectured, that the idea generally entertained, of the eruption of the year 79 being the first, must be erroneous. The principal building of the city was a forum, or public edifice where justice was administered. It covered a space of two hundred and twenty-eight feet, and had a portico supported by forty-two pillars. It was paved with marble, and ornamented with various pictures.

Portici, under which Herculaneum was found, is distant about six English miles from Naples. It is approached by a wide and handsome road, on one side of which is the sea, and on the other a continuation of houses. Portici is a long, well-built, and elegant village. Its principal ornament is the palace of don Carlos (as it is still called), the erecting of which led to the discovery of Herculaneum. The vestibule, or portico, of this royal residence, possesses the equestrian statues of the two Balbi, which were found in the ancient city. On one is the following original inscription:

" M. Nonio M. F. Balbo, Pr. Pro. Cos. Herculanenses *."

and on the other,

" M. Nonio, M. F. Balbo patri D. D. †"

The horses of both are beautiful, but the statue of the younger Balbus is esteemed the best. The stairs of the palace are of elegant architecture, and the apartments are spacious. One of them is paved with Greek and Roman mosaic marble, and in this respect possesses an unrivaled ornament.

The king has also gardens at Portici; but they are separated from the palace.

From Portici, we drove to Pompeia, or Pompeii (for it is called by both names), a distance of ten miles. The country is beautiful, and the road excellent. Our expectations, highly as they had been raised, were, on arriving, much exceeded by the reality. Pompeii is not, like Herculaneum, under ground, and only visible in parts and by torch-light: the whole is seen in open day; and the ruins might be taken for those of a city only just destroyed. We walked through the streets, the pavement of which still exists; and the marks of the carriages which

* " The inhabitants of Herculaneum erected this statue to Marcus Nonius Balbus, son of Marcus, procurator and pro-consul."

† " To Marcus Nonius Balbus, the father, who was son of Nonius."

once rolled over them are clearly discerned. The streets are narrow, and have flag-stones on each side for foot-passengers. We saw two perfect amphitheatres, with the seats which the citizens of Pompeii formerly occupied; and plainly distinguished the boxes of the consuls, marked by corresponding ornaments. The public inscriptions also remain.

We next entered the temple of Isis*, and beheld the altar, the secret staircase and hiding place whence the priests pronounced the answers of the oracle, the place of slaughter, and that of sacrifice, &c. &c. We likewise visited the barracks of the soldiers, which stood at one end of the town.

The private houses are but small, and each possesses a hall, or entrance room, in which a fountain of water constantly played. The apartments would be thought very little even in England, and in this hot climate must have been very inconvenient.

* This temple was built of brick, and covered with a kind of stucco. Some of the pillars are still entire: they are nine feet and a half high, and of the Doric order. All the instruments employed in sacrifice were found in this temple: candelabra, lamps, lustral basins, &c. Skeletons were also lying here, supposed to be the remains of the priests, who, as they were performing the sacred rites, were smothered in the shower of lava which destroyed the town. The walls were ornamented with emblems descriptive of the worship of Isis, and even with paintings of the *costumes* of the priests.

The burying-ground of Diomedes, and the villa of a rich citizen, were the next objects which drew our attention. The latter is the only edifice which conveys some idea of a large mansion.

From the limited dimensions of the houses here (notwithstanding the paintings and other valuable articles found within them, which prove that economy cannot have occasioned this diminutive style of building); and from the circumstance of not one ancient dwelling being left at Rome, though the Coliseum, the Pantheon, and even parts of the emperors' palace, remain; I am inclined to conjecture, that a custom, originating in the spirit of republicanism, made the masters of the world avoid every appearance of ostentation in private habitations*; while the utmost magnificence, lux-

* In looking into Mr. Gibbon's account of Rome since my return to England, I was happy to find my conjecture confirmed by the following beautiful passage.—

"In the commonwealths of Athens and Rome, the modest simplicity of private houses announced the equal condition of freedom, whilst the sovereignty of the people was represented in the majestic edifices destined to the public use. Nor was this republican spirit totally extinguished by the introduction of wealth and monarchy: it was in works of national honor and benefit that the most virtuous of the emperors affected to display their magnificence."—*Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, vol. i.

Perhaps the splendid residences of Lucullus, Verres,

ury, and taste abounded in the theatres and forums, where the people assembled; in the mansions where the magistrates, the consuls, or the emperors resided; in the baths devoted to public use; and in the temples of the gods. As I am no antiquary, I pretend not to give a decisive opinion on a fact with which I am so little acquainted; and only throw out this idea as one which has suggested itself more than once since I crossed the Alps.

I resume the subject of Pompeii. In the cellars of the villa, several bodies were found, supposed to have been those of servants; while in another part were discovered, surrounded with bags of useless gold, the carcasses of their masters. Fine paintings *al-fresco* are still visible, and some of them are on transparent marble. When water is thrown on these pictures, they appear in all the freshness of their original coloring. The subjects of some of these paintings are not very decorous, according to modern ideas of delicacy; and the sym-

and some others, may be adduced as contradicting the probability of this supposition. I shall only observe, that these particular cases prove nothing against the general custom. I have no doubt that some few Romans occupied habitations infinitely more splendid and more spacious than the palaces of modern sovereigns; but I apprehend that the wealthy citizens of ancient Rome were usually satisfied with much humbler houses than those which persons in similar circumstances now occupy in the great capitals of Europe.

bol of the god of gardening appears rather too frequently in the decoration of houses. Different signs, distinguishing the different trades carried on in shops, are plainly perceived; and among them, those of a tavern-keeper, on which all sorts of refreshments are painted.

Having given you these few particulars, I need scarcely mention how much we were gratified in strolling about a place inhabited by the Romans, and which looked as if they had ceased but yesterday to occupy it. Identifying their persons with their habitations, we seemed to see them at their games, at their devotions, in the interior of their private dwellings, at their military exercises, walking or driving about their streets, enjoying social converse, preparing feasts, or consulting the oracle of their gods: in short, in their daily occupations, —in the kitchen, the bedchamber, the cellar, the library, the market, the walk, the forum, the theatre, the camp, and the temple.

Perhaps you will not think it amiss that I should remind you how Pompeii was destroyed, and by what circumstance discovered. It was an ancient city, supposed to have been buried, like Herculanæum, under a shower of lava, in the eruption of the year 79 of our era. It was also discovered accidentally, about the middle of the last century, by some peasants who were digging for the roots of trees near the river

Sano, four leagues and a half from Naples and two and a half from the crater of Vesuvius. This town was covered over by a heap of cinders of a grey color, mixed with white stones: and these again were covered by other cinders of a darker hue. The buildings were much nearer the level of the ground than those at Herculaneum, and were indeed only a few feet from view: they were therefore cleared with much greater ease: and thence arises the circumstance, which I had before occasion to remark, that through Pompeii one can walk as in the streets of a modern city, while Herculaneum is under ground, only seen by torch-light and in detached parts.

It is singular enough that Pompeii is itself built on heaps of cinders similar to those by which it was so long hid from view: and as vaulted subterraneous buildings have been discovered, it is more than probable that these ruins stand on those of another city. From the number of skeletons and the quantity of gold found here, it is concluded that the inhabitants were more suddenly surprised than those of Herculaneum, and that most of them were the victims of the eruption.

I shall next speak of Mount Vesuvius: it naturally suggests itself after these tremendous marks of its destructive power; and, on account of its geographical situation, it ought

to be mentioned at the same time with Herculaneum and Pompeii, being in the neighbourhood of both, and on the same side of Naples. You must not, however, suppose that I visited it on the same day, as a journey to the mouth of the crater occupies very fully a long morning. I set out on this expedition at an early hour, in company with an English friend and two ladies; and, arriving at Portici, we left there the carriage which conveyed us, and hired three mules and proper guides. After turning to the left, we began the ascent, up a rough and stony track. At the Hermitage of S. Salvatore we stopped a few minutes; and having written, according to the received custom, our names in the book kept for that purpose by the good recluse, continued our journey. We were soon obliged to leave our mules, and to proceed on foot, being dragged by our guides, who tied handkerchiefs to their bodies, of which we took hold; and with such assistance made our way.

The ascent is difficult; and as the lava crumbles under one's feet at every step, it requires no little care and exertion to avoid falling. A lady of our party was so much fatigued before we had achieved half the distance between the hermitage and the crater, that she gave up the attempt, and went back to the cell of the anchoret, where she awaited our return.

The other lady, my friend, and myself, persevered; and, after a painful walk of more than an hour, attended with no little labor, reached the summit of this celebrated mountain, the height of which is estimated at six hundred toises, or fathoms.

The mouth, or basin, is immensely large, and enabled us to see every part of the tremendous crater. At the bottom we distinguished rough piles of lava, and several crevices; and from its sides smoke was issuing. We walked round the mouth of the volcano, and intended to have descended into the crater itself; but a party of English acquaintance, whom we met just coming back from performing this enterprise, persuaded us to abandon the idea, as they assured us that the descent and return required infinite labor, which was not compensated by what was seen below. They added, that, standing where we then stood, we beheld the contents of the crater as accurately as they had done when at the bottom of the pit.

While we listened to these remarks, we heard an immense noise (the effect of vapour), which sounded like a small eruption; and at the same moment a volley of lava fell from the top to the bottom of the basin with a tremendous crash.

The views which the bay of Naples and the surrounding country presented to us in ascend-

ing the mountain, were variegated and beautiful. We saw distinctly the beds of lava formed by the different eruptions, and the directions which they took. The first eruption of which we have any account, and which destroyed the cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii, was that of a mountain to the left of what is now called Vesuvius. The last, that of 1794, destroyed the village of Torre del Greco, over which a new one is now built.

In returning from the summit of the mountain, we stopped again at the hermitage, and were hospitably entertained by the worthy man who resides there. He laid before us fresh bread, cheese, eggs, and wine; of which we made a most delicious repast, our appetite being not a little sharpened by the exertions of the morning. In going away, we did not forget to express our gratitude by more than words; and having certified in his *album* how well we were satisfied with his manner of receiving us, we mounted our mules, and began to descend. The animal which fell to my share was not so surefooted as those creatures usually are; and as he stumbled at almost every step, I deemed it prudent to get off, and performed the rest of the journey to Portici on foot, accompanied by some of the ladies of the party, who preferred the fatigue of walking to the risk of riding. At Portici we got into the

carriages which had brought us, and thus returned to Naples, where we arrived about six in the evening.

My curiosity being much excited by the immediate vicinity of Vesuvius to learn every particular of its history, I have put together what I could collect from M. Lalande and other writers on the subject, and have formed the whole into a succinct account*, a copy of which shall be much at your service whenever you shall put your intention of visiting Italy into practice.

I am, &c.

* *Vide* Appendix, No. III.

LETTER XXIV.

Excursion to the mountain and convent of the Camaldules—Road to Pozzuoli—Grotto of Pausilipe—Virgil's tomb—Solfatare—Ruins of Puteoli—Temple of Diana—Mole or pier of Puteoli, commonly called the Bridge of Caligula—Baiæ—Lucrine Lake—Lake of Avernus—Grotto of the Sibyl—Piscina Mirabilis—Misenum—View thence of the islands of Ischia and Procida—Elysian Fields and Mare Mortuum—Lake of Acheron, now called the Lago di Fusaro—Cumes, or Cumæ—Temple of Mercury, or of Hercules—Temple of Diana—Castle and fort of Baiæ—Ragusan sailors dancing there—Lake of Agnano—Grotto del Cane.

Naples, Feb. 26, 1803.

My dear sir,

HAVING in my last letter given you some account of the objects most worthy of notice on the Vesuvius side of the bay, I shall in this speak of those in the opposite direction. Before I do so, however, I must mention a little excursion which I made a few days since, in company with an English friend, to the convent of the Camaldules, which stands on an immense mountain overhanging the city of Naples.

We began the ascent in a carriage; but the road was so steep that we soon found it necessary to leave that conveyance, and to continue

our route on foot. The distance was about four English miles. When we at last reached the summit of the hill, we perceived the gate of the convent; and having rung the bell, were waited on by one of the holy brethren in his white dress. He led us, on finding we wished to see the interior, first to the church, and then to the principal garden; in which stand several small cottages, inhabited by the monks; each of whom has a distinct residence, with a little piece of ground attached to it. Silence forms one of the vows of this order; and its members are only allowed to speak on particular days in particular periods of the year. At present, on account of Lent, no person, excepting him who is appointed to receive strangers and to purchase provisions for the house, is permitted the use of speech; and I saw several of them walking about with their arms folded, who in passing each other exchanged not a word.—They dine alone, each in his separate habitation, with the exception of some few days in the year, when they meet in community. Their dinner consists of vegetables, bread, and wine; to which, twice a week, a dish of fish is added. —They always wear the same dress in every season of the year,—a loose garment of coarse white cloth. "It is warm in winter," said our conductor. But in summer? "Oh, then we take patience;" and the good man crossed

himself, and looked up to heaven with pious resignation.

The view from the garden is perhaps the most extensive which any part of Europe affords. To the left, we saw Naples, Vesuvius, Torre del Greco, and the country in that direction as far as Sorrento: in front, the bay, the Mediterranean, and the shipping: and on the right, Misenum, Procida, Baiæ, Nisida, and the lake of Agnano. Looking one way, we perceived a beautiful valley, extending as far as the Mola di Gaietta; and in another, the palace and aqueduct of Casserta, the town of Capua, and the romantic Apennines. All these different objects are distinctly seen from the same spot; and every one of them is so picturesque, that the eye knows not where to fix its enraptured sight. Imagination can scarcely fancy a prospect either more beautiful or more variegated.

The cottages of these recluses, the color of which is white, are clean and commodious; and their little gardens are prettily laid out, and kept in good order.

After being hospitably entertained by our holy conductor with good bread and wine, both of which were made on the estate of the convent, we took our leave; and, descending the hill, found our carriage at the bottom; in which we

returned to Naples, well pleased with our morning's expedition.

I shall now beg leave to lead you to the environs on the opposite side of Naples from that of the Mount Vesuvius, and shall begin with the road to Pozzuoli.

The most agreeable spot in the neighbourhood of this city, an eminence running along the bay to the west of the town, is called Pausilipe; and the grotto, or subterraneous road, cut through this hill, is a monument of human enterprise truly honorable to the memory of those by whom it was made, and an object which naturally excites the first attention of strangers on their arrival here. This grotto, sometimes named the Grotto of Pausilipe, and sometimes that of Pozzuoli, is a passage more than two thousand feet long, excavated in the body of the mountain, and which is high and wide enough for all carriages to go through it, forming the usual communication between Naples and Pozzuoli. I cannot describe it in any manner so accurately as by copying the words of Mr. Addison:—"If a man would form to himself a just idea of this place, he must fancy a vast rock, undermined from one end to the other, and a highway running through it near as long and as broad as the Mall in St. James's Park." Though funnels are made in the moun-

tain, in order to let in air and light, there is a strong and singular smell in this grotto, not unlike that of the fir tree.

Many writers are of opinion, and among the number Mr. Addison, that this excavation was not originally formed for the purpose of a road; but that stones having been removed, which were wanted for building, the idea suggested itself of making by these means a nearer and more convenient road to Pozzuoli, than the ancient one, which ran over the mountain. The inhabitants of Cumes, or Cumæ, are supposed by some to have performed this laborious task, while others attribute it to the orders of Augustus: but the peasantry of the country assert to this day that the Grotto of Pausilipe was the work of enchantment, and the Muse of Virgil the spirit which directed it.

The tomb of that immortal poet stood immediately above the grotto; and it contained, according to different authors, his ashes, removed hither by order of Augustus, who was determined that his body should rest where, as he himself informs us, he had passed his earliest and happiest days.—

> "Illo Virgilium me tempore dulcis alebat
> Parthenope, studiis florentem ignobilis otî."

My guide assured me, that the sarcophagus which was said to hold the relics of the Ro-

man poet, had been removed from this spot to Portici, by command of his Sicilian majesty; and thence taken by the French to Paris. —One must, however, be permitted to doubt the accuracy of this story, as Mons. de Lalande declares that in his time no remains of any such thing could be discovered. I nevertheless failed not to visit the spot which for so many centuries enjoyed the reputation of possessing the remains of so extraordinary a genius.

Directly over the entrance of the grotto, is the ruin of a building about twelve feet high, round, and nearly in the shape of a tower. It must undoubtedly have been a *columbarium*, or burying-place: and if so, why may we not imagine that it contained the ashes of Virgil? We know that they were deposited in this neighbourhood; and a more beautiful spot could not any where have been found for the repose of his body. Mr. Addison, indeed, takes upon himself to assert, that it was not here, but on the other side of Naples, towards Vesuvius that the poet was buried: but as he assigns no satisfactory reason for his opinion, I cannot help giving more credit to the general report of the inhabitants, handed down from father to son, than to the authority of that distinguished writer, unsupported by proof.

Above these ruins, whatever they may have

been, once grew a laurel tree: and the admirers of genuine poetry pleased themselves with supposing that Fate, and not Chance, had planted it there in honor of the immortal bard. Alas! the laurel is no more. I was shown some roots, said to be those of this celebrated shrub; but they might just as probably have belonged to any other.—The situation is wild and picturesque: beneath it is the grotto; in front, the bay, and its variegated scenery; and on one side, a succession of vineyards.

In descending from this interesting spot, I continued my route towards Pozzuoli, or Puteoli, and soon came into a delightful country; in choosing which for their winter residence, the Romans gave an admirable proof of their exquisite taste. The view of the Mediterranean, of the islands of Nisida, Procida, and Ischia, with the Gulf of Pozzuoli, forms a landscape of such extreme beauty that the whole appears a fairy scene produced by enchantment.

The first thing which we went to see, was the Solfatare, formerly called *Phlegra*, and *Forum Vulcani*. It consists of a little plain, entirely surrounded with hills excepting at the entrance. It is filled with sulphur, and the air is impregnated with the smell. Fire rises from the ground in several places. But the

greatest natural curiosity here is a funnel, or chimney, whence issues with some noise particles of yellow matter, which are afterwards by an easy process converted into alum. Mons. de Lalande is of opinion that the Solfatare has no connexion with Mount Vesuvius; but all the inhabitants here pretend, that when the latter foams, the former is no longer hot.—The ground underneath is hollow.

We next visited the ruins of Puteoli. The amphitheatre of the town, which still bears the name of Coliseum, was nearly as large as that of Rome; but it is now in such a state of decay, that only enough remains to prove that it must formerly have been a magnificent edifice. Of the Temple of Diana nothing is left but a pile of bricks; and what is called by some the Temple of Neptune, and by others the *Thermæ*, or Hot Baths, is in a similar state. The latter ruins stand very near the sea, and front the castle of Baiæ.

These shores, once filled with the palaces, the temples, and the villas of the most distinguished Romans; where Cicero had his principal country-seat (sometimes called *Cumanum*, and sometimes *Academia*); where Cæsar, Pompey, and Marius had also houses; where the triumvirate of Cæsar, Pompey, and Antony was formed; and where, after a prosperous reign,

the emperor Adrian ended his days in a state of insanity; are now deserted and forlorn, and only curious for the beauty of the situation and for the recollections they excite. Horace has said of this place—

"Nullus in orbe locus Baiis prælucet amænis:"

And though the splendid edifices, the tasteful gardens, and the specimens of art, which formerly adorned this country, are no longer here; yet nature has stamped on it charms of which neither the ravages of time, the intemperance of seasons, nor the revolutions of empire, have been able to deprive it. Earthquakes and eruptions have wiped away the works of man; but the delightful scenery remains uninjured: and while it is rendered still more picturesque by the vestiges of former grandeur, it is impossible to see it without feeling the most exquisite pleasure. As for the ruins, they are thrown together in such confusion, and have so little left, that it is difficult to ascertain what they really were.

We were here desired to observe Caligula's Bridge, by which my guide pretended that that emperor had crossed from Puteoli to Baiæ: but Mr. Addison says that the arches, which still remain, and appear like so many barges anchored in the sea, are not, as popular prejudice reports, the props of a bridge, but the

relics of a mole or pier attached to the ancient city.

After wandering for some time on this beach, we hired a boat, and crossed to Baiæ. We then visited the Lucrine Lake and the Lake of Avernus. The former is now but a little piece of water, and by no means gives an idea of its former celebrity. The springs which filled it in ancient times are supposed to have been destroyed in one of the many convulsions which this country has experienced. The Avernus is a small lake, surrounded with mountains which were once covered with a thick wood, suggesting the ideas of horror and death which Poetry has annexed to it. The wood is now cut down, and no such images are recalled by the existing scenery.

We then proceeded to visit a subterraneous passage, which leads from the town of Cumæ to the lake of Avernus, and which is supposed to be that which Virgil has described in the following lines:—

> "Spelunca alta fuit, vastoque immanis hiatu,
> Scrupea, tuta lacu nigro, nemorumque tenebris:
> Quam super haud ullæ poterant impune volantes
> Tendere iter pennis; talis sese halitus atris
> Faucibus effundens supera ad convexa ferebat:
> (Unde locum Graii dixerunt nomine Aornon)."

It is conjectured that birds were formerly kept away from this lake by the vapours of sul-

phur which impregnated the air; and though it cannot be said that the winged tribe never approach these waters at present, it is remarked that they come hither in less numbers than on the banks of the neighbouring lakes.

In going into the grotto or cave of the Cumæan Sibyl, I was carried on the back of a man, through deep water, in a narrow passage: at the extremity of which I found a dismal spot, exactly corresponding with the idea which Fancy would portray of the entrance of Hell. And as we descended still deeper into the cavern, I had reason to remark that even the "descensus Averni" could not justly be called "facilis," since it was a task of some difficulty and labor. I was shown a square chamber, into which only one person can enter at a time, said to have been the place whence the Sibyl pronounced her oracles. There is another room, styled the Bath, the floor of which is covered with one foot and a half of water; and on the walls still appear some remains of ancient mosaic. — Nothing could be more melancholy than the whole of this scene: carried on the shoulders of my conductor, and only lighted by the torch which he carried, I expected every instant that he would extinguish the latter, and plunge a dagger into my breast. To have ended my days on the banks of Avernus, though a classical death, was by no means a fate which I courted; and I re-

joiced at my escape, when I found myself brought back to the mouth of the cavern.

From Avernus we returned to the sea side, and proceeded in our boat towards the Thermæ of Nero*; but as we approached the grotto or narrow passage in which they are situated, the suffocating heat drove us away. One of our guides ventured to enter the cavern, and, returning a few moments after in a profuse perspiration, brought with him a pitcher of the water, in which some eggs that he had thrown into it were already boiled.

We next visited what is called the temple of Venus Genetrix. It is a mere ruin, and by no means worthy of notice. The same thing may be said of the Cento Camerelle, or Centum Cameræ, — a suite of subterraneous apartments, communicating with each other, near the sea shore, and which evidently must have formed the foundation of some public edifice.

As the Piscina Mirabilis is mentioned by all travelers into Italy, we thought it necessary to see it. It is supposed to have been a vast reservoir of water, and bears the marks of having been a very extensive building,—being two hundred and sixteen feet long and eighty-seven wide, and supported by forty pillars.

* What are commonly called the Thermæ of Nero, were really the Thermæ of the town of Baiæ. Nero, however, had certainly a palace in these environs.

After satisfying our curiosity by viewing this ruin, we proceeded to Misenum. Here are vestiges of several large buildings; and among them those of the celebrated villa of Lucullus, where Tiberius died. The western point of the Gulf of Puteoli and Baiæ is still called Capo Miseno; and Virgil, who represents Misenus, one of the companions of Æneas, as buried here, has said, with prophetic truth—

"Qui nunc Misenus ab illo
Dicitur, æternumque tenet per sæcula nomen."

The view from this point is uncommonly beautiful,—commanding, besides other objects, the islands of Ischia and Procida. The latter is so very near, that we clearly distinguished its various buildings.

From Misenum we went to the Mare Mortuum; on the banks of which are the Elysian Fields. They consist of a long chain of catacombs, or burying places, cut out of the body of a rock, in which the citizens of Baiæ and Misenum were wont to deposit the bodies of the dead. They were placed in rows; and each corse occupied a niche, which was stopped up as soon as it had received the destined remains. Such is the spot, situated in a lovely country, whence the Roman poets drew their allegory. The Mare Mortuum is a small lake, which

communicates with the port of Misenum by means of a narrow passage. The lake is well stocked with fish.

At the distance of a mile to the north of the Mare Mortuum we found the lake of Acheron, on which the fancy of Virgil has placed old Charon and his boat.—

> " Portitor has horrendus aquas, et flumina servat
> Terribili squalore Charon; cui plurima mento
> Canities inculta jacet; stant lumina flamma:
> Sordidus ex humeris nodo dependet amictus."

There is nothing about this small piece of water which satisfactorily accounts for its having been made the passage between life and death: it must therefore owe the honor which Poetry has conferred on it, to its proximity to the catacombs already mentioned, which the ancients dignified with the name of the Elysian Fields. Acheron is now called the Lago di Fusaro; and his Sicilian majesty has built on its banks a very pretty little hunting-seat.—In the same situation once stood the delightful villa of Servilius Vatia; the charms of which have been recorded by the pen of Seneca.—The lake has this peculiarity, that it produces excellent oysters, though the water is perfectly fresh.

Of Cumæ, mentioned by Virgil *, and for-

* " Et tandem Euboicis Cumarum allabitur oris."

merly considered as one of the richest cities of the Campania, nothing remains but an old tower.

In these environs we were shown several other ruins, which it would be tiresome to particularise.

That part of our excursion which was not performed by water, we made in a little carriage which we hired near Baiæ. In this conveyance we went to Misenum, and from Misenum returned to Baiæ.

Not far from the latter, we saw the Temple of Mercury, as it is called in the country, but which is supposed by antiquarians to be the remains of a temple dedicated to Hercules. It still possesses a fine rotundo, lighted by an aperture above, in the same style as the Pantheon of Rome. It is also remarkable for affording a clear and articulate echo.

Near this ancient edifice stands another temple, reputed by some to have been appropriated to the service of Diana, and by others to that of Neptune. Antiquarians generally maintain the former of these conjectures. Whatever may have been the use of the building, it is now much decayed, and at a distance bears the appearance of the ruins of a great city.

The castle of Baiæ occupies the southern part of the gulf: and in the port I saw several

vessels, belonging to different nations. Just as we embarked on our return to Puteoli, we perceived a party of Ragusan sailors, dressed in a Mohammedan costume, performing a Grecian dance, to the music of a violin, on an elevated piece of ground which overlooked the sea; and this singular group added much to the beauty of the landscape.

We crossed in the boat to Puteoli; and in going thence to Naples went a little out of our way, to see the Lake of Agnano and the Grotto del Cane. Nothing can be prettier or more romantic than this lake, which seems excluded from the rest of the world. On its banks stood formerly a city of the same name; but only enough remains of the ruins to prove that such a thing once existed. — The Stuffa di S. Germano, in the same position, is a stove, or hot bath produced by vapour. It has the reputation of being highly useful in the cure of various disorders, and is on that account frequented by invalids.

The Grotto del Cane, which immediately adjoins, is so denominated in consequence of the custom which prevails of trying the effects of the air on a dog. The grotto is remarkable for the *mephetis*, or unwholesome atmosphere, which reigns within, and which is supposed to prove fatal to all animals subjected to its power.

One of the Spanish viceroys is said to have made the experiment on human beings, by confining in the grotto two criminals, both of whom expired. The common mode of ascertaining the fact is scarcely less cruel; and, though it is generally practised by travelers, I could not persuade myself to adopt it: I can therefore only speak by report. A dog, hired for the purpose, is suspended by the hind legs, and his head remains exposed to the vapour which rises from the ground. At first he appears convulsed and agitated, and in two minutes becomes completely senseless. When taken out of the grotto, the animal recovers life and motion in the same time in which he lost it: but as all the pains of death must have been suffered, this resuscitation takes very little from the cruelty of the action.

The grotto is subterraneous, and cut out of a sandy soil; but nine feet high at the entrance, and narrower at the further end. It is about four feet in breadth. There is no bad smell within, at least none greater than is usually experienced in the interior of a cavern. The sides of it appear wet, but there is no deposit on them whatever.

Dogs on whom the experiment has been tried ten or twelve times, are subject to vertigoes and convulsions, which are usually the

forerunners of their death. A candle put into the vapour of the grotto is instantly extinguished.

Having now finished my little tour round the environs of Naples, I shall for the present take my leave; and remain, &c.

LETTER XXV.

Ceremony of a nun taking the veil—Private masquerades, and private plays, among the English and Russians—Commercial society—Public amusements—S. Carlos—Teatro Nuovo—Teatro di Florentino—Government of Naples—Courts of law and state of literature—Museum of minerals, and its professor—General remarks on Naples—Living there rendered very expensive, in consequence of the great concourse of English—Regret at leaving Naples.

Naples, Feb. 28, 1803.

My dear sir,

INTENDING to leave Naples to-morrow morning, I shall endeavour in this last letter to put together all such circumstances, which have occurred to me during the time I have spent here, as are most likely to satisfy the curiosity you express about every thing relative to this place, and which hitherto I have not had occasion to mention.

I was present a few days ago at a ceremony, which, happily for us, is not known in England, and which consequently is interesting from its novelty: I mean that of a nun taking the veil.

Having received tickets of admission, I accompanied Mrs. L. and some other ladies, in their carriage, to the convent of Reginæ Cœli.

When we stopped at the door of the church in which this dreadful sacrifice was to be made, two gentlemen, dressed in uniform, relations of the lady about to assume the religious habit, came forward, and, notwithstanding a heavy shower of rain which was falling at the time, insisted on handing *le signore Inglese* up the stairs of the church. On entering, we received another mark of the civility shown to strangers by the Neapolitan *noblesse*,—the front seats were reserved exclusively for foreigners; by which arrangement we were enabled to see the ceremony to the greatest advantage.

The church is a small, but pretty, building, decorated on all sides with rich marble.

The relatives of the unfortunate girl, and all their friends, were in full dress; and, instead of expressing any grief on the occasion, seemed to consider the event as extremely joyful. Liveliness sat on the countenances of most of them: and the whole scene had rather the appearance of a triumph, than of a sacrifice.

Printed papers were distributed about the church; the contents of which were so curious, that, though I will not tire you by copying them *verbatim*, I must give you the heads, as characteristic of the sentiments which prevail here on such subjects. They formed together a dialogue, the *dramatis personæ* of which were the World and the fair novice. The one

was entitled, "To her excellency signora —— the World speaks;" and consisted of a poetical and flowery description of the pleasures of life. The other had written over it, "To the World her excellency signora —— answers." In the latter, the victim of superstition was made victoriously to prove the superior blessings of contemplative ease and celestial joy, found in the calm retreat of a religious house: and, disdaining the tawdry and empty vanities offered by the World, she declared how happy she thought herself in being allowed to exchange these baubles for the glorious service of the Heavenly Spouse to whom she was about to devote the remainder of her days. Indeed, the author of this paper, who probably never saw nor heard of Pope's "Heloise to Abelard," seemed to have labored to express the sentiments which are so elegantly painted in the following lines of that admirable poem.—

"How happy is the blameless vestal's lot,—
The world forgetting, by the world forgot!
Eternal sunshine of the spotless mind:
Each pray'r accepted, and each wish resign'd;
Labor and rest, that equal periods keep;
Obedient slumbers, that can wake and weep;
Desires compos'd; affections ever ev'n;
Tears that delight; and sighs that waft to heav'n.
Grace shines around her with serenest beams,
And whisp'ring angels prompt her golden dreams.

"For her th'unfading rose of Eden blooms,
And wings of seraphs shed divine perfumes:
For her the Spouse prepares the bridal ring;
For her white virgins hymenæals sing:
To sounds of heav'nly harps she dies away,
And melts in visions of eternal day."

Notwithstanding the harmony of these verses, and the triumphal, though not equally poetical, declarations of "her excellency la signora ———," I am apt to suppose that this is a species of happiness which few of the fair sex will be anxious to enjoy.

I resume my subject. The ceremony began with some very good music; and, in the words of the same author,

"From the full choir now loud Hosannas rise,
And swell the pomp of dreadful sacrifice."

High mass was then said, and in the middle of it, the unfortunate girl, a beautiful and elegant creature, not more than nineteen years of age, and by far the handsomest Neapolitan female whom I have yet seen, appeared at the grate; near which a large and rather disorderly crowd was collected. The confessor, standing on the outer side, read some prayers, and gave the novice, through the grate, a wax taper lighted. The lovely victim, dressed in the most sumptuous and fashionable manner, and

ornamented with jewels and other decorations, placed it on the altar of an inner chapel, and, returning again to the grate, received from the priest a crucifix. Joy sparkled in her countenance as she took the sacred symbol of Christianity, and with enthusiastic ardor clasped it to her breast. She was then led away by the other nuns; and in a few minutes was brought back in a plain white flannel dress, the *costume* of the order. This change of garment had produced none in her beauty; and the interest which she had excited on her first appearance was rather increased than diminished by the religious habit which she now wore. The lady-abbess next cut off her long and flowing hair, and put over her head the fatal veil. I confess that I shuddered as I witnessed this last act, which sealed the fate of the unhappy girl. This sentiment, common to all the English, and which rendered the most volatile melancholy, was not shared by the nearest relatives of her who was thus condemned

> " to wither in her bloom,
> Lost in a convent's solitary gloom."

The Neapolitan ladies laughed, or rather *giggled*, during the most serious parts of the ceremony; sent messages backwards and forwards; and amused themselves with conversing together on the most trivial topics: in short,

seemed to consider the whole as a very lively and pleasant event. The novice shed no tears; but her countenance was pale, and I thought I could discover that the smile she assumed was rather forced than natural.

As we were leaving the chapel, we were invited into the *parloir;* where the nuns, only separated by a low grate, appeared, and entertained the strangers with ice, cakes, and other refreshments. The new victim was here seen again, and seemed, by an officious activity displayed in waiting on her guests, to be anxious to conceal the dreadful thoughts which probably pressed on her mind.

During the whole of this ceremony I experienced the most painful sensations, and I could not help remarking how circumstances of the most dreadful kind may be reconciled by custom, prejudice, and religious opinions. The English assembled on this occasion, feeling both pity for the object of sacrifice, and indignation against those who were the authors of it, were at one instant overcome with grief, and the next animated with an enthusiastic wish to rush forward and by force to rescue the victim of superstition from the hands of her bigoted relatives; while the Neapolitans, conceiving that they themselves were doing an act of laudable piety in devoting this lovely creature to the cloister, and were likewise en-

suring her eternal happiness, showed in their manner, their countenances, and their conversation, that they looked on what was passing as a scene of joy, not of sorrow. The loud tone of speaking, or screaming, which I have before remarked as prevalent in Italian society, was particularly remarkable on this occasion; and nothing, altogether, could be less solemn, than a ceremony calculated, according to our ideas, to excite the most serious and most painful reflexions.

I mentioned in a former letter, that the English who have passed the carnival at Naples owe most of their pleasure to a Russian lady (madame la comtesse Shawronsky), whose house has been the *rendezvous* of all the foreigners of character and fashion now in this place. Besides a card-party every evening, and a ball once a week, she has given us several private masquerades. On these occasions, the Russians and other strangers of her society have expressed themselves not a little surprised, and pleased, by the humor with which different characters were supported by English ladies and gentlemen.—The pleasures which the inhabitants of the continent find in a masqued ball, consist in carrying on a secret intrigue, in disguising themselves from some intimate friend, or in assuming a grotesque habit in the spirit of broad pantomime. To see, therefore,

some known dramatic or newly-imagined and apposite character, represented during a whole evening, and enlivened by humorous dialogue, was to them an entirely new diversion; and they joined with no little glee in the mirth which our countrymen thus excited. Perhaps this example first suggested to a party of Russians the idea of acting a private play. Be that as it may, a *comédie de société* was got up at the house of the *chargé d'affaires* of their nation, and represented a few evenings since. The little pieces of "Le Gageur," and "Crispin malgré lui," were performed, to the great satisfaction of a numerous audience, who were equally pleased with the theatrical talent shown on the occasion, and with the extraordinary degree of purity with which these natives of the north spoke the French language. The inhabitants of that quarter of the world have indeed a singular talent of acquiring foreign languages; and I have often met with Swedes, Russians, and Danes, who spoke French, English, Italian, and German, with almost as much facility as their native tongue.

Few of the commercial men at Naples live with any degree of splendor; and though the banker to whom I was recommended is also the consul of his Danish majesty, I have not received from him even the common attention of an invitation to dinner. There are, however, some in-

dividuals of this class who are distinguished by the handsome manner in which they live, and by the elegant hospitality with which strangers are received at their houses. Among these, I ought more particularly to mention Mr. Falkonet, a Swiss gentleman, who, after being at the head of a considerable Italian house in London for many years, has lately settled in this city. He is married to a beautiful and elegant woman (an American by birth); and his table unites the comforts of England and the luxuries of Italy. I accidentally made his acquaintance, and was immediately invited to his house. I have been at a dinner and at a ball given by this respectable couple. The former of these entertainments was served with the utmost profusion, and attended by a select party of foreigners. The latter was given in an elegant saloon superbly lighted. There was an excellent band of music; and the company consisted not only of all the first English now at Naples, but likewise of several of the *noblesse* of this country. This circumstance is the more remarkable, as persons in trade are seldom visited by the higher classes. The respectable character of Mr. F., and the polished manners and elegant person of his wife, have conquered the prejudices of aristocracy: and I have just learned that even the queen has expressed a desire of seeing this very accomplished lady.

It is so rare a thing on the continent to see illiberal distinctions of this sort overruled, that I observe with pleasure a deviation from the general punctilio of courtly etiquette produced by considerations of personal merit. Englishmen coming hither, will act wisely in getting recommended to this gentleman, as he is almost the only banker of the place who thinks it necessary to show any civility to those who bring letters from their correspondents, beyond that of honoring their drafts.

With regard to the manners of the Neapolitan *noblesse*, my opportunities of viewing them have been limited; but my opinion, formed on these imperfect views, is not very favorable. The women appear to me, though some of them have handsome faces, to be rarely elegant, either in their persons or their dress: and of their want of knowledge, and occasional deviations from the strict rules of rigid decorum, I have already given sufficient specimens. But if the ladies have little claim to praise, much less are the pretensions of the gentlemen: low in stature, dark in complexion, and mean in their deportment, they are neither distinguished by literary acquirements, polished manners, nor enlightened conversation.

Such seems to me to be the picture of the higher orders. But I must be understood to speak in general, and not in one indiscriminate

censure to involve every individual of a numerous class. I have no doubt, though it has not been my good fortune to meet them, that at Naples, as every where else, there are among the nobles some persons of great merit, of extensive knowledge, and of brilliant talents, softened by all the *agrémens* of refined society. But such particular examples do not destroy the fact I have asserted, that these qualifications are but seldom met with. An English friend, on whose judgement I can safely depend, and who has had more frequent opportunities than myself of examining the question, having had the *entrée* of the first Neapolitan houses, does not give a more favorable testimony. From his account I learn, that the palaces of the richest, though sumptuous in their ornaments and magnificent in their extent, are but ill lighted; that the conversation is dull and frivolous; and the supper, consisting principally of macaroni, is handed round, dish by dish, from one to another, with little comfort, and no attempt at elegance.

Dinners are but rarely given; but one of our countrymen, who was particularly recommended to a duke resident here, says he was once invited to a most splendid entertainment of that kind, which was served on plate, contained several courses of expensive rarities, and was at-

tended by a numerous retinue of servants clad in rich liveries.

I must, in justice to the Neapolitans, observe, that they are extremely good-humored, and anxious to show civilities to strangers. If they fail to please, the fault arises rather from a want of power than from a want of inclination.

The ladies, if we may believe general rumor, are by no means severe* in principle; and he who loses his heart to one of these *belles*, has no danger to apprehend less than that of dying of despair. She whose number of admirers is not at one time greater than three or four, is esteemed a respectable woman; but few are so scrupulous; and, besides their lovers *en régle*, many of them have favorites whose names do not reach the public ear.

An English officer lately returned from Egypt, being recommended to a lady of rank in this town, received a visit a few days afterwards from her *valet de chambre*, who, after the usual compliments on the generosity of the English character, hinted that he enjoyed the

* I met several times, while at Naples, in the first societies, a young woman who had divorced her husband on the plea of matrimonial incapacity. Though she had urged the question in a court of law, with all the demonstrations which such a cause required, she was as well received as ever; nor did any one blame the indelicacy of her conduct.

confidence of his lady, and offered his best services in conveying any *billet-doux* to her excellency which *il signor Inglese* might be pleased to write.

To this anecdote I must add the following.—A younger brother of a noble family in this country, having been long attached to a young lady who shared his passion but was not allowed to receive the offer of his hand on account of the mediocrity of his fortune, has lately persuaded her to marry an old man, with the avowed intention of afterwards admitting her lover to the privileges of a *cavaliere servante*. The young lady, her parents, and her husband elect, see no indelicacy whatever in this arrangement.

After these instances, I need scarcely add, that intrigues are carried on with the most barefaced impudence. But whether the facility with which a love affair is managed here, has taken from the zest of the pursuit; or that, occupied with the curiosities of the place and the elegancies of a more refined society, they have not thought the Italian ladies worth the sacrifice of a few days' attention; it has so happened, that, in the number of at least one hundred young Englishmen, not more than two have seemed to solicit the smiles of the Neapolitan beauties. The handsomest of them, when contrasted with several English and fo-

reign ladies of madame Shawronsky's society, must indeed "hide their diminished heads:" and this indifference to the native belles, must rather be attributed to good taste, than to any want of gallantry.

As to public amusements, the theatre of San Carlos, perhaps the handsomest edifice of the kind in Europe, is of course the most remarkable. When illuminated for a gala, as I saw it on the birth-day of his Sicilian majesty, and at the masquerades given during the carnival, nothing can be more splendid than the appearance which it presents; but on ordinary occasions, it is so extremely ill lighted as to lose the effect which it would otherwise produce. I have not habitually frequented the theatre, for we possess such constant sources of amusement in the Russian and English parties, that I find neither time nor inclination for diversions of that sort. —The music is by no means such as one is apt to expect at Naples: and among the performers, I know of no one who deserves any particular commendation. The dancing is execrable,—at least it appeared so to me, accustomed to see that art practised in perfection on the Parisian stage. The Italians, indeed, seem to like a different kind of dancing from that which we admire in England and in France; and agility, not grace, is in this country the quality most looked for in these performers.

I am inclined to think, that our rope-dancers from Sadler's Wells would prove, on a Neapolitan stage, dangerous rivals to the elegant Deshâyes or the graceful Vestris.

Most of the boxes at the theatre of S. Carlos are private property; but those to whom they belong let them occasionally for the night; and the price varies according to the entertainment given, and the season of the year. During the carnival, I paid for the use of one on the fourth tier, at a single performance, twelve ducats.

The next theatre in reputation to S. Carlos, is the Teatro Nuovo. The house is small, and by no means pretty in its form, or clean in its decorations: it is also so ill supplied with light, that from one side of the theatre it is almost impossible to distinguish a person on the other. Comic operas and pantomimes form the general amusements offered at this house.

The Teatro di Florentini is a small building, where, besides the same entertainments as those represented at the Teatro Nuovo, Italian comedies, and sometimes French tragedies, are acted.

Besides these, there are two inferior theatres,—the Teatro del Fondo and the Teatro di S. Carlino, principally frequented by the lower classes, and where Punch is seen in all his glory.

After this enumeration of the *spectacles*, cu-

riosities, and gaieties of Naples, you will expect me to say something of the government, the courts of law, and the state of literature.—As to the first, whatever power the influence of France has still left to this country, his Sicilian majesty delegates to his favorite minister, general Acton *, who, as I understand, superintends every department of the administration. The higher ranks of the nobility,—many of whose sons, brothers, and parents suffered the punishment inflicted on the insurgents after the restoration of royalty,—feel of course little attached to a government which has put to death their dearest relatives, and violated a treaty which they considered as solemnly binding on their sovereign, being guarantied by England, Russia, and Turkey. Fear keeps them quiet at this moment; but whenever it may suit the views of France to stir up another revolution at Naples, I fear she will find very willing agents in the first families of this country.

Of the courts of law, I can only say that I went, a few days since, to see the *Westminster-Hall* of this city, and that it appeared to me infinitely more crowded with practitioners of different ranks than ours in London. The *avocats* (some of whom are the younger sons of the

* His majesty has since been compelled, by France, to discard this old servant, who has, I understand, retired to Sicily.

noblesse) wear black coats and gowns, and tie-wigs, not unlike the costume of English barristers. Many of them have a very shabby and poor appearance. — The Neapolitans are said to be very fond of legal contests; and from the vast body of jurisconsults whom I saw collected, I am led to conclude that large sums are consumed in this manner.

Of literature, it would be presumptuous in me to give an opinion. My stay has been so short, and my time has been so devoted to other pursuits, that it has been impossible for me to inquire into the state of learning in this city. I am inclined to think that few, if any, of the nobility seek for amusement in the cultivation of letters; and though such a remark must be taken with many exceptions, it seems probable that well-informed persons are rarely found in the first classes of society. I have no doubt, that, among the professors, medical men, lawyers, and clergy, there must be here, as every where else, many individuals of scientific and general knowledge, and whose acquirements would render them very valuable companions; but, circumscribed as I am in time, it is out of my power to seek their acquaintance.

Among the public institutions, I have already mentioned the Studio and the Library, which do so much honor to this town. There

is likewise a museum, or collection of minerals, established by the present king, which I took care to visit. In a handsome room of considerable dimensions, surrounded with a gallery, I found a very choice assortment of Sicilian and Neapolitan fossils, extremely well arranged, and kept in glass-cases. The whole was shown me by a professor, who had not only studied mineralogy in these kingdoms with all the advantages which the vicinities of Mount Vesuvius and Mount Ætna afford, but has likewise examined the mines of Germany, Sweden, England, and Scotland. He spoke English very fluently, and seemed well acquainted with the curiosities of this kind which our island possesses. He is certainly a clever, an intelligent, and a learned man.—In the course of the conversation he gave it as his opinion that Mount Vesuvius* was now an extinguished volcano; and though I do not give implicit belief to this prophecy, which seems at most but a vague conjecture, yet I think it right to mention it, as coming from an individual whose studies have been devoted to such subjects.

Having already particularised whatever I have thought worthy of notice in this place, I

* It appears, from some late accounts, that this prophecy has already been falsified.

shall conclude this long letter with a few general observations.

Naples is certainly one of the most delightful spots in the known world. Its natural advantages, united to the gaiety of character which distinguishes the inhabitants, have caused it in all ages to be considered as the seat of pleasure. Indeed every thing here tends to unbend the mind, and prompt to ease and luxury. A mild and lively climate, under a sun which even in the middle of winter shines in all its splendor. A sea view, presenting the most agreeable features of that element, rarely interrupted by its less grateful characters: storms are seldom known; and the long-extended shore is washed by the Mediterranean almost as tranquil as the river Thames. Those delicacies, which, in the northern parts of Europe, can only be produced by art and at a vast expense, here grow in the open field in the most unfavorable periods of the year: the olive, the orange, and the lemon tree, decorate the gardens of the Neapolitans in the months of December and January; and green peas afford a common and not expensive dish at a Christmas dinner.

In addition to these advantages, the classical traveler finds his gratifications not a little increased by recollecting that they were those of the ancients, enjoyed and described by the

most distinguished of their poets. The *Syren* of Homer, the *Otiosa Neapolis* of Ovid, and the *Parthenope* of Virgil, are all supposed to paint the same place: and at the distance of two thousand years we acknowledge that its character is still the same.

The apparent misery, dirt, and idleness of the Lazaroni, will at first take from the pleasure of the philanthropist; but after observing the character of these people, he will perceive that they are so contented with the little they obtain, and so lively while covered with rags, sleeping on a stone, eating cabbages or macaroni, and drinking water, that he will soon cease to repine at the fate of those who, however deficient they may be in what are called in other countries the comforts of life, show by their countenance and manner that care and sorrow are unknown to them: and indeed it may be problematical, whether the pitied Lazaroni of Naples are not in fact happier than the wealthiest and freest inhabitants of our northern regions.

Besides partaking of the usual pleasures of Naples, I have been fortunate enough to arrive at the season of the carnival, the gaiest period of the year; and to find among my countrymen, and among the Russians and other foreigners, a circle of acquaintance, which, considering the birth, fortune, knowledge, manners,

and convivial qualities of those who compose it, is incomparably good. In the society of these amiable persons of both sexes, we have had a constant source of amusement. Besides friendly dinners almost every day, we have been invited to balls, concerts, and card parties without number: and I scarcely remember an hour passed at Naples which has not brought with it something agreeable.

The great concourse of English families has rendered all the conveniences of life extremely dear; and since I have been here, Naples has been more expensive than either London or Paris. Lodgings are let at an immense rent; Mr. R. pays twelve guineas a week for a single floor at the *Albergo della Granda Britannia;* lord B. gives twenty for a similar apartment at the same house; and sir H. B. N., at an adjoining one, ninety *louis* for two months. I have one of the smallest sets of rooms at *Les Crocelles*, and the rent of it is a *louis* a day. Every thing is proportionably dear: and though it is impossible to be happier than we have been, we have not enjoyed our pleasure, to use a French phrase, *à peu de frais.*

I shall leave Naples with infinite regret; and the recollection of this charming spot will always afford me pleasure. It is in the number of the very few places which have exceeded the expectations I had previously formed: and I

confidently believe, that, among the many persons who annually flock hither from every part of the world, no one ever went away dissatisfied.

I have only now to request your pardon for the length of this letter; and remain, &c.

P. S.—I once intended to have visited Pœstum; but a fever, which confined me for some days, prevented the execution of this plan. The English who have undertaken the journey speak in raptures of the celebrated Grecian temple, one of the finest relics of antiquity, which is still standing at that place.

Note.—I have said nothing of the ceremony of liquefying the blood of San Januarius, as that supposed miracle was not performed during my stay at Naples; besides which, the particulars of the ceremony have been repeatedly detailed by former writers.

LETTER XXVI.

Vast treasures yet remaining at Rome—The fatigue of seeing sights—Design of writing a detailed account of Rome postponed till the author's return—Journey from Naples to Rome —Tomb of the Horatii and Curiatii near Albano—Frequency of assassination at Rome—Tragical event of that kind seen from the writer's windows in the middle of the day —Children left to starve by an unnatural father.

Rome, April 5, 1803.

My dear sir,

SOME time has elapsed since I had the pleasure of writing to you; but when you recollect that the interval has been devoted to the curiosities of Rome, you will neither be offended at the delay nor surprised at the cause. Such, indeed, are the wonderful treasures remaining in this city, notwithstanding the loss which it has suffered from the united evils of war and revolution, that, although I have passed nearly two months in viewing the curiosities of the place, and have spent five or six hours every day in this pursuit, I am satisfied that I have by no means seen every thing; and I have been able to allot to no one object as much attention as it deserved. In truth, I have found the employment of *seeing sights* so laborious a pleasure, that, had I not had something

in view beyond my own personal amusement, I should have given up the pursuit before I had half achieved the ordinary tour. My curiosity is indeed completely glutted (if I may be permitted to use the expression) with a superabundance of gratification: and from the glare of magnificent palaces, churches, pictures, statues, and antiquities, which have lately crowded before my view, I turn away with pleasure to the humble but tranquil scenery which a green field and a country village afford.

I intended to have sent you a detailed account of all which I have seen; but, after looking over my memorandums, and attempting to select from the mass of information which I have collected, I find the task will be so laborious that I have neither the time nor the patience at present to carry the plan into execution: nor could the shortest sketch of this place be contained within the compass of a letter. I must therefore request your permission to postpone entering on the subject till my return to England, when, from the voluminous notes which I have taken, I purpose forming as short an account as possible of the remaining treasures of Rome *. Should I execute this design, I fear even the most abridged statement, such is the multiplicity of objects deserving notice,

* See Appendix, No. IV.

will appear unpardonably long; and that, in reading it, you will become as tired of hearing the names of Roman buildings, Grecian statues, and modern pictures, as I am already of seeing the originals.

Of the road from Naples to Rome I shall say nothing, having already given you the details of that journey. I ought however to mention, that near Albano I visited an ancient mausoleum, called the Tomb of the Horatii and the Curiatii. It is a picturesque moss-covered ruin: and though there is no existing proof of the building having been raised to the memory of those gallant and hostile brothers, it is undoubtedly of vast antiquity.

We left Naples on the first of March, and arrived here on the third.

Two days after our arrival, as I stood at my window, I had ocular proof of one of those tragical scenes, which, as every body knows, so frequently occur in this city. My attention was attracted by the appearance of a man running wildly in the street, opposite the house I inhabit in the Piazza di Spagnia, carrying a drawn sword in his hand, and followed by an unarmed soldier. The man reeled; and his pursuer, coming up to him, tried to force the sword out of his hand; but before he could effect his purpose, the other gave a sudden spring, and again got on his legs. The soldier

now ran in his turn: the man followed, made a dart at him with the weapon, missed his blow, and the moment afterwards fell lifeless on the ground. The soldier seeing him in this state, returned, took the sword from the inanimate hand of the other, and, calmly wiping away from the blade some drops of rain which had fallen, placed it in his scabbard, and walked away, perfectly regardless of the fate of the unhappy man.

A crowd now collected: and, after some delay, a guard of Spanish soldiers came from the palace of their ambassador (for all the neighbourhood is within his jurisdiction), and drawing the body against the door of a shop, watched over it; but neither they, nor any of the multitude which assembled, attempted to call a surgeon to examine the wound, or to make inquiries after the person by whose hand it had been inflicted.

I had scarcely recovered from the horror which this scene excited, before my *laquais de place* came into the room, and told me, with a smile on his countenance, that a man had just been killed. This shocking indifference was common to all his countrymen: and, among the vast numbers which curiosity soon brought together, I did not see one whose features displayed the slightest symptom either of grief or commiseration. It pains me to add, that this

scene of blood appeared to afford a kind of barbarous gratification to the passing spectators, who stared, laughed, and talked together about the dead man, and then continued their way, unmoved by the catastrophe.

The only attention which the remains of this murdered individual received, consisted of a cross and lighted taper, which were stuck over the door against which the corse was placed. In this state it lay three hours: at the expiration of which time arrived a party of magistrates, dignified with the name of *the Justice* (to whom the epithet of "tardy-footed" may be well applied). They ordered the body to be removed; which was accordingly put on a hurdle, and carried to a neighbouring convent.

I ought to mention, that all which I have related took place in open day, and in one of the most public parts of this city.

When I inquired into the story, I learned that the person whose death I had witnessed had passed the morning in playing at cards, or, more properly speaking, in gaming (for the lowest as well as highest of the Romans spend half their time in this manner); when, some quarrel arising between him and a man who was his cousin, the latter drew out a stiletto, and plunged it into his breast. The wounded man ran into an adjoining room, and, eager for revenge, borrowed a sword of a soldier who

happened to be there. With this weapon he returned into the apartment; and not finding his assassin, rushed into the street, in the hope of overtaking him*. The soldier followed, indifferent about the event, but fearful of losing his sword. And thence arose the tragical scene which I have already related. In the agonies of death, the wounded man mistook the soldier for him whom he was pursuing; and the one narrowly escaped the fate intended for the other.

I afterwards learned, that he who was now murdered had himself assassinated two brothers, and was but lately returned from Spain, where he had resided while the story was still fresh in the memory of his neighbours.—Such is Roman police — such are Roman manners — and such the events which daily occur in that city which was once not only the seat of power, but the witness of every virtue!

To this anecdote of assassination, I must add a melancholy instance of poverty and pride degenerating into cruelty and conquering the best feelings of nature, exemplified in a scene of equal horror, which took place a few days

* Some English gentlemen, who were walking in another part of the town, met the assassin making his escape. They saw him throw away the stiletto with which he had committed the murder; after doing which, he walked away with a very deliberate step.

ago at a house two doors from my lodgings, and which certainly could only happen in this town. The screams of a child drew a crowd to the door of an apartment belonging to an individual who was absent from home. The noise continued; and the persons assembled at last determined to force the door. The sight which now presented itself was dreadful beyond the power of language to describe: A boy, apparently about five years old, lay dead by the side of his younger brother; who, exhausted with hunger, fear, and weakness, had only just strength enough left to make himself heard.

The cause of an event so painful to humanity was as follows:—A distressed father, who had known better days, too idle to work, and too proud to beg, having no means of procuring food for these unfortunate children, locked them up in his lodging; and, as he turned the key, threatened them with the most cruel punishment, if, during his absence, they should venture to cry, or draw notice by any noise whatever. Three days elapsed, and the father did not return. The eldest child, the victim of famine, was already dead. The survivor, terrified at the inanimate state of his companion, and tortured with acute hunger, dared at last to disobey the orders of his father, and by his cries drew the notice of persons who were passing.

This unfortunate child was found in such a state of debility that great doubts are entertained of his recovery.

The English immediately made a collection for the wretched boy; and, though I will not, by naming, offend the delicacy of the gentleman who set the subscription on foot, and who himself greatly contributed to it, I shall venture to say, it was a person well known in the fashionable circles of London; to whom the arts are much indebted; and on whose munificent patronage the sculptors and painters of Rome have during the last year solely depended.

I could give you many other accounts of the dreadful state to which idleness and vice often reduce the inferior classes in this town; but I am unwilling to wound your feelings by a recital of ills which it is out of your power to relieve.

For the present I shall lay down my pen,—being unwilling to dwell on such topics, and equally so to mix them with any other.

I am, &c.

LETTER XXVII.

Ceremony of Palm Sunday — The distribution of palms — Wednesday in Easter week—Vespers chanted in the Capella Sextina—Holy Thursday—High mass performed in the Capella Sextina—The feet of twelve poor men washed by the pope in the Capella Paulina—His holiness waits on the same at dinner, in the ducal chamber of the Vatican—Good Friday—The interior of St. Peter's lighted by a cross covered with lamps---Easter Sunday---High mass performed by the pope---He gives his benediction afterwards from the window of St. Peter's.

Rome, April 11, 1803.

My dear sir,

EASTER week has been celebrated here with much pomp; and as it forms one of the great festivals of the church of Rome, I thought myself fortunate in being present on such an occasion.

The forerunner of the ceremonies was a service performed in the private chapel of the pope, at the palace of Monte Cavallo, on the preceding Sunday. His holiness being seated on his throne, and the cardinals in their scarlet robes ranged around him, high mass was sung; after which the pope was carried in a chair out of the chapel, followed by the cardinals, bishops, and other ecclesiastics. In a few

minutes he was brought back, followed by a long train of priests, of every rank and order, chanting hymns and strewing boughs before him. He then resumed his seat, and proceeded to distribute palms, in honor of the day. The cardinals kneeled, one by one, at the foot of the throne; and each received in his turn a consecrated branch of the palm tree, or, more properly, an artificial representation of the same handsomely made. Next followed the patriarch of the Greek church, with a venerable white beard, and dressed in a splendid robe. The archbishops, bishops, prelates, chaplains, and lastly private persons, received the same favor; but with this difference, that the branches given to the cardinals and higher dignitaries of the church were made for the purpose in imitation of those of the palm tree, while common boughs, recently cut, were considered as a sufficient compliment for the rest.

Among those who solicited and obtained these boughs, were several foreigners; and in the number I was surprised to see some English; one of whom was dressed in a military uniform. I did not imitate their example; for though humor, and not devotion, was certainly the cause of this action, I thought it scarcely decent in the subject of a protestant king thus publicly to receive on his knees a badge of papal favor.

I ought to add, that the cardinals kissed the hand of the pope, the bishops his knee, and the other persons his foot; and that each person who had received a palm held it in his hand during the rest of the service.

The ceremony was long and tiresome, principally consisting in genuflexions and in changes of dress.—Every cardinal has an attendant ecclesiastic, who sits under him, and holds a blue bag, containing the different garments used on these occasions.

On the Wednesday after Palm Sunday, the English ladies, accompanied by madame Torlonia (the banker's wife whose assemblies I mentioned in my first letter from Rome), were led into a box railed off for the purpose, and looking into the Capella Sextina, in the palace of the Vatican. No places were reserved for gentlemen; and in consequence of the number of foreigners now at Rome, the crowd was so great that I had considerable difficulty in gaining admittance. The pope was seated, with the cardinals around him, in the same manner as I have already described in speaking of the ceremony of Palm Sunday. Vespers were then sung; and the melody, by judges of harmony, was esteemed extremely fine,—the whole being performed by soprano voices, without any intermixture of instrumental music. — A given number of wax tapers was lighted. At the

conclusion of each psalm, or hymn, one of these was put out; and when the last was extinguished, the service ended.

The following day, being Holy Thursday, I went in the morning to the same chapel, and heard high mass performed. At the conclusion of that ceremony, I succeeded, after much struggling through an immense crowd, in making my way into the Capella Paulina, where the pope, according to annual custom, was about to wash the feet of twelve poor men. So numerous was the assemblage of people on this occasion, that the Swiss guards (whose grotesque dresses I have before mentioned) had the greatest difficulty in keeping order, and were compelled to use their halberds in forcing back the pressing multitude. — In the chapel were two private boxes, — one kept for his majesty the king of Sardinia and his family (a similar compliment being paid to this unfortunate prince on all occasions, and in all the chapels of the pope), and another for the archduchess of Austria, sister to the emperor, who now resides at Rome. The latter had been lent to the princess Corsini, who sat there with a large party, in which I observed an American gentleman of my acquaintance. He had the goodness to remark me in the crowd; and having sent to me, introduced me to madame de Corsini, and procured me the privilege of a place

in her box: I therefore saw the ceremony to great advantage.

Twelve pilgrims, dressed in white jackets and white night-caps, were seated on a bench. Their feet rested on another; and their stockings were already removed. The pope, on his arrival in the chapel, proceeded to perform the ceremony. A sponge, and a silver basin filled with water, were placed on the lower form. His holiness, beginning with the pilgrim nearest to him, dipped the sponge in the water, washed the feet presented to him, and afterwards wiped them with a napkin. He performed the same duty to every one of them; and in leaving each, presented him with a nosegay and a piece of money.

As soon as this singular ceremony was finished, we left the Capella Paulina, and went into the ducal chamber of the Vatican, to witness another scene, not less extraordinary than that which we had just seen. I followed the princess Corsini, and again obtained, with her party, a place in a box reserved for the archduchess. I thought myself extremely fortunate, as, notwithstanding the immense size of the room into which we had now moved, it was completely filled with a prodigious crowd formed of persons from all nations of the world. —In the centre was placed a table, covered with a sumptuous dinner, consisting of various

dainties, but no meat; at which the twelve pilgrims, whose feet had been washed in the chapel below, were seated. His holiness received from one of his attendants, who acted as carver, and bent his knee as he offered it, a plate successively filled with part of the contents of each dish; and then himself handed it to each of his humble guests. He proceeded in this manner to wait on all the twelve, helping every one to a portion of every dish. As the table was plentifully supplied, the ceremony consumed a considerable time; and the pope must have been completely tired before the conclusion of the dinner.

I could not help smiling at the avidity with which these poor fellows, who had probably never tasted such delicate food before, devoured the good things which were handed to them by their holy attendant; whose condescending services did not at all interrupt the keenness of their appetite.

These men are, I am told, priests of the lowest class; and the ambassador of every catholic state has the privilege of recommending in his person a candidate for this honor. I believe they afterwards receive for life some trifling pension.

Singular and strange as the ceremony now appears, it must have been doubly so some centuries ago. This "proud submission," this

"dignified humility," exhibited by a personage who is at once a sovereign and the head of the universal church, must have been striking indeed, when the haughty pontiff who thus, in imitation of our Saviour (whose successor and representative he pretends to be), testified that lowness of spirit which the Gospel enjoins, reigned with despotic and undisputed sway over all the monarchs and nations of the European continent.

High mass was performed on Good Friday in the church of St. Peter; and in the evening the whole building was beautifully illuminated by one vast cross of lighted lamps, suspended in the centre, under the cupola. The effect was beautiful; and the different parts of this magnificent church appeared to wonderful advantage, when viewed by the reflected light which this cross afforded. The idea was originally suggested by Michael Angelo; and indeed is worthy of so great a genius. The effect of one vast body of light thus scattering its rays over an immense building, is quite original, and must be seen to be understood.

I found several persons praying at the different altars, and crowds at the shrine of St. Peter; while from one of the balconies which stand over the beams of the cupola, priests were employed the whole night in exhibiting

precious relics to the astonished and believing multitude.

On Easter Sunday, which is kept as one of the greatest festivals of the church of Rome, I went again to St. Peter's, and heard the pope perform high mass. The ceremony was nearly similar to that observed on Christmas-day: I will not therefore tire you (as I was tired myself), with a recapitulation of the same scene. Suffice it to say, that at the conclusion of the service, at which were present the two kings of Sardinia, the foreign ministers, and strangers of distinction from all countries of the world, his holiness was carried up stairs to the balcony above, which looks on the fine court fronting the church. This spot was covered with carriages and a numerous assemblage of people, who, on the appearance of the sovereign pontiff, fell on their knees. The pope, whose chair was elevated some feet above the level of the window whence he was seen, now rose up, and, pronouncing a form of absolution, made the sign of the cross and blessed the multitude. The scene which this ceremony produced was grand, singular, and picturesque.

The absolution was no sooner pronounced, than the guns of San Angelo were fired, and announced to the rejoicing citizens of Rome that their crimes were pardoned.

If you wish to form a just idea of this splendid sight, you must carry in your mind the magnificence of the building, the beautiful colonnade which surrounds the spot where the prostrate and mighty crowd was assembled, the venerable appearance of the pope, and the opinions entertained by catholics of his heavenly power.

For the present I take my leave; and am, &c.

LETTER XXVIII.

Presentation to the pope---Mr. Fagan, an English painter, performs the functions of minister---His holiness receives the author and his wife in the garden of the palace of Monte Cavallo---Dress, appearance, and conversation of Pius VII. ---Anecdote related by him of Frederic the Second of Prussia ---Expresses his gratitude to England---Sketch of his life--- Presentation to the cardinal of York, the last descendant of the house of Stuart---His appearance, conversation, company, medal, &c.—Very hospitable to the English—Declaration of gratitude to our sovereign—The furniture of his episcopal palace at Frascati stolen during the revolution, and replaced by his attendants.

Rome, April 12, 1803.

My dear sir,

HAVING in my last letter described the ceremonies of Easter week, performed by the pope, I shall in this speak of the pontiff himself. The best manner of satisfying your curiosity on this subject, will, perhaps, be to give you an account of an interview with his holiness, to which he has had the goodness of admitting Mrs. L. and myself. I should begin by telling you, that, since the death of Mr. Jenkins the banker, who long acted as *ciceroni* to the English, Mr. Fagan, born in Great Britain, but a catholic by persuasion and long settled at Rome, has been so

very obliging as to take on himself the functions of unauthorised minister,—if you will allow me to use an expression, which, though not strictly correct, conveys an idea of the situation which he actually fills. The fact is, that, as the established etiquette does not permit a protestant power to send an ambassador to the holy see, it is necessary that some individual should assume the ceremonial part of that character, since, without such assistance, Englishmen would be deprived of the opportunity of being presented to the pope, besides experiencing difficulties about passports and other similar matters. By tacit consent, Mr. Jenkins long held this office; and since his death, Mr. Fagan has in the same manner been considered as agent from England, though without appointment and without salary. This gentleman, who is by profession a painter, and who possesses very respectable talents as an artist, is ready on every occasion to show attention to his countrymen, and to devote those hours to their service which might be much more profitably for himself employed in the exercise of his talents. I was recommended to Mr. Fagan; and having informed him that Mrs. L. and myself wished to be presented to the pope, I received from him, a few days afterwards, a very civil note, acquainting me that his holiness

would see us in the garden of the Palazzo di Monte Cavallo on the Wednesday following.

I must acquaint you, *en passant*, that as the house where the sovereign pontiff now resides was formerly a monastery, it is contrary to the decorum of the catholic church for any female to be admitted there. On this account, ladies are received in his garden.

At the appointed time (four in the afternoon) we accordingly drove thither, accompanied by Mr. Fagan; who, on our arrival, conducted us to a summer-house commanding a very extensive view of the environs of Rome; in which we awaited the arrival of the *Padre Santo*. At half past five we perceived the pope coming from the palace to the cassino, where we were sitting, accompanied by some of his attendants. These he left at the door, and came in alone. Mr. Fagan immediately fell on his knees, and kissed his hand. I made an inclination of the body, and performed the same ceremony. Mrs. L. also offered to kiss his hand, but he would not allow her to do so.

Pius the Seventh is a man of grave, respectable appearance, about sixty years of age. He wore a friar's frock, that had once been white, but which was now stained and dirty: over this was thrown a large cloak of scarlet cloth; and the latter, as well as his hat of the

same color, was edged with gold. Instead of shoes, he had red slippers, ornamented with a golden cross. On his finger I remarked a diamond ring of considerable size; but his hands and his whole dress were covered with snuff. His hair, nearly grey, was cut short round his neck. Such was his appearance.—As to his manners, they were simple, affable, and pleasing.

As soon as the ceremony of presentation was over, he led Mrs. L. to a sofa, and seated himself by her side: Mr. Fagan and myself continued standing. He then entered into conversation; and though he spoke the French language with some difficulty, he appeared well acquainted with the literature of that country, and even with some English writers. His remarks were untainted with prejudice, and might be called liberal. He mentioned Rousseau and Voltaire without disgust, and spoke of Dr. Young's "Night Thoughts" with admiration.

Having inquired what religion we professed, and understanding we were protestants, he with much good-humor told the following story.—Frederic the Second of Prussia, finding himself dangerously ill in a catholic country, was asked, how, in the event of his death, he chose to be buried? "Dig a grave," said the philosophical monarch, "some few feet lower

than the spot where the catholics are interred: that separation will be quite sufficient. To the same dust we must all come at last."

There was a degree of toleration in this little anecdote, which I was both surprised and pleased to hear from the lips of a sovereign pontiff. He seemed, indeed, through the whole conversation, to be a mild, inoffensive, charitable man; and he bears the character of being what he appears. He is simple in his diet, economical in his domestic arrangements, and careless (almost to a fault) with regard to dress *.

I ought to add, that he took an opportunity of expressing his gratitude to England, for the services he had received from our government during the last war. He likewise said several civil things about the dress, character, and behaviour of our fair countrywomen; and expressed his anxious wishes for the continuance of peace.

After a quarter of an hour's conversation, he took his leave; and, in going away, promised

* A painter having requested the loan of one of the pope's frocks, in order to finish the *costume* of his portrait, was surprised on receiving a message the next day, which requested that he would send back the borrowed dress as soon as possible. "He has but two suits," said the servant, "and he has torn the one which he has at present in use: he cannot, therefore, spare the other any longer."

to send us some consecrated beads, as presents to our catholic friends.

The history of Pius the Seventh is shortly this.—Distantly related to the last pope, of noble but not exalted family, he was educated in the Benedictine convent adjoining the basilick of St. Paul. He became a member of that order, and was soon known as a distinguished professor. When the abolition of the Jesuits was agitated, different opinions were entertained by the monks of his community. The head, or president, was favorable to the measure; which was strongly opposed by others, and among the rest, by Chiaramonte (now Pius the Seventh). Much party spirit arose; and the life of the good man was rendered miserable by the animosity of his chief. He complained to his relation, the then pope, who, in order to relieve him in the most agreeable manner from the embarrassment in which he was placed, appointed him bishop of Tivoli. At that delightful spot he resided some time, and was much respected; till, the same question which occasioned his uneasiness in the convent of the Benedictines arising in his diocese, he found himself a second time persecuted for his opinions. He again laid his case before Pius the Sixth, who again relieved him by superior preferment: he was appointed a cardinal, and bishop of Immola; at which place he was living

when Bonaparte arrived with his victorious army, and was lodged at his house. The simplicity of manners which distinguished his venerable host, pleased the general; and he expressed, during his stay in Italy, the favorable sentiments which he entertained of the character of the bishop. These were remembered when the conclave assembled at Venice; and, after two rival candidates had in vain struggled for victory, some cardinal proposed Chiaramonte as a third person. Unobjectionable in every respect, and possessing the good opinion of Bonaparte, all parties became instantly united in his support; and he assumed the tiara, under the title of Pius the Seventh.

I shall follow up my account of the presentation to the pope, by that of my introduction to the cardinal duke of York (the present pretender to the throne of England), whom, as the last descendant and representative of the house of Stuart, I was anxious to see. The obliging Mr. Fagan was again our *ciceroni* on this occasion; and, having asked and obtained the permission of his eminence, conducted us on the appointed day to his episcopal palace at Frascati (the *Tusculum* of the Romans), which place, as every body knows, is one of the most beautiful spots in the environs of Rome.

On our arrival, we found the chaplain waiting to receive us, and a coach and four horses

ready to conduct us to a villa about two miles from Frascati, which the cardinal has built for his favorite bishop *, and whither he had preceded us.

We were told that it was customary to kiss the hand of "his royal highness †;" a ceremony which we consequently performed. He then began addressing us in very good English, though spoken with rather a Scottish accent. Mr. Fagan had taken care to inform us on what topics it was expected we should talk; and we accordingly praised the cardinal's little favorite dog, which (if we may believe the report of his owner) is of the true *king Charles's breed*, and found out his master by instinct in the streets of Rome! We also commended the architecture of the villa, and the prospect it commands. These compliments, mixed with

* The cardinal has, in his old age, formed a strong attachment to one of his chaplains; for whom he has procured a bishopric, and built this villa in the environs of his own palace.

† This title has been universally allowed him by all English visitors, since the duke of Sussex set the example. The amiable son of our respected monarch did not, I understand, scruple to gratify the pride of the old man, by giving him this harmless appellation; but the cardinal, though he received, did not return the compliment. While the son of a real king called the other "your royal highness," the *soi-disant* representative of majesty only gave his illustrious guest the title of "highness." The duke of Sussex laughed at the distinction, and repeated still oftener the epithet of "royal."

frequent repetitions of the words " your royal highness," put the worthy old man into excellent humor, both with himself and with us. Meaning, however, to please, I very nearly offended my reverend host, by remarking the fluency with which he spoke English. " And why should I not?" he answered with some anger.—" It is so long since your royal highness was in England, that it is surprising you should retain the knowledge of that language."—" Oh sir," rejoined he, " we do not easily forget that to which we are born and bred."

As to his appearance, he bears the marks of having formerly been a very handsome man; though, from his great age, being more than eighty years old, he is now infirm, and sinking into dotage. You will be surprised when I add, that, distant as is the relationship, he bears a strong resemblance to our king, for whose father he might easily be taken. His dress consisted of a black coat and waistcoat, with red stockings, a red cloak, and red hat,—these forming the costume of a cardinal.

When we had exhausted our praises on the villa and the prospect, and partaken of some wine (which, being made in his bishopric, it was necessary to find incomparably good), we again got into the carriage which had brought us, and returned to the palace of the cardinal

at Frascati, whither he followed us in a coach drawn by six horses.

At his house we found assembled a society of monks, priests, and shabby-looking laics. The cardinal soon appeared, and again gave us a hearty welcome. Dinner was now announced, and we entered an eating-room of small dimensions. The repast was neither particularly excellent of its kind, nor served with any extraordinary degree of cleanliness; but no person could complain: our venerable host showed such a disposition to please, that he must indeed have been ungrateful who could have failed to acknowledge his hospitality. By way of compliment to us, a dish dignified with the name of an English plum-pudding was put on the table; and though in appellation alone it resembled that favorite of John Bull, we all declared (it was surely a *pia fraus*) that the London Tavern could not produce a better. The old man was delighted at these assurances, and with voracious appetite ate of the commended pudding.—He was not very clean in his manner of eating, and much oftener used his fingers than his knife in the separation of his food.—The chaplain, during the whole dinner, continued to remark how little "his royal highness" ate, while we were astonished at the quantity of various things which he contrived to swallow.

After dinner, we were led up stairs, while the cardinal took his evening sleep.

We were shown his oratory, or private chapel; and his mitre, covered with diamonds; which latter constituted the fortune of his mother, a princess of Poland.—There were several crucifixes, and pictures of saints and holy martyrs, scattered over the walls of the house; while the majority of the persons with whom we had dined were ecclesiastics of various ranks and orders. In short, every thing seemed to prove that the cardinal of York retains all that bigotry for which his family were long notorious, and which made them, as Louis the Fourteenth well observed, exchange three kingdoms for a mass.

After ascending to the top of the house, accompanied by the bishop who is the favorite and destined heir of the cardinal, and admiring the view, which is really beautiful, and commands Rome on one side, and the country as far as Tivoli on the other, we descended again to the drawing-room, and, taking our leave of "his royal highness," set out on our return to Rome. In going away, the old man gave Mrs. L. a medal, on one side of which is his likeness in a cardinal's dress, with the following inscription—

"Hen. IX. Mag. Brit. Fr. et Hib. Rex, Fid. Def. Card. et Tusc. Epis.;"

and on the other, a figure of the Virgin Mary, with these words—

"Non desideriis hominum, sed voluntate Dei*."

How his eminence can reconcile the contradiction conveyed in this motto, I know not. Man may certainly not like what God ordains; but that man can frustrate what the Supreme Ruler of the universe chooses, is a position which it requires the skill of a cardinal to explain, and the faith of a catholic to comprehend.

I need not tell you how many reflexions were excited by this visit to the last descendant of a long race of kings, thus humbled by fortune and weakened by age. He who might under other circumstances have occupied the throne of a mighty empire, now lives in a little parsonage-house †, dignified with the name of a palace, yet not larger than the ordinary habitation of an English clergyman. Instead of performing the high functions of executive magistrate in a great kingdom, he passes his time in the ceremonies of a church; and has changed a court of statesmen, legislators, and peers, for a conclave of friars, monks, and abbots. He re-

* "Not by the choice of men, but by the will of God."

† The cardinal said one day to an English visitor,—"This house was built by a French cardinal; and it is now inhabited by an English ——." He hesitated, and at last added, "cardinal."

ceives, however, *pour le dédommager*, the titles of royalty and the soft incense of unceasing flattery. Perhaps, considering the inclinations and the capacity of the man, he is happier in his present situation, than he would have been had he worn the crown of his illustrious ancestors.

I must do the cardinal of York the justice to add, that, though weak in intellect and debilitated by age, he appears to have an excellent heart. He spoke with much attachment of England and Englishmen, and took an opportunity of observing, "that in his misfortunes he had received assistance from a quarter whence he had the least reason to expect it,"—alluding to the pension of four thousand pounds, first allowed him by his majesty, and since confirmed by parliament. This declaration was indeed but the payment of a debt of gratitude; yet the avowal was noble; and, as such, I have much pleasure in recording it.

The arms of England were painted on his carriages; and his servants, who were numerous, wore liveries of yellow and red,—which I suppose are the colors given by the Stuart family.

I ought perhaps to mention, before I conclude my account of the cardinal of York, a delicate attention shown him by his attendants. While the French were quartered in the ecclesiastical states, he fled, with most of his brethren,

to Venice; and in his absence all the furniture of his house was taken away by the enemy. To prevent his feeling this misfortune, his chaplains concealed the circumstance, and ordered the episcopal palace to be furnished anew,—taking care that every article should be precisely of the same quality and form as that the place of which it was intended to supply. When therefore the good old man returned, he found his house exactly as he had left it, and congratulated himself on the fortunate escape which his property had experienced.

We returned to Rome the same evening, well pleased with our visit to this last descendant of our ancient kings.

I remain, &c.

LETTER XXIX.

Excursion to Tivoli—Solfatara—Ponte Lucano—Tomb of Plautius—Villa of Hadrian—Town of Tivoli—Villas of the ancient Romans—Views in the vicinity—Temple of Vesta and temple of the Tiburtine Sibyl—The river Anio, and the Great Cascade—Grotto of Neptune—Le Cascatelle, or Little Cascades—Horace's fountain—Mœcenas's villa—Quintilius Varro's villa—Temple of Tussis.

Rome, April 13, 1803.

My dear sir,

I MADE an excursion a few days ago to Tivoli *, the Tibur of the ancients, that celebrated and favorite retreat, where the best and greatest men among the Romans built their villas and passed their happiest hours.

I set out, accompanied by an English friend, in an open carriage hired for the purpose, at an early hour of the appointed day. After driving for some miles along a flat and desolate plain (for the immediate neighbourhood of Rome is neither interesting nor picturesque), we traversed the bridge built over the Solfa-

* For an accurate and classical account of Tivoli, I recommend you to consult M. Lumesden's *Antiquities of Rome*; in the Appendix to which (No. II.), that writer has given a most interesting and circumstantial narrative of an expedition to this place.

tara, called by the ancients *Aquæ Albulæ;* which, according to Strabo, consisted of the waters of several springs there collected. The lake itself is a mile from the bridge; but the sulphureous smell announced its vicinity even at this distance. These waters have the power of incrusting whatever is thrown into them, which immediately assumes a stony substance. They were formerly much frequented, as affording salubrious baths, used by the ancients for the cure of wounds and sundry diseases. In the time of the Romans, buildings were erected for the temporary habitation of invalids who came hither for this purpose; and some ruins still remain, on the north side of the lake, supposed to have formed part of Augustus's baths; which were afterwards repaired by Zenobia queen of Palmyra; in honor of whom they then assumed the name which they still bear, of *Bagni della Regina* (the Queen's Baths).

At the sixteenth mile stands the Ponte Lucano; the name of which is derived by different antiquaries from different sources, but which, according to M. Lumesden, was given it in honor of the founder, M. Plautius Lucanus, whose family, resident at Tivoli, was of distinguished rank and large estate at that place.

Immediately beyond the bridge still remains the sepulchre of Plautius. It is a vast edifice, of circular form, greatly resembling that of

Cæcilia Metella. I copied one of the inscriptions, which is quite legible; but as I find that it has already been printed in Piranesi's Views, and in other works, I do not think it necessary to transcribe it.

Leaving this monument on the left, and turning to the right, we proceeded towards the ruins of the magnificent villa* of Hadrian, which once contained all the refinements of luxury, there assembled from the most distant regions of the Roman empire. The vestiges of three theatres are clearly discerned; in which I saw the box appropriated to the use of the emperor, and a broken figure of Her-

* "The villas of the old Romans were only country-houses contrived for the conveniency of private life. But when riches, the effect of their conquests, grew upon them, their villas rather resembled cities than the seats of particular persons, and in which nothing breathed but luxury and pleasure. This taste increased greatly under the emperors, each endeavouring to outdo his predecessor in grandeur. Hadrian, endowed with an excellent genius for the fine arts, having visited all the empire, brought home with him whatever he found most curious to adorn his villa; of which he himself was the architect: and indeed, whether we consider its extent, being about three miles long and a mile broad; or the greatness and variety of the buildings, temples, theatres, circuses, baths, porticoes, &c.; or the exquisite works of sculpture and painting that ornamented it; this villa must have been one of the finest of antiquity. Spartian writes, that the emperor gave the names of the most remarkable buildings in the world to those he erected in it: the Lyceum of Aristotle, the Acade-

cules. The painted stucco of the baths is still fresh, and extremely beautiful. I was next taken to the Prytaneum of Athens; and in the Pœcilé of the Stoics the niches remain in which formerly stood the statues of the gods. A marine theatre was also pointed out to me, in which naval combats were exhibited; a large spot where once stood the library; the *Campus Martius*, or place where the military were exercised; the temple of Venus, and the temple of Diana. I was then shown the long corridors under the imperial palace, stuccoed in several parts; the court-yard; vestiges of the best apartments, the windows of which appear to have been very small; and the temple of Apollo, in which statues of that god and of the nine Muses were found: the recesses where they stood are still visible. I was lastly led to what are called the Hundred Chambers, or barracks of the soldiers,—the apartment allotted to each having been entirely distinct and separate from the other.

Without pretending to describe particularly this villa, which would require both more knowledge than I possess and more time than I can afford, I ought perhaps to mention,

mia of Plato, the Prytaneum of Athens, the Canopus of Egypt, the Pœcilé of the Stoics, the Tempé of Thessaly, the Elysian Fields, and the Infernal Regions, were to be seen here."—Lumesden's *Antiquities of Rome*, App. No. II.

that some of the finest specimens of ancient sculpture were recovered from these ruins,—including in the number the Egyptian idols, the Flora, and the two Centaurs, formerly in the Vatican, and now at Paris. The mosaic picture discovered by the cardinal Furietti in 1737, and which is supposed by antiquaries to be the very work of which Pliny takes notice, representing four pigeons drinking out of a basin, formed one of the ornaments of the villa of Hadrian. This curious relic has by some unaccountable accident escaped the power of France, and is still seen in the gallery of the Capitol.

Mr. Fagan, of whom I have before spoken, obtained permission some years since to dig in these ruins; and his labors were rewarded by the discovery of several valuable statues, which have since been dispersed over various parts of Europe. The invasion of the French army, and a late law of the holy see, forbidding the removal of any ancient works of art from the ecclesiastical states, stopped the progress of these researches; but Mr. Fagan remains of opinion that immense treasures are still buried under the site of this once splendid villa.

When our curiosity was sufficiently satisfied with wandering over these ruins, we proceeded to Tivoli, which the ancients estimated as standing at a distance of twenty miles from

Rome, and the moderns place at eighteen from the capital. It was a city of Latium, and well known in the classical world by the name of Tibur. The most distinguished of the Romans possessed country-seats in the neighbourhood; and among them are to be counted Brutus, Cassius, Quintilius Varro, Lepidus, Mæcenas, Horace, Catullus, and Martial. I need not tell you how much the recollection of this circumstance increased the pleasure of the expedition: and though we could not sufficiently depend on the accuracy of our guides, to be convinced that we had ascertained the precise situation of each villa; yet the beauty of the country, and the descriptions of various writers, afforded indisputable proofs that these great men passed their summers in the environs of the spot on which we were then walking. This idea was amply sufficient to make us view every object with enthusiastic interest.

The views from Tivoli, which stands on an eminence commanding the whole Campania of Rome, and extending to the shores of the sea, are extremely beautiful; but the town is ill-built, irregular in its form, and possessed of no modern ornament, if we except the palace and gardens of Este, which were formerly celebrated for some fine water-works, lately much neg-

lected. The roofs of the rooms in this palace were painted by Zuccheri.

The first thing which were taken to see at Tivoli was the Temple of Vesta*, which stands in the yard of the little inn where we were lodged, and is built on a rock overlooking the Great Cascade. It is a small round edifice, with an open portico formed of ten fluted Corinthian columns, which are perfect and uninjured. Nothing can be more elegant than its appearance. It is built with great taste, is esteemed the most beautiful remain of ancient architecture, and is worthy the purest age of the fine arts, though it is uncertain at what period it was constructed.

A little beyond the Temple of Vesta is another very ancient building, now the church of St. George, and supposed to have been the Temple of the Tiburtine Sibyl. It has an open portico, with four Ionic columns, terminated with a pediment. To this edifice some antiquaries, from its geographical position, apply the words of Horace:—

"Domus Albuneæ resonantis."

* Commonly called the "Sibyl's Temple," but called in Palladio's plan by the former name. *Vide* reasons for believing it to be a temple of Vesta, in Lumesden's *Antiquities of Rome*, Appendix.

The Great Cascade, formed by the waters of the Anio rushing from an immense height, is magnificently grand, whether viewed from the temple above or from what is called the Grotto of Neptune below. After a second fall, under a high bridge, it loses itself among rocks, and forms a scene so romantic and so beautiful that no description can do it justice.

After descending to the Grotto of Neptune, which stands at the foot of these rocks, we ascended again to the Temple of Vesta; and, having enjoyed for some minutes this delightful prospect, crossed the bridge, and proceeded, in a walk of two or three hours, to view the remains of Roman villas, and Le Cascatelle, or Little Cascades, which, though on the same side of the river as Tivoli, are better seen from the opposite bank. These beautiful waterfalls are formed by a branch of the Anio, which, after turning several mills in the town, falls down some high banks, in different places and in the most picturesque manner imaginable. You will not expect me to say more on the subject, as the best painters have but faintly conveyed an idea of the lovely scenery of this spot.

The man who acted as our *ciceroni* pointed out to us, beside other objects, a fountain, which, according to his account, is the

very one mentioned by Horace*; the site of the poet's villa, on which stands at present a little convent; the position of Mæcenas's country-seat, which stood on the same side of the river with the Cascatelle and the town; and that of Quintilius Varro, which was placed on the opposite bank. The terrace of the latter still remains: it commands a delightful view of the little falls, Tivoli, and the surrounding country.—We had no very great confidence in the classical knowledge of our guide; but every thing around certified for the truth of his assertions. He probably made many mistakes in the names given to particular spots; but it was clear that the ground over which we were treading had been parceled out among the most illustrious of the Romans, who came hither to enjoy in rustic ease that happiness which was denied them in their splendid palaces at Rome, though surrounded with luxuries and adorned with all the insignia of official power.

The friend who accompanied me in this expedition was a man of excellent taste, and well acquainted with the best writers of antiquity. He shared and contributed not a little

* In his ode "Ad Fontem Blandusiæ:"—

"O fons Blandusiæ, splendidior vitro, &c."

to my pleasure on this occasion: and we returned to our inn pleased with the scenes which we had visited, and still more delighted with the recollections they excited. We agreed that Tivoli and its environs were fully deserving the partiality entertained for them by the poets, statesmen, and orators of ancient Rome.

In the evening we strolled into the garden, and saw by moonlight the Temple of Vesta and the Great Cascade. Viewed in this manner, these charming objects formed another landscape, different from what they had presented in the morning; and we knew not to which to give the preference.

In returning to Rome the next day, we stopped a little beyond the gates of Tivoli, to see an ancient round edifice which stands in a vineyard. It is simple and unadorned. Antiquaries have not settled whether it was a temple or a sepulchre. It is called the Temple of Tussis (or the god of coughing); but no such deity is known in the catalogue of heathen mythology.

With this expedition I shall conclude my account of particular objects, and shall in my next letter speak of Rome as seen in a general point of view.

I am, &c.

LETTER XXX.

Vast treasures still remaining at Rome, as the seat of the fine arts —Basilicks, churches, palaces, antiquities—Strangers spend their time at Rome in seeing the above—Roman noblesse spend theirs in parading the streets—Their great ignorance and indifference about the finest works of art—Anecdote proving the same—Cicesbeos — Roman ladies — Their voice, behaviour, and appearance—A gentleman whipped in public (by way of joke) by a Roman belle—Society here—Madame Torlonia's parties—Duchess of Lanti's concerts—Balls given during the carnival—Roman morals—Practice of assassination stopped by the French while they were masters of this city—Gaming the principal cause of this crime—The lowest orders game in the public streets — Roman beggars; their importunity and numbers—Misery of the poor—No hackney coaches at Rome—No lights in the streets at night—The hotels—Frequent funerals and other melancholy sights at Rome—The religious fraternities—Anecdotes of the late pope, Pius the Sixth—His character differently represented by different parties—He was the patron of the arts—They have since languished—Canova, the celebrated statuary—Few persons at Rome now encourage talent—Artists kept alive by the munificence of Mr.——, an English gentleman—Anecdotes of the same—Conduct of the French generals while in possession of Rome — Effect of the late revolution—The present pope — Population of Rome—Principal families—The pleasures which Rome affords.

Rome, April 14, 1803.

My dear sir,

THE treasures which Rome, as the seat of the fine arts, still possesses, notwithstand-

ing the great and heavy losses it experienced during the late political convulsions, are immense. Among the innumerable churches found in every part of this city, there is scarcely one in which something may not be seen deserving and amply repaying the attention of the curious; while many of them boast such a variety of precious marbles, elegant columns, and beautiful pictures, that the eye becomes tired with a superfluity of interesting sights. If this remark be true about the churches, it applies still more forcibly to the palaces; which, having suffered less from the effects of the revolution, offer, in sculpture, architecture, and painting, the most magnificent specimens of human skill.

After contemplating the wonders of the Vatican, St. Peter's, the basilicks of S. Maria Maggiore, of John of Lateran, of St. Paul, St. Laurence, St. Sebastian, and St. John of Jerusalem; the splendid churches of S. Maria delli Angeli, of St. Ignatius of Loyola, of Jesus, and of St. John and St. Paul; the palaces of Doria, Barberini, Chigi, Farnese, Colonna, and Corsini; the villas Albani, Medici, Pamphili, and Ludovici; the stranger may think himself well repaid for the trouble of his journey: but if he confine his attention to these objects, he will leave Rome with a partial and very circumscribed idea of its general magnificence. He

who wishes to form a just estimate of this wonderful place, must persevere. No church, and scarcely any private palace, ought to be passed unobserved; for in all (with few, if any, exceptions) is something to be seen which the man of taste would be sorry to have missed.

But, interesting as are the objects collected in modern buildings, they sink into nothing when compared with those which some ancient edifices still standing, and the vestiges of others, afford. They to whom the history of Rome is familiar, and who have spent their early days in the study of the classics, view with enthusiastic delight those stupendous works, which, defying the united attacks of time and barbarism, have, through a long succession of revolving ages, handed down to us the most indisputable proofs of the high degree of perfection which the arts attained in the time of those illustrious men who were once the citizens of this town.

In visiting also the spots which two thousand years ago formed the habitation, the seats of council, of legislation, of triumph or of devotion, of the orators, senators, poets, patriots, consuls, and emperors, of ancient Rome; their works, their laws, their lives, their actions, their power, and their virtues, are brought back in such vivid colors to the recollection of the literary traveler, that he seems almost to witness

their existence; while imagination gives to each a substance and a form. Such ideas greatly increase the pleasure and the curiosity with which one sees the stupendous and yet perfect edifice of the Pantheon; the towering columns of Antoninus and of Trajan; the magnificent ruins and scattered pillars of the Forum; the vast and now neglected space once covered by the palace of the Cæsars; the arches of Septimius Severus, of Titus, and of Constantine; and, above all, the grand, elegant, and still striking beauties of the Coliseum, or Flavian amphitheatre, which, though injured on one side, presents on the other, even at this time, the most splendid model of the different orders of architecture. Months, and even years, may be profitably and agreeably spent in examining the various objects offered to the curiosity of him who has the industry to seek and the taste to enjoy such pleasures.

Pictures, statues, and antiquities, commonly fill up the whole time of those who visit Rome. Other amusements, therefore, are neither found nor desired. The nobility of the place, indeed, spend the greater part of their day in parading in their carriages, or on horseback, along the Corso, which, as I before mentioned, is the principal street. Some of them, when the weather is fine, proceed thence to the villa Borghese, which is open to the public, and

affords a delightful retreat to the inhabitants of this city. Here it is the fashion to walk, to ride, and to drive; and though few of our countrymen join the Romans in their procession along the Corso, they generally meet in great numbers in the paddock of the villa.

The carriages and horses usually seen here are not particularly excellent; and the liveries of the servants are often both tawdry and tattered. English equipages are esteemed the highest articles of luxury; and the most extravagant prices are given for worn-out hacks and vamped-up chariots.

Among the singularities of these promenades I ought to mention, that dignified ecclesiastics, clad in the costume of their respective ranks, pass several hours in this manner, sitting in their carriages, and driving up and down the Corso.

The present *noblesse* are either much degenerated, or their immediate ancestors, in encouraging the fine arts, were more influenced by vanity than by any sense of the pleasures which they afford; for, strange to say, the proprietors of the finest palaces of Rome seldom if ever inhabit the apartments in which their statues and pictures are assembled. The rooms in which the best works of Raphael, Guido, and Salvator Rosa are deposited, are commonly dirty, neglected, and covered with dust; while

the owner of these precious monuments of genius lives in an inferior apartment of his palace. I believe it sometimes happens that a noble Roman has never seen the pictures belonging to him; and many of them are unacquainted with the finest and most remarkable relics of antiquity which their city affords.

A prince of one of the most ancient and most distinguished families of Rome, with whom I was conversing a few evenings since at the assembly of madame Torlonia, told me, that, having nothing to do after dinner that evening, he had visited for the first time in his life the Coliseum. Stifling the smile which this strange declaration had nearly excited, I requested to be favored with his opinion of that celebrated ruin. "I think," replied with unshaken gravity this ingenious descendant and worthy representative of the ancient Romans, "that the Coliseum would be very pretty, if there were not so many holes in it. It is a great pity that *il padre santo* does not order it to be repaired."

After so striking an instance of the apathy which the higher ranks feel on such subjects, it is scarcely necessary for me to add, that, generally speaking, they are ill-educated, idle, and uninformed. They pass their mornings, and the first part of every afternoon, in the

lounge of the Corso, and the rest of the evening at the gaming-table.

The lower classes of the people are so ignorant, that it is a trade to write letters; and having observed in one of the streets several persons sitting with tables before them, on which were placed paper, pens, ink, and wafers, I learned on inquiry that they were individuals who gained a livelihood by acting as scribes to their untutored countrymen.

The system of *cicesbeism* is general among persons of rank. Every lady has one beau, some have two, and many three attendants, without counting the husband, who is commonly in the train of some other belle. The *cicesbeos* are frequently divided into the following gradations: he who is constantly with his lady is called the *cavaliere servante;* he whose pecuniary services procure him an occasional smile from his Dulcinea, receives the title of the *cavaliere pagante;* and he who is a candidate for the first vacant place in her favor, is thence styled the *cavaliere aspirante.* Besides these lovers *en régle,* most of the fashionable beauties have innumerable other followers, who, without any assigned character, enjoy the same privileges.

Among the ladies whom I have met in society, I have seen few to whom the epithet

handsome could be correctly applied. Many have fine countenances; but their persons are rarely elegant: while in dress they show but little taste, and very awkwardly imitate the French and English fashions. Their voices also are, to my ear, extremely offensive. They speak in a loud tone, nearly bordering on a continued scream: and nothing can be more noisy, or less pleasing, than the sound which arises from Italian conversation. It is indeed singular enough, that that language, which is so sweet when set to music, and so delightful in the mouth of an Englishwoman, should appear so much the reverse in that of a native. The cause of this apparent contradiction may perhaps be found in the impatience of the Italian character: the ladies of this country, feeling with extreme warmth, and anxious to express their sentiments with equal force, pitch their voices in too high a key, and thereby produce that inharmonious diction of which I complain.

As to their manners, they are extremely good-humored and desirous of pleasing: but though I have never seen the least indecency of conduct among the Roman females, I have witnessed a kind of fun and hand play with their admirers in company amounting to a deviation from what the French call *les biénseances*. That I may not be accused of making

such an assertion without proof, I will mention a scene which took place a few days since in my presence, in the public gardens of the Villa Borghese. One of the prettiest women here, who lives in the first class of society, pretending to be angry with her *cavaliere servante*, desired an English gentleman, who happened to be of the party, to lift the former on his back; and when he was thus placed in the attitude which at Westminster and Eton schools precedes the usual discipline, she took a whip in her hand, and administered a flogging in proper form. There were several of our countrywomen present, who viewed this ceremony with equal astonishment and disgust; while the Italian ladies laughed, and seemed to think this practical wit extremely entertaining. The anecdote is trifling, yet characteristic.

With regard to society.—Since I have been at Rome but one house has been regularly open for the reception of company,—I mean that of madame la marquisse Torlonia. She has, though only the wife of a banker, *à force d'or*, conquered all the ancient prejudices, and reckons among her acquaintance the first nobility of the place; who, no longer able to give entertainments at their own palaces, condescend to seek amusement at the house of a *parvenue*. In one of her rooms is a pharo bank, and in another a billiard table; while

those who play whist, or prefer conversation, are scattered about the other divisions of a numerous suite of splendid apartments. At these parties I have often met, besides all the English and other foreigners of distinction (including the ambassadors), Roman dukes, princes, cardinals, and marquises without number. These *conversazioni* are crowded, and not unlike our card-assemblies in London. The only striking difference is produced by the noise of the conversation, and the red stockings and short cassocks of the dignified clergy, who mix without any difficulty in these scenes of gaiety. No refreshments whatever are handed about; and cold water is the only liquid with which an unfortunate gamester can allay the fever of disappointment. This is a general custom at Rome; and madame Torlonia cannot be censured for conforming to the usages of her country. I must do the family the justice to add, that both M. and madame T. are uncommonly civil, hospitable, and anxious to show every possible attention to the strangers recommended by their correspondents. We were once invited to dinner at their house, and passed an agreeable day. It was an unusual favor at Rome, where entertainments of that kind are rarely given.

The duchess of Lanti, one of the most beautiful women here, has given three or four con-

certs; to which some of the English, introduced by madame Torlonia, were invited. I was not of the party; but I hear, that, though the music was excellent, the society was dull and uninteresting.

Besides these ladies, I know of no person at present in the habitual practice of receiving company at Rome.

During the carnival, beside many private parties, there were, I understand, subscription balls every night; of which an English friend, who passed that season here, has given me a curious account. The persons, he says, who attended them, were composed of all classes; and the genuine descendants of the ancient Romans were mixed with the humble venders of cameos and relics. On the tickets, the price of which was moderate, the following caution was written—"No person can be admitted whose linen is not clean:" notwithstanding which prudent regulation, the smells which prevailed were dreadfully offensive. The same gentleman to whom I owe this anecdote adds, that there was one very elegant ball given by the *noblesse* (to which only their own order and foreigners were invited), in honor of the abdicated king and queen of Sardinia, who are now resident at Rome. At this assembly the dresses of the ladies were particularly splendid, and their animated countenances excited the

admiration of strangers. Every female had two or three, and some ten or twelve, admirers in her train; who, like the sylphs attendant on Belinda, were honored with distinctive duties, —one being entrusted with the snuff-box, another with the fan, a third with the handkerchief, &c. &c. I have not heard that there was an Ariel amongst them, whose peculiar functions were devoted to the protection of the lady's honor.

During the carnival, the theatres were also opened; but at no other season of the year are public amusements suffered in the pontifical states. You will perceive, therefore, that the sources of recreation are at other periods very limited: and he who cannot derive entertainment from pictures, statues, and antiquities, will soon become tired of Rome. Those who devote themselves to these pursuits in the morning, find their spirits so exhausted from the fatigue attendant on this laborious pleasure, that they are not very desirous of going from home in the evening. Though, therefore, there is no capital in Europe where there are so few places of professed amusement, I never was in one where I heard *ennui* so little complained of.

Of the morals of Rome you will not expect that I should say much. You know, as all the world knows, that there is scarcely any police observed in this city; and that Vice stalks

abroad, neither checked by shame nor restrained by law. The worst of all crimes, and which I will not sully my paper with naming, is supposed to be common here, and in every other part of Italy: yet, however prevalent that dreadful sin may be, I have never yet, since I crossed the Alps, witnessed any scene indicative of such abominable practices. I imagine that the Italians, knowing the generous indignation which Englishmen feel on this subject, cautiously conceal, in their presence, the demonstrations of this national vice.

Of the practice of assassination, the proofs are frequent; and I have already mentioned one instance which "hisce oculis vidi." Though the cause of this crime is perhaps to be found in the idleness and concomitant vices of the modern Romans, yet it is certainly much increased by the impunity with which the guilty authors of such acts know that they may be committed. Can the murderer find his way to the privileged altar of a church, to the palace of a cardinal, or to that of an ambassador, though still covered with the blood of his victim, he is instantly protected against the tardy interposition of the law. If even one of these numerous asylums be beyond his reach, it is only necessary for him to remain concealed, or to remove into another state, for a few weeks, till the first noise of the affair has passed away.

After six or twelve months have elapsed, he returns in safety: no person attempts to prosecute him; and neither his character nor situation in life is affected by the circumstance.

That this crime may be checked, was proved to demonstration while the French were masters of Rome. The commander in chief proclaimed by beat of drum, that the first person who put another to death should, in spite of every protection, be instantly shot. Three or four murders were subsequently committed; the authors of which were executed before the sun had set on their guilty heads. After these examples, no more *coups de couteau* (as they call acts of assassination) were heard of while the French armies occupied the papal states.

There are few if any manufactures* at Rome; and the inhabitants, supplied with almost every convenience from other places, pass their lives in the most indolent manner. The swarms of beggars and other miscreants are great beyond conception: and in going to see a church, one is sure to be followed by a numerous crowd of ragged supplicants, who, exclaiming all together, and making a hideous noise, almost force the astonished traveler to

* I believe a hat manufactory is the only establishment of this kind in this city,—if we except those of mosaics, cameos, and *modern antiques*.

comply with their requests. If any thing be given, after quarreling about the division, they mark the donor, and, whenever he appears, repeat their demands in increased numbers and with increased violence.

When not employed in begging or in praying, the poor occupy themselves with gaming; and it is dreadful to see to how great a pitch this vice is carried among the very dregs of the people. In all the public streets and places, and particularly on the terrace of the Trinita del Monte, and on the stairs leading to it, whole circles of half-starved and half-naked paupers are seen playing at cards; while anxiety and cunning distort every feature of their countenances. They seldom remain long engaged in this manner before some dispute arises. Violent altercation ensues, which frequently ends in a scene of assassination. I believe more persons are killed in consequence of quarrels originating in play, than of any other cause whatever. He who has lost his money, gives the name of cheat to his opponent; and, seeking a favorable opportunity, plunges his stiletto into the breast of him by whom he conceives himself defrauded.—Thus one crime imperceptibly leads to the commission of another.

The lower classes, I need scarcely add,

neither inclined to industry by education, nor encouraged by example or public establishments, enjoy very few of the comforts of life. Many of them sleep out of doors, covered with vermin, the picking of which constitutes one of their employments. Their food is often sought for on a dunghill, and consists not unfrequently of the stumps of cabbages or the peelings of potatoes. I have almost every day seen, from my windows, crowds of hungry families collecting with eager zeal, out of a heap of dirt, these wretched articles, and afterwards quarreling about the division.

Of prostitutes, the number is small. I am told however, that, though there are scarcely any public women (strictly so called), there are many females whose smiles are bought with money: and whilst the first *principessa* will seldom refuse a lace veil or diamond ring, when offered by *un cavaliere amabile;* the wives of tradesmen are often sold by their husbands, and daughters by their parents.

There are many shops at Rome; but the greater number of them is filled with cameos, prints, marbles, pictures, music, and relics. The indolence of the national character is exemplified in the conduct of those who are engaged in traffic: at twelve o'clock they shut their shops, dine, and go to bed; after which, till four or five in the evening, it is impossible

to gain admittance, or to make a purchase of any kind whatever.

There are no hackney coaches; but job carriages may be hired by the month, week, or day, at a reasonable rate. A conveyance of this sort is a convenience of the first necessity, as after sunset no one can go into the streets on foot without incurring the risk of assassination. Nor are any lights (except those which are placed against the figures of the Virgin Mary) suspended about the streets. Only cardinals, ambassadors, and foreigners, have the privilege of giving flambeaux to their servants; for the people of Rome, who know their deeds to be "deeds of darkness," do not choose that even a temporary light should penetrate the convenient veil which night affords.

The hotels, all of which are in the immediate neighbourhood of the Piazza di Spagnia, are few, and neither large nor commodious. The generality of strangers are lodged in private houses; and though in many of the latter apartments may be had sufficiently convenient for a temporary residence, the best are by no means equal, either in elegance or in size, to those which are found at Genoa, Florence, and Naples.

The *traitcurs*, who supply strangers with dinner, are not very famous, either for the quantity or quality of their provisions.

As to the expense of living here, it is difficult for a foreigner to make a proper estimate: I shall only remark, that Rome appears to me less extravagant than Naples, but dearer than Florence and other parts of Italy.

One of the most disagreeable circumstances attending a residence in this city, arises from the thought of death being constantly impressed on the mind by the surrounding objects. Besides the number of persons who fall by the knife of the assassin (of whose fate the Italians speak with perfect indifference), the frequent tolling of bells; the multitude of churches; the dead bodies which lie in state in the latter, with their faces uncovered; and the loose boards of the aisles, which scarcely conceal the crowded heaps which the vaults below contain; not to mention the frequent funerals, which occur at every hour of the day; present so many images of the destiny of man, that the most courageous find their pleasure interrupted by the repetition of scenes on which the characters of "*memento mori*" seem written in indelible colors.

Nothing can be more dismal than the ceremony of interment. The corse, in every case (unless the deceased died of an illness declared contagious by his physician), is carried with the face uncovered, on a kind of car decked with death's heads, crucifixes, and other es-

cutcheons, preceded by a numerous band of priests bearing crosses and lighted tapers, and followed by a long train of individuals belonging to one of the fraternities associated for such purposes. The members of these societies devote themselves, by way of expiation of their sins, to the performance of pious offices of this kind. They are dressed in long black cloaks, which cover not only their persons, but likewise their countenances, leaving only just room enough for their eyes. Thus clad, and presenting a melancholy appearance, they walk slowly before the bier; and, uttering at stated intervals a cry of lamentation, produce an effect which is really tremendous. Often have our moments of convivial happiness been interrupted by this well-known sound; and those who have never been at Rome can scarcely imagine how much these scenes tend to imbitter the pleasantest hours spent within its walls. I have sometimes seen five or six funeral processions pass my windows in the course of one day.

I know you will expect me to have collected some anecdotes relating to the late pope (Pius the Sixth), the latter part of whose life was so unfortunate as to excite the general interest and commiseration of Europe. I fear you will be much disappointed in the expectations you may have formed: I have indeed heard much

about him; but the accounts are so contradictory, that I cannot vouch for the truth of any. I had been told, by an individual on whose authority I thought I could rely, that, though an excellent *actor* in the performance of religious duties, and apparently the most virtuous of men, Braschi was not without his vices: that he was addicted to excess in drinking, and in moments of inebriety sometimes used expressions little becoming the gravity of his character: that, ostentatious in public, and fond of pomp and show, he was not less extravagant in his domestic habits: that his table was luxuriously abundant; and every part of his family arrangements calculated to promote his personal convenience, without any attention to economy, or to the circumstances of the papal treasury. Women also, according to my reporter, formed part of the enjoyments which he permitted himself to possess; and a countess was named to me, who had long been his acknowledged mistress.—These stories I repeated to another gentleman, who had equal opportunities of information. He denied the truth of the facts related to me, and contended for the purity of the life of Pius the Sixth.—Without pretending to decide on these opposite testimonies, I ought to mention, that the person from whom I received my first intelligence held an office in the short-lived "Roman re-

public,"—though professedly he is now an enemy to all revolutionary measures. Whether he was biassed or not by his political sentiments, I cannot say: I in vain endeavoured to ascertain the truth. Indeed, when the goodness of an individual becomes a question of party after his death, it is almost impossible to learn what was his real character, since the witnesses on whom one's opinion must be formed, becoming interested in the facts they relate, cannot be implicitly believed. I think it probable, on the whole, that the late pope was less virtuous than he has been represented by the warm advocates of the holy see; and yet by no means so vicious as my informant, and other republicans, have thought fit to describe him.

Whatever may have been the private character of Braschi, one thing seems certain, and acknowledged by persons of every description, —he was liberal and active in promoting the progress of the fine arts, which under his pontificate were carried to the highest point of perfection. They have undoubtedly languished since the revolution, which deprived him of his tiara and men of talents of a munificent patron. Excepting Canova the statuary, whose acknowledged and well-known genius has afforded him from abroad more orders than he can execute, the sculptors and painters of Rome

have lately received but little encouragement. The present pope, with a treasury nearly exhausted by the heavy contributions levied by the victorious French, has not the means, if he had the inclination, of fostering and assisting distressed genius; while those who were formerly considered as the richest individuals, satisfied with having been able to preserve their old collections, and impoverished by the vast sums which they have been called upon to pay in the political misfortunes of their country, are far from being in a situation which would enable them to act as the patrons of the rising talents of their fellow-citizens.

I have before had occasion to mention, that during the last winter the artists of Rome were solely dependent on the generous protection of an English gentleman, who, besides laying out very large sums in the purchase of valuable works, has in many instances relieved with splendid charity the wants of men of merit. As an example of the assistance received in this manner by poor but deserving individuals, I beg leave to mention the following little anecdotes, of the truth of which I have the most undoubted evidence. A young sculptor made a model which displayed great talent and was universally admired; yet, so few or so distressed were the patrons of genius, that no person could be found willing or able to advance the

money wanted for the purchase of the marble of which the statue was intended to be formed. The student, reduced to a state of despair, had resolved to abandon both Italy and his profession, when, fortunately for him and for the arts, his model reached the eye of Mr. ——. Its merits failed not to excite the admiration of so good a judge. He inquired at what price the young man could afford to finish his design. Two hundred sequins were modestly asked; but Mr. ——, conscious of the superior value of the destined work, gave a draft for double that sum, and ordered the statue to be finished for his use.

The same gentleman, hearing that a distressed artist wished to dispose of an ancient statue, inquired for what consideration the owner would part with it. "For no sum," said the poor man, "would I have sold it in happier days; but necessity demands the sacrifice. I have formerly refused more than once five hundred sequins; but as the revolution has impoverished purchasers as well as venders, I will now take two hundred and fifty."—"The revolution," generously replied Mr. ——, "has not injured me: you will therefore allow me to purchase your statue at the price at which it was originally estimated."

I regret much that the delicacy of the gentleman whose generosity I have ventured to re-

cord is such, that I should wound his feelings were I to mention his name. The facts I could not conceal, because, while they prove the low state of the arts at Rome, the conduct of the man does honor to our country, and indeed to human nature. Happy is it, when to vast riches a classical taste and great knowledge are added! and still happier when these advantages are dignified by the noblest acts of philanthropy. After reading this part of my letter, I am sure you will behold with double pleasure the house, pictures, statues, and antiquities of this gentleman, whose residence may be considered in the number of objects most deserving attention in the English capital. How different will be your sensations, in visiting this small but splendid collection, from those which embitter the satisfaction with which one sees the museum of Paris! Great as is the satisfaction afforded by the sight of that magnificent gallery, strangers feel an involuntary pang in recollecting the means by which its treasures were collected. You, on the contrary, in examining the valuable (though comparatively humble) assemblage of the works of art made by Mr. —— with great judgement and admirable taste, will find not only your curiosity, but your heart, gratified, in remembering the means by which it was formed. With what additional delight will you look on these beautiful objects, when you consider them

as representing the relieved wants and restored happiness of pining Genius and desponding Merit!

I ought perhaps, while speaking of the arts, to add, that the papal government, alarmed by the number of old and rare pictures and statues sold or offered for purchase since the revolution by the impoverished nobles, has prohibited under severe penalties the exportation of such works. However wise or necessary this injunction may be (as without it the galleries of Rome might soon be removed to London), the immediate effect of the measure has been very distressing to professional collectors of these objects. The Romans have not the means of purchasing; and foreigners, in consequence of this regulation, are not allowed, without an express permission from the pope, which it is very difficult to obtain, to become the buyers. Notwithstanding the severity of the law, pictures and statues are every day smuggled out (the expression is new when applied to such articles); and I have no doubt of our seeing in England, before many years are passed, many of the choicest works now remaining at Rome.

Literature is, I understand, little cultivated, and still less encouraged. The number of enlightened men is small indeed; and among the crowds of cardinals, bishops, prelates, and ecclesiastics, who swarm in this city, and who

have every opportunity of devoting their time to the pursuit of letters, few are those whose names are likely to be heard beyond the walls of the Seven-hilled City.

I have not been able to collect many particulars relating to that ephemeral creature, the Roman republic. The English, whose general conversation is directed to politics, will scarcely conceive how rarely public events are spoken of in the societies of the continent. Visiting the scenes of recent changes, I expected to hear from every body anecdotes connected with the important events which they had witnessed. I have been much disappointed. These events are already consigned to the page of history, and are not oftener mentioned by their contemporaries than those which occurred two centuries ago. I have indeed been told, with a smile, that Mr. ——, the grocer, was one of the consuls; the abbé ——, the language-master, a tribune; and the prince of ——, commander in chief of the national guards. Most of these individuals, neither elevated above nor degraded below their former situations, have quietly returned to their respective stations, and, satisfied with not having been made the victims of their short-lived power, seem almost to have forgotten that they enjoyed for a time the pomp and pageantry of office. Some of the most distinguished families of Rome were actors in the

scenes of the revolution: the haughtiest nobles mixed with the rabble, and calling themselves "citizens," laid aside all the claims and all the badges of superior birth. They have now resumed their former honors, which are universally allowed them; nor do they appear to be disgraced, either in their own eyes or in those of others, by this temporary degradation.

Of the conduct of the French generals different accounts are given, according to the different opinions of those who deliver them. I think, however, that I can draw this fact from a comparison of contradictory statements,—that, however outrageous may have been the ravages committed by the French as a body, individually the soldiers behaved with great propriety; and that the police of the town was strictly maintained during the stay of their army.

The effect of the revolution on the inhabitants of this city seems to be simply this: the Roman people, without becoming republicans, and without having contracted any prejudices in favor of such a form of government as their conquerors recommended, have to a certain degree lost their respect for the papal jurisdiction.

Though esteemed as a man, for his many virtues, the reigning pope is neither much followed nor much talked of. When he drives

along the streets in his carriage, crowds do not flock to receive his benediction; and those who accidentally obtain, in passing, that favor, appear not to be particularly sensible of its value. In short, I much doubt whether even in this city the infallibility of his holiness is now confidently believed. I have sometimes discovered a smile on the countenances of persons of the lowest rank, when miracles and relics have been named; and the luxury and idleness of the cardinals afford a frequent and favorite subject of merriment.

I throw out these ideas as mere conjectures, —my residence here having been too short, and my time too much occupied with other subjects, to qualify me for forming a proper opinion of the sentiments of the people.

The population of Rome was said in the year 1789 to amount to 165,595 inhabitants; and there is no reason to suppose that it has either much increased or diminished since that time.

The three most illustrious families of Rome, claiming a descent from the ancient Romans, are those of Colonna, Orsini, and Conti. That of Doria, heir of the house of Pamphili, though originally of Genoa, is now settled in this city; and the members of it consider themselves equal, if not superior, to those which I have already named.

Of the second rank, among the great houses are the families of Santa Croce (dating its origin from Valerius Publicola), Barberini, Borghese, Chigi, Rospigliosi, Crescenzi, Justiniani, Altieri, Albani, and Corsini. Most of the latter owe their fortunes and their titles to the popes of their respective names; by whose partiality they have been enriched and loaded with honors. Several of these are still extremely wealthy, particularly Colonna, Doria, Borghese, Barberini, Chigi, Justiniani, and Corsini,—the annual revenue of each being estimated at not less than forty thousand pounds sterling. They, however, all suffered by the late political convulsion, by heavy contributions laid on them by the enemy, by the general interruption of agriculture, and by the ravages committed by the victorious army on their respective estates.

Wishing to conclude my account of Rome in a few words, I shall remark, that, whatever ideas a man may have formed of the curiosities of this place previously to his arrival, he can scarcely fail to find the reality exceed the utmost expectation which Fancy had pourtrayed. If he have any taste for the fine arts, it will be fully gratified: and even without such a pursuit, the novelty and variety of scenes offered to his observation will afford him ample means of amusement. The scholar and man of letters will, in the contemplation of antiquities,

and in the reflexions which they excite, find a constant source of rational enjoyment. The virtuoso will see assembled every thing which his wishes could desire: and the lounger, in wandering through the churches and galleries of this wonderful town, will almost forget that to him time is a burden. In short, I know of no class of travelers (if we except only those whose whole thoughts are directed to the acquisition of money) to whom Rome will not prove a delightful residence. Nor does the pleasure of a visit to this capital end with the time allotted to it: the remembrance of the extraordinary and sublime objects contained within its walls can never be effaced from the memory of an enlightened mind: and in going away from Rome, the classical stranger carries with him recollections calculated to diminish the cares and increase the enjoyments of his future days.

I am, &c.

LETTER XXXI.

Departure from Rome—Terni: its valley, town, and cascade, otherwise called "La Caduta delle Marmore"—Perugia and its lake, formerly called the Lake of Thrasymene—Arezzo, or Arregio—Anecdote illustrative of the terror which the French name inspires in Italy—Vale of Arno—Florence—King of Etruria—Bologna—Accident and singular rencontre between Bologna and Ferrara—Ferrara—San Urico—Padua—Churches and buildings there—Mestre—Passage thence to Venice—Arrival there.

Venice, April 26, 1803.

My dear sir,

I LEFT Rome early on the morning of the 14th of this month; and having passed the Ponte Molle, found two roads, one of which leads to Viterbo, and the other to Civita Castellana. I took the latter, wishing to return to Florence through a different track of country from that which I had traversed in going to Rome.

As I traveled post, I did not stop at Civita Castellana, a Sabine town, thirty-four miles from Rome; but, continuing my road, crossed the Tiber on the Ponte Felice, which was built by Sextus Quintus, and went through Narni. That town stands on the brow of a hill; at the

foot of which flows the river Nera, the ancient Nar, mentioned by Virgil:—

"Contremuit nemus, et silvæ intonuere profundæ.
Audiit et Triviæ longè lacus, audiit amnis
Sulfureâ Nar albus aquâ, fontesque Velini."

The bridge over the Nera is constructed without cement, and is made of a white stone found in the adjoining mountains.

After leaving Narni, we soon came into the beautiful valley of Terni, which affords one of the most pleasing landscapes I have yet seen in Italy. The river serpentines through the plain; which is enriched with clumps of trees, and sheltered by the surrounding mountains. Having traveled for seven miles along an excellent road in this valley, we reached the town of Terni, celebrated not only for its cascade, but likewise for the illustrious persons to whom it gave birth; for Tacitus the historian, the emperors Tacitus and Florianus, and other distinguished characters among the ancient Romans, were born in this town; which is sixty-two miles from the capital, and contains a population of seven thousand souls.

We performed the journey easily in one day, and proceeded at five o'clock the next morning to see the cascade, in a little open carriage which we hired for the purpose.

The Cascade of Terni, called here La Caduta delle Marmore, is situated in a wild ro-

mantic country, about five miles from the town whence it derives its name; and is esteemed, with the single exception of the Falls of Niagara in North America, the finest natural curiosity of the kind in the known world. After ascending several hills, we at last found it necessary to leave our little carriage; and, continuing our route on foot, were conducted by our guide to the most favorable spots for seeing this tremendous cataract; which, formed by the river Velino, falls thence into the Nera, a height of more than two hundred feet.

Nothing can be more picturesque than the country around. Towering mountains, extensive woods, various specimens of curious incrustation *, and the distant sound of the cascade, prepared us for the sight which presented itself on reaching the belvidere built by Pius the Fourth, on a hill nearly fronting the fall, whence this extraordinary prospect is seen in all its grandeur. The rays of the morning sun fell on the water just as we arrived, and, producing the colors of the rainbow, added to the magnificence of the prospect.

After viewing the roaring cataract for some time in this point, we were taken to three

* Pliny is supposed by antiquarians to allude to these in the following passage:—

"In Ciconum flumine et Pieeno lacu Velino lignum dejectum lapideo cortice obducitur."—*Plin.* lib. ii. 103,

other spots; in every one of which it assumed a new character, and in all surprised and delighted us.

Some writers are of opinion that this is the place described by Virgil in the seventh book of the Æneid.—

> "Est locus Italiæ medio sub montibus altis
> Nobilis, et famâ multis memoratus in oris,
> Amsancti valles, &c."

Without inquiring whether it be or be not probable that this is the spot by which the fury Alecto returned to the infernal regions, I shall only say, that no landscape could be more worthy of the pen of Virgil, or more wildly romantic.

We returned to the inn at Terni, and, getting into our own carriage, proceeded on the road towards Florence. We were detained for two hours at one stage, as there was not a supply of horses; and an hour at another: yet, notwithstanding these interruptions, we reached Perugia, one hundred and fifty miles from Rome, and consequently eighty from Terni, at nine o'clock the same evening.

Perugia, the capital of Umbria, possesses a population of sixteen thousand souls, and is considered as one of the oldest cities in Italy, its inhabitants pretending that it was built two thousand years before Christ. The churches, palaces, and public edifices of this town, are

likewise said to deserve notice; but after seeing those of Rome, I did not think necessary to stop for the purpose of viewing them. Indeed, my curiosity on such subjects was so glutted with excess of gratification during my stay in that city, that I felt very little inclination to renew the pursuit. Besides, however beautiful these edifices may be, it is impossible that they can stand a comparison with those of Rome. These considerations determined me not to make any stay at Perugia. Setting out therefore the following morning (the third since our departure from Rome), we arrived at Arezzo before night.

The country through which we traveled this day was uncommonly rich and beautifully picturesque. We passed through the village of Passignano, on the banks of the little lake of Perugia, formerly called the lake of Thrasymene*; near which Hannibal defeated the

* "Hannibal was with his army at the time when Flaminius came out to engage him at the lake of Thrasymene; near to which was a chain of mountains, and between these and the lake a narrow passage leading to a valley that was embosomed in hills. It was upon these hills that he disposed his best troops, and it was into this valley that Flaminius led his men to attack him. A disposition every way so favorable for the Carthagenians was also assisted by accident; for a mist arising from the lake, prevented the Romans from seeing their enemies, while the army upon the mountains, being above its influence, saw the whole disposition of their oppo-

consul Flaminius; and we crossed a bridge, still called *Ponte Sanguinetto*, from the blood which was spilt in that famous battle. Few, indeed, are the places which one visits in Italy, that are not dignified by some classical or historical recollection: and these circumstances, which give an interest even to the dullest roads, make those which are pleasant doubly agreeable.

We also left on one side the town of Cortona, celebrated for its academy, and for giving birth to the painter whose usual denomination is taken from that city. The same reasons which prevented my examining the curiosities at Perugia, determined me not to go out of my road to see those of Cortona.

Arezzo, or Arregio, under the original name of *Aretium*, was one of the twelve principal cities of ancient Etruria, and now belongs to the modern and newly created kingdom of the same name. Its population is estimated at eight thousand souls.

The road from Arezzo to Florence is delightful,—passing through the richest and most

nents. The fortune of the day was such as might be expected from the conduct of the two generals: the Roman army was broken and slaughtered, almost before they could perceive the enemy that destroyed them. About fifteen thousand Romans fell in the valley, and six thousand more were obliged to yield themselves prisoners of war."—*Goldsmith's RomanHistory.*

beautiful part of Tuscany. I was much pleased with the neat and comfortable appearance of the villages, the beauty and dresses of the women *, and with the general ease and plenty which seemed to prevail: nor could I help reflecting with some degree of indignation on the tyrannical proceedings of victorious France, which has deprived the inhabitants of this country of the sovereign whom they adored, and to whom and his predecessors they owe their prosperity.

At one place I had an opportunity of witnessing the terror which the French name still inspires. Arrived at the posthouse, I ordered horses; but the master would neither give me fresh ones, nor allow me to proceed with those which had brought me, according to the regulations established in such cases. In short, I discovered that he wished, as he kept an inn, to take advantage of my situation, and to oblige me to pass the day at his house. Determined to resist so gross an imposition, I sent my cou-

* Many of them wear colored gowns, with open sleeves which are tied with ribbons, and straw hats ornamented with natural flowers. I have often in England laughed at the dresses of our opera-dancers, when representing peasants, and supposed that no persons in that humble sphere of life were ever so tastefully decorated. I was unjust in my criticism. The costume is perfectly characteristic, if meant for that of the Tuscan villagers.

rier to the nearer *podesta*, or country magistrate; but as the latter lived at a distance of three miles, and as I could procure no horse for my messenger, I saw every probability of losing two or three hours, should I even succeed at last. In this dilemma I fortunately recollected the name of general Clarke; and told the postmaster, that, as there was no English minister at Florence, I should on my arrival there complain to the French ambassador, who would doubtless see justice done me for his impertinence. The man immediately changed his tone, and in the most submissive terms entreated my pardon. He sent an express after my servant, who had walked on towards the house of the podesta: and in less than ten minutes the horses were ready.

We proceeded on our journey; and, after traversing a hilly but very fine country, entered the valley of Arno, watered by the river of the same name; and traveling for several miles along that delightful plain, reached Florence in the evening. In that city we spent four days very agreeably, occupied in viewing again the gallery and other curiosities of that charming place. In the former of these, I found every thing restored, excepting only the Venus of Medici. But having already discussed these subjects in my former letter, I think it unnecessary to renew them. I ought, how-

ever, to mention, that I saw at the opera-house the king of Etruria *, who since my first visit to Florence had returned from Spain. He is a sickly melancholy looking young man, about twenty-three years of age. I remarked that he never smiled, nor raised his eyes from the stage.

In going from Florence towards Venice, I again crossed the Apennines to Bologna,—a journey of two days. The report of war, which increased at every place, determined me not to make any stay at Bologna.

Many persons go from this city to Ferrara by water,—regular passage-boats being established on the canal by which these towns communicate. Mrs. L.'s dislike to that mode of traveling decided me not to do so, and accordingly we continued our route by land.

Between the second and third stage from Bologna we met with an adventure, so like one of those which are related in novels that I cannot help mentioning it. I had had some dispute with the postmaster about the number of horses necessary to draw my carriage; and whether the accident we met with was occasioned by orders given by him to our driver, by way of revenge for my resistance to his demands, or

* I speak in this letter of the first king of Etruria, since deceased. His death did not surprise me, as during my stay at Florence I had heard that he was in a very dangerous state of health.

by the carelessness of the latter, I cannot say; but we had scarcely proceeded two miles along a fine wide road, when the postillion turned into a narrower one, and finding that there was not room on the level ground for the three horses (which were tackled abreast, in the French manner), he led the one on which he was mounted upon a bank on one side. The consequence was such as might have been expected: the carriage lost its balance, and was overturned. As we lay in this state, with the body of the chariot resting on one of the wheels, which had been completely reversed, a young English gentleman came to our assistance, and, forcing open one of the doors, relieved Mrs. Lemaistre from the perilous situation in which she was placed. As soon as I could get myself disengaged, I of course expressed my gratitude for the service which he had rendered us. "You owe me no thanks," said the stranger: "I have only performed a common act of charity, to which any one was entitled, particularly an English lady: but in finding that that person is the wife of my poor brother's intimate friend, I am amply repaid by the pleasure I now experience." As I did not recollect having ever seen the gentleman before, I was much surprised at the mention of his brother, and with no little impatience requested the favor of his name. With equal surprise and satisfaction I

learned, that the individual to whom we were so much indebted for this timely and generous assistance, was the youngest and only surviving son of the late Mr. E. The eldest of his four sons, an excellent young man, was my fellow-collegian and intimate friend at Oxford. After succeeding to the fortune and seat in parliament of his father, he married, and commenced life with the fairest prospects; when he was seized with a pulmonary complaint, which in a few months terminated his existence. His two next brothers were the victims of the same illness: and he whom I now met in this singular manner, was returning from a journey undertaken for the recovery of his health. I had indeed often seen him in his childhood; but not having been in his company since he had assumed the dress and the appearance of a man, I had lost all recollection of his features.—We had also, it seems, inhabited at the same time the same towns in Italy; but Mr. E.'s weak state of health had kept him from those pursuits and those circles in which my time had been spent.

I think you will agree that this rencontre was sufficiently romantic. Had you met with such a scene in a work of fancy, you would have said, "it is vastly pretty, but quite improbable." This fact proves the truth of the French proverb "*que le vrai n'est pas toujours vraisem-*

*lable**." Here what was true was highly improbable. I need not mention, that this gentleman and we became as well acquainted as if we had passed the former years of our lives together†.

My carriage was fortunately not materially injured, Mrs. L. escaped with a few bruises, and I was unhurt. By the assistance of some peasants we restored the chariot to its proper equilibrium; and having invited Mr. E. to join our party, we proceeded together,—sending forward his servant, with mine, in the cabriolet. We found him an interesting and well-informed companion; and the pleasure of our journey was thus increased by an accident which might have ended in a very fatal manner.—I learned that he had great difficulty in obtaining an opportunity of assisting us; for his unfeeling postboy, who was following us when the accident happened, whipped his horses; and, taking advantage of the circumstance, endeavoured to advance‡, equally regardless of the directions

* "That truth is not always probable."

† This amiable young man, anxious to return to England, left the author at Venice, and entering the French territories, arrived there just as the order was given for the general arrest of British subjects. He was conveyed to Verdun, at which place he is still detained.

‡ By the ordonnances of every state on the continent, carriages drawn by post-horses must proceed in the same gradation in which they set out; that is to say, the one which

of his employer and of our perilous situation. Mr. E., finding that the fellow did not obey his order to stop, jumped from the carriage, and at the hazard of his own life came to the preservation of ours.

You will perhaps think me wanting in curiosity, when I mention that I did not stop to see Ferrara,---a city possessing a population of thirty thousand souls; praised by Ariosto; celebrated for the tomb of that poet; and remarkable for its citadel, cathedral, and other interesting objects, and also as the spot where Tasso, under a charge of lunacy, was confined. The only apology I can offer, is that which I have two or three times already alleged,—I mean, my surfeit of fine sights. The fact is, that, arriving at Ferrara at an early part of the day, and in beautiful weather, I could not resist the inclination I felt to proceed. We accordingly continued our route, and arrived the same evening at San Urico; a little beyond the gates of which we found an excellent inn.

While dinner was preparing, we strolled about the town, and found the church filled with people. It happened to be the festival of a favorite saint; and all the inhabitants, who

was behind must continue to move in that order to the end of the stage, unless some accident or wilful delay in that which is before justifies the driver of the other in passing it.

crowded the cathedral, were clad in their best apparel. We heard here some very good music, forming part of the ceremony. The next morning we recommenced our journey.

Many travelers leave their carriages at Ferrara, and, embarking in a boat, go thence along the Brenta to Venice. Mrs. L.'s fears prevented our adopting this plan: instead of which, we proceeded with post-horses along the narrow causeways built on the sides of the Reno, the Po, and the Adige; which afford a sight of great novelty to persons, like myself, who had never been in a country surrounded with dykes and rivers. The villages and towns on the banks of the water have a smiling appearance; and the inhabitants, enriched by commerce, for which their position is so favorable, bear a more decent and respectable appearance than is usually seen among the same order of people in other parts of Italy. There are likewise many gentlemen's seats at a small distance from the road, which enrich the prospect.

In going from San Urico towards Mestre, where we intended embarking for Venice, we went through the celebrated city of Padua. This town, which stands on the banks of the Brenta, and is inhabited by forty thousand souls, lays claim to the honor of being the very city whose origin is attributed by Virgil to An-

tenor.*. It possesses many interesting objects, and deserves a much longer visit than I paid it: but I was impatient to reach Venice, and only spent a few hours within its walls. I had just time enough to see some of the most remarkable buildings. Among these I distinguished the church of St. Antony of Padua †, here called "Il Santo," or the Saint. It stands in a fine piazza; and before the principal gate is an equestrian statue of Erasmus of Narni, the work of Donatello. The church is a venerable Gothic building, and has six handsome cupolas. The principal altar, at the end of the choir, is much admired; and the Martyrdom of St. Agatha, by Tiepolo, in a chapel behind it, is esteemed a good picture. The chapel of St. Antony is, however, the object most deserving of notice.

* "Antenor potuit, mediis elapsus Achivis,
Illyricos penetrare sinus, atque intima tutus
Regna Liburnorum, et fontem superare Timavi;
Unde per ora novem vasto cum murmure montis
It mare proruptum, et pelago premit arva sonanti.
Hic tamen ille urbem Patavi, sedesque locavit
Teucrorum, et genti nomen dedit, armaque fixit
Troïa——." *Virg.* Æn. i.

† This saint, though little known to protestants, is one of the most esteemed heroes of the catholic church. He is called here "Il Santo," or the Saint. The pious inhabitants of this town, while they record his miracles, much oftener invoke his name than that of our Saviour.

The front is made entirely of marble, supported by four columns of the Composite order, and ornamented with statues. Within, are some fine basso-relievos, descriptive of the miracles of the saint. The altar is of granite, covering a silver shrine, which contains the body of St. Antony. The chapel is also decorated with angels and other figures in bronze: and in this holy shrine lamps are kept constantly burning.

From the church of St. Antony I went to that of Santa Giustina. The latter, built on the site of an ancient temple of Concord, is one of the finest edifices of the kind in Italy. It covers in length a distance of four hundred and eighty-five feet, from east to west; is one hundred and eight feet high, and one hundred and twenty in breadth. The church is built entirely of brick; but the capitals of the pilasters are of a fine white marble found near Vicenza. There are eight cupolas, and the highest is one hundred and sixty-five feet within the roof, and two hundred and thirty-two in the exterior,—including the statue of Santa Giustina, which stands on the top. Among the pictures in this church, I must distinguish the Martyrdom of the saint, by Paul Veronese. The French have not taken it away, probably because connoisseurs have not set

much value on this work, and that it has been damaged by the damp. Several tombs deserve notice.

The piazza in which stands the church of Santa Giustina is called *Il Prato della Valle.* Here many of the early Christians are said to have suffered martyrdom. It is also conjectured that in this position stood an ancient theatre mentioned by Tacitus.

Besides the cathedral and the churches that I have named, there are several others which those who have an opportunity of passing some time at Padua may think it right to visit.—But the most singular edifice in this town is Il Salone, containing one of the largest rooms in the known world: it is three hundred feet long, one hundred feet wide, and one hundred feet high. Former travelers have so often described its appearance, that I will not enlarge on the subject.

The university occupies a building which is called, I know not why, Il Bo. It is a fine edifice. The *façade* is ornamented with four fluted columns, and the court is surrounded with a double portico. Of this institution, as a place of learning, I can say nothing,—my stay having been too short to allow me the opportunities of ascertaining the present condition of the professors or students. I fancy, however,

that the number of the latter is much diminished. The botanical garden enjoys a high reputation.

Leaving Padua early in the evening, we reached Mestre the same night,—a small town on the Lagune of Venice, where travelers embark in gondolas for that city. The inn was completely full; but, fortunately for us, those who occupied it were English friends whom we had known at Naples. They had the kindness to resign in our favor some of their rooms: and we spent the evening very pleasantly in their society.

On the following morning we entered one of these celebrated boats, and left the *terra firma*.

The passage of the Lagune is estimated at five English miles. Nothing could be more agreeable or more singular than this little voyage. As we rowed along this smooth water, which communicates with the Adriatic, we impatiently looked for the first sight of Venice. After being several times visited by the custom-house officers of the imperial government, who are not less rigid in the execution of their duty than were their predecessors in the employ of the ancient republic; and having been conveyed to a kind of fort, where a commissioned officer examined our passports; we at

last discovered the lofty domes of the interesting city which we were about to visit, and which has the appearance of rising from the sea. In an hour afterwards we entered the great canal of Venice.

The best hotel, kept by Petrillo, was filled by the officers of a British frigate lately arrived: we consequently were obliged to take apartments at *L'Ecu de France*, an inferior inn, which is neither very clean nor very comfortable.

When I have seen the curiosities of Venice, you shall hear from me again.

I am, &c.

LETTER XXXII.

First view of Venice—Gondolas—Venetian Ladies—Sketch of the history of Venice—Detailed account of Venice—Place of St. Mark—Ancient pillars—Church of St. Mark—Ducal palace—Rooms and pictures there—State prisons, or Sotto i Piombi—Prigioni Nuovi—The Broglio—Zecca, or mint—Procuratie Nuovi—Procuratie Antique—Church of S. Germiniano—Belfrey of St. Mark—Geographical divisions of Venice—Church of St. Zaccharia—La Pieta—Il Sepolchro—Bridge of the Riolto—Piazza Santi Giovani e Paolo---S. Francesco della Vigna---Arsenal of Venice---Palazzo Barbarigo, called La Scuola del Titiano---Pictures there---Southern part of Venice---La Salute---The Dogana di Mare---San Georgio Maggiore---Il Redentore---General remarks on society, manners, and morals at Venice---Dress of the ladies---Anecdote relating to the same---Cicesbeos---Cassinos---The opera---Lodgings and living at Venice.

Venice, April 28, 1803.

My dear sir,

My expectations were fully gratified by the first *coup d'œil* of Venice: nor did I ever experience a sensation of greater surprise than I felt on entering the great canal, surrounded on all sides with churches and lofty palaces, the foundations of which are literally fixed in the water. But when my eye became accustomed to this scene, and I had opportunities of examining Venice in detail, my sur-

prise was followed by disappointment. The smaller canals, forming the streets of this town, are narrow, dirty, and offensive. The gondolas, which have been so often praised, both in poetry and prose, and which my imagination had painted as so many little temples of Venus, are very far from possessing any of those elegancies which are generally supposed to be the concomitants of that deity. An order of the police directs that these boats shall all be of one color, and that color is black; though the decorations within depend on the taste of the proprietor.

To give you some idea of a gondola, I must request you to suppose a hearse, such as dead bodies are carried on in England, placed on a boat of the ordinary size of those employed on the Thames: and you will then have the exact picture of the exterior of one of these singular conveyances. You enter by one end, which is left open for the purpose, and turn your back to the top, stooping as you go in. Within are stuffed cushions, either of leather or of silk, according to the choice of the person to whom the gondola belongs; and on the sides are curtains, which may either be drawn, rendering the passengers invisible, or left open for the benefit of the air. The gondoliers stand on the outside: and it is the boast of these fellows, that they have neither *ears nor eyes!*—As to the

verses of Tasso and Ariosto, which they are said to sing habitually, it was not my good fortune to hear them recite any such poems; though the existence of such a custom is so well proved by the testimony of different travelers, that it would be absurd to dispute it. Perhaps the practice has been discontinued. I only remarked the exclamations by which they inform each other of the approach of their respective boats, the sound of which is extremely harmonious.

From the gondolas the mind wanders, I know not why, to the ladies of Venice.—In this respect I have been again disappointed. I had expected to see innumerable beauties, dressed with peculiar taste, and possessing countenances of irresistible animation. My stay here has certainly been very short, and I have had no opportunity of entering into private society: but neither on the canals, nor at the theatre, nor in the churches, have I observed any of those elegant figures which my fancy had pourtrayed as characteristic of the belles of this celebrated city. It is, indeed, more than probable, that many of the most distinguished females have with their families removed from Venice, since it has lost its independence, and become one of the many cities belonging to his imperial majesty, after having long been the capital of an ancient republic.

The same circumstance takes much from the interest with which the place is viewed by foreigners. It was formerly the seat of a peculiar form of government; and its political, no less than its local situation, excited the curiosity and attention of men desirous of information.—No such object now remains; nor is its present commerce of sufficient importance to merit the notice of English travelers, accustomed to see at home mercantile affairs transacted on a much more extensive scale.—Venice was likewise resorted to as the seat of unbounded luxury. I believe it has few attractions left of that kind; at least, I could not discover any symptoms of those enjoyments which sensuality requires and wealth affords. In short, I have found so little amusement in this city, that four days have appeared longer here than four months passed in other parts of Italy.—I ought to add, that the necessity of using a gondola has been painfully tiresome to me, accustomed to take much exercise. One may indeed walk in the Place of St. Mark, and in some of the streets; but the former is limited in its extent, and the latter are so very narrow, and so intersected with bridges and canals, that it is impossible to go on foot from one part of the town to another, without making an immense circuit, and being subject at every instant to lose one's way; not to mention the additional

risk incurred by pedestrians of falling into the water.

After making these general remarks, I shall proceed to give you a detailed account of those objects of curiosity which I have visited during the short time I have spent here. As a prelude to this little tour, I shall beg leave to recall to your recollection some of the most striking features in the history of this singular city.

The islands on which Venice is built are not mentioned till the fifth century of our era. In the year 421, a colony from Padua settled in the island of the Rialto, and certain privileges were granted them by the magistrates of their native city. This event is generally considered as constituting the origin of Venice; but the invasion of Alboinus, king of the Lombards, in the year 568, was the real cause of these islands becoming generally inhabited. Alarmed by the approach of this daring enemy, the patriarch of Aquilia, accompanied by his clergy and by many of the principal citizens, fled to the island of Grado: others left Liguria and the neighbouring country, and settled in the islands beyond the mouth of the river Po: and their union formed the city afterwards known by the name of Venice. The first doge, Paolo Lucio Anafesto, was elected to that office in the year 697, by the seventy-two united isles, which then became the

seventy-two parishes of the town. The form of government then established continued uninterruptedly from that time till the invasion of the French, who, after destroying the ancient constitution of the republic, and robbing the place of its most valuable treasures, transferred the dominion which they had thus obtained to his majesty the present emperor of Germany.

After this digression, I resume the subject of my inquiries.

The first object which drew my attention was the Place of St. Mark. This celebrated spot, forming the only great square of Venice, the seat of pleasure, of exercise, and of business, consists of two divisions; one of which is called the Piazza, and the other the Piazzetta, or Little Place. They communicate with each other, and cover a space of nearly eleven hundred feet. Two Grecian columns of granite, with Gothic capitals, stand at the extremity of the whole nearest the sea; and, though not much admired for the style of architecture in which they are constructed, form a striking object when the Piazza di San Marco is approached on the water side. Between these pillars criminals were executed in the time of the republic. On one of the columns stands the lion of St. Mark, and on the other a statue of St. Theodore.

The most remarkable buildings in this square

are of course the ducal palace and the church of St. Mark. The latter of these, begun in the year 828, having been burnt, was rebuilt in 976, and fitted up with becoming splendor to receive the body of St. Mark, which was brought hither from Constantinople. The present edifice was intended as a model of the church of St. Sophia, in that city; but the copy is greatly inferior to the original. St. Mark is a specimen of the worst style of Gothic building; yet, from its antiquity, and from its rich ornaments, its Grecian marble, and curious mosaics, it is extremely interesting. Constructed on the plan of the first Christian temples, there is a vestibule of vast length, entirely distinct from the church. The seats of the women are also divided from those of the men: the former are placed in a gallery above. The choir, or tribune, is supported by nine columns of valuable marble; and from this spot, called *Bigonzo*, the doge, immediately after his election, was shown to the people. The interior part of the church is considered as peculiarly sacred, and it thence receives the name of *Sancta Sanctorum*. The great altar stands under a canopy of marble, supported by four white pillars covered with figures allegorical of events recorded in the Old and New Testament. The ornaments of the altar consist of plates of gold, with basso-relievos in the Grecian style, and enriched with

diamonds, rubies, emeralds, and other precious stones. Behind this stands another altar, called that of the Holy Sacrament: it is decorated with six pillars, eight feet and a half high; two of which are of oriental alabaster, extremely rare; two of blue and black marble; and two of striped marble.

The ducal chapel or choir, in which are stalls formerly filled by the doge, the senate, and the foreign ministers, is surrounded with a row of pillars, and supported by eight columns of porphyry. Above the cornice is a silver cross, besides marble statues of human size, representing the Virgin attended by St. Mark and the twelve apostles. To the left is the door of the *sacristie*, made of bronze, and ornamented with basso-relievos by Sansovino; in which the artist has introduced his own likeness, as well as that of Titian.—On an altar under the principal window stands a picture of the Virgin, which, if we may believe the pious Venetians, was an original performance of St. Luke. It was brought hither by the doge Henry Dandolo, after the conquest of Constantinople, the emperors of which used to carry it before them, as a holy banner, in all their military expeditions.

On a pilaster on the other side of the church I remarked a marble bust, before which a lamp is kept constantly burning. I learned that it is

in commemoration of a miraculous appearance of St. Mark, which the inhabitants of this city believe to have taken place on that spot in the year 1094, and which event they annually celebrate on the 25th of June.

The church is covered every-where with mosaics, some of which are taken from pictures of Titian, Tintoretto, and Pordenone; but in general they are ill executed, and are placed on a golden ground, the effect of which is glaring and disagreeable.

About the *tresor*, or collection of treasures in this church, I made no inquiry, satisfied that so rich a prize could not have escaped the grasp of France.

The exterior of St. Mark deserves attention. It is completely Gothic, singular of its kind, and loaded with ornaments. Arches, pillars, and statues are crowded together in strange confusion. Among the latter are to be distinguished a figure of St. Mark; and below it, a lion in gilt bronze, the height of which is seven feet and a half.

Above the great door of the church stood formerly the famous ancient bronze horses said to be the work of Lysippus, and which, having been taken away from this place by the French, now adorn the gates of the Parisian Tuilleries *.

* *Vide* "Rough Sketch of Paris."

The ducal palace immediately adjoins the church. It is a vast Gothic edifice, and has eight gates,—four of which open on the canal, one on the Great and one on the Little Place, and two lead into the church. The court-yard is large, and filled with ancient statues; among which are remarked those of Cicero and Marcus Aurelius.

Ascending the great staircase called the Steps of the Giants, I saw on a landing place the dreadful mouths *(denunzie secrete)* into which, according to the tyrannical system of the Venetian government, anonymous accusers were permitted to drop whatever charges malice or scandal might induce them to invent at the expense of their fellow-citizens;—an infamous law, the abolition of which may justly be ranked among the few good things which the late political events have occasioned.

In the antechamber of the room called the Chamber of the Four Doors there is a ceiling painted by Tintoretto, in which he has described, allegorically, Justice presenting a sword to the doge Priuli.—In the vestibule are four pictures; of which the three following are much admired: Christ on Mount Olivet, by Paul Veronese; St. John the Evangelist, by Francesco Bassano; and the Annunciation to the Shepherds of the Birth of Christ, by Leandro Bassano.—From the Chamber of the Four

Doors the French have taken away the picture of the Virgin invoked by a doge of Venice, mentioned by many travelers. The Entry of Henry the Third into this city, by Vicentino, is still here. Faith crowned with Glory, an admired work of Titian, which stood opposite the last-named picture, has been removed to Paris. The painted ceiling by Tintoretto, representing Jupiter leading a Figure (meant to personify the city of Venice) into the Adriatic, is quite spoiled. Two works by the same painter remain uninjured: the subject of one is, Juno giving her Peacock to Venice; and that of the other, Venice strangling Vice. Neither of these pieces is considered of much value. This circumstance probably accounts for their being permitted by the French to remain.

In the *Pregadi*, or hall in which the senate used to hold their meetings, there are still left some good pictures by celebrated masters. In the first, Tintoretto has drawn a doge of Venice receiving on his knees, as an emblem of peace, a branch of olive from the hand of the Virgin; and in the back-ground appears the Place of St. Mark.—In the second, Giovanni Palma has painted the League of Cambrai.—In the third, the same artist has represented a doge of Venice at his devotions, while St. Mark points out the holy penitent to the notice of our Saviour,

who appears in the heavens above. There are likewise figures of Justice and Peace, who embrace each other; a female emblematical of Candia; &c.—In the fourth, also by Palma, the doge Francesco Veniero appears in the act of presenting to the city of Venice the different towns which had yielded to its arms, and which offer the tribute of their submission. The female figures in this picture are much commended.—Tintoretto has in the fifth portrayed two different doges, who each invoke our Saviour, surrounded with saints. The sixth, over the door by which one enters, is by Palma. Jesus Christ, the Virgin, St. Mark, and two doges, who call on their name, form the subject of this picture. On the ceiling, Titian has with his usual success painted Venice as mistress of the seas, accompanied by the divinities of the skies and of the sea.

I was next taken to the Chamber where the *Consiglio di Dieci*, the most abominable of all tyrannical courts, held its sittings. From this room the French have taken away a picture, by Paul Veronese, which formerly adorned the ceiling, and which represented Jupiter thundering against crimes. Venice on a globe, by Zelotti, formerly here, has experienced the same fate. There remain an Adoration of the Magi, by Antonio Aliensi; and a picture by Leandro Bassano, describing the triumphant return of

the doge Sebastian Ziani, after the defeat of the emperor Frederic Barbarossa. There is also here an oval painting, by Paul Veronese, of an Old Man leaning his Head on his Breast, accompanied by a Youth.

From the *Sala della Bussola*, the painting on the ceiling, by Paul Veronese, descriptive of the Theological Virtues crowned by St. Mark, has been carried away.

In the *Capi del Consiglio* there remain a ceiling painted by Tintoretto; three door-pieces, by Bassano; the Magdalen and our Saviour, by Francesco Bassano; the Circumcision, by the same; and Christ going to be crucified, by Giacomo Bassano.

La Sala del Grand Consiglio was the hall in which the general assembly of the Venetian nobility held its sittings, consisting of eight hundred persons, who had alone the power of making alterations in the constitution, of naming magistrates, and of electing the doge. This fine room, one hundred and twenty feet long and sixty wide, is not more remarkable for its vast dimensions than for the beautiful paintings with which it is adorned. The subjects of all of them are taken from the history of Venice. The first to the right of the throne describes pope Alexander III. discovered in the monastery of La Carita by the doge Sebastian Ziani.—In the second is represented the conference

held between these distinguished personages, ending in a determination to send ambassadors to the emperor Frederic Barbarossa. These pictures are by Carletto and Gabriello Caliari. —In the third, above the first window, the pope is seen giving a white taper to the doge and the senate. This work is by Leandro Bassano.—The next piece is by Tintoretto, and describes the ambassadors in the presence of the emperor, demanding peace for the pope in the name of the republic.—In the succeeding picture the doge appears ready to embark from the Place of St. Mark, and receiving from the pope a consecrated sword.--Over the second window, the doge is painted, by Paolo Fiammingo, in the act of setting sail with his galleys.—The following comes from the pencil of Domenico Tintoretto, and represents the naval combat in the year 1176 at Pirano, near the Capo d'Istria, in which Otho the Third, son of the emperor, was made prisoner and brought before the doge Ziani.—Over the door leading into the *Sala del Scrutinio* the doge appears presenting to the pope the captive son of the vanquished emperor. In return, the pope gives the doge a ring, with which he weds the Adriatic. This picture comes from the pencil of Andrea Vicentino.—The pope permitting Otho to return to his father, in order to negotiate a treaty of peace, forms the subject of another

picture, and is the work of Palma.—Next comes a picture of Frederic Zuccheri, in which he has drawn the emperor in the act of kissing the feet of the pope before the church of St. Mark.—Over the door of the *Quarantia Civil Nuova* is painted the arrival of the pope, the emperor, and the doge at Ancona. The inhabitants flock forward to receive them, and present to the pope, and to the emperor, two umbrellas or parasols of rich silk. The pope gives his to the doge of Venice; before whom ever afterwards, on solemn occasions, in commemoration of this event, an umbrella was carried.

Near the corner of the room, and on the side which looks on the Place of St. Mark, is a piece painted by Giulio del Mora; the subject of which is the doge receiving white, red, and blue standards from the pope in the church of St. John of Lateran.

In returning by the left side of the room, the first picture represents the doge Henry Dandolo, accompanied by the senate and the crusaders, swearing to recover the cities of Constantinople and Zara. This piece was painted by Jaques de Chere of Lorraine.—Between the first and second window Andrea Vicentino has drawn the town of Zara besieged by land and by sea.—Above the second window, Domenico, son of the celebrated Tintoretto, has painted the inhabitants of Zara coming, with the cross

carried before them, to lay the keys of their town at the feet of the doge of Venice.—The next picture is by Vicentino. It represents Isaac Angelo Commenus soliciting the assistance of the doge against his uncle, by whom he had been dethroned, and whose machinations to poison him he had but narrowly escaped. The siege of Constantinople is described in the succeeding piece. That city, taken by assault, is given up to Alexis and the crusaders. This picture is the work of Palma.—Between the two last windows Domenico Tintoretto has painted the second capture of Constantinople, occasioned by the death of the young Alexis Angelo the Third, killed by order of the tyrant Alexis Ducas, immediately after the death of his father Isaac Angelo, the eighth of February 1204. The painter has not described the horrors which were committed on that occasion.

The Coronation of Boudoin in the principal place of Constantinople, forms the subject of the picture in the corner. It was originally painted by Bassano, and has been refreshed by Aliensi.

Between the two windows to the front is a representation of the victory gained by the doge Andrea Contarini against the Genoese. It comes from the pencil of Veronese.—Above the throne is a very large picture of Paradise by Tintoretto. Though painted in the old age

of this excellent artist, it is esteemed one of his best works.

The ceiling is painted in three different divisions. In that towards the Piazzetta, a female figure represents the town of Scutari, in Albania, defended against the attacks of Mahomet by Scanderberg and other Christian leaders. The next picture, by Francesco, son of Giovanni Bassano, is almost spoiled: the subject of it is the defeat of a duke of Ferrara by Damiano Moro, who destroyed the towers which that prince had erected for his defence. Giovanni Tintoretto has painted a second defeat of the same duke by Vittori Soranzo. Next follows a battle gained by Giovanni Marcello. Further on appears a picture of Francesco Bassano, describing Georgio Comaro and Barthelemi Albianos's triumphant contest with a German army. The last piece in this division was painted by Palma: it represents the capture of Padua by Andrea Gritti and Francesco Diedo.

Beginning the second division by the door on the right of the throne: the Capture of Smyrna by Pietro Mocenigo is the work of Veronese. The victory gained by the Venetians against Filippo Maria Visconti forms the subject of the second piece: and the third, from the pencil of Tintoretto, is intended to commemorate the victory of Stefano Contarini on the lake

of Garda, and the defence of Brescia by Francesco Barbaro. The piece describing the defeat of the duke of Milan by Francesco Carmagnoli and Victor Barbaro, was painted by Francesco Bassano. The entry of Francesco Bembo into the river Po, and the capture of Cremona, appear in the last picture in this division: it is the work of Palma.

In the division occupying the centre, Venice is personified by a female figure sitting on an elevated throne under a magnificent canopy, while she receives a crown of glory from the hand of Fame. At her feet is the prow of a ship, surrounded with trophies, captives, and other symbols of conquest. This picture is by Palma.

The great picture in the middle represents the goddess of the Adriatic, with Cybele on the one side and Thetis on the other, marking the limits of the earth and of the sea, and accompanied by other divinities. Below, appear the doge Nicolas della Porta and the senate of Venice, to whom a lion offers a crown of olive. Deputies from various cities present their keys and render tribute to the triumphant republic.

The celebrated oval picture of Paul Veronese next draws attention. Venice, raised above the clouds, is seen in a posture of much majesty, attended by Fame, Honor, Peace, Abundance, and the three Graces; while the

inhabitants of all nations express their admiration, and many present spoils and trophies.

Round the upper part of the room runs a frieze, painted principally by Tintoretto; in which are introduced portraits of the doges of Venice. An empty space is left for Marino Falier, who was executed for treason.

The *Sala del Scrutinio*, where I next went, was the chamber in which the senate used to meet for the choice of candidates to fill various important offices. It is ornamented with eleven large pictures; of which the following are the most esteemed.—

The first to the left, on entering by the great door, represents a naval combat in the Dardanelles, which took place in the year 1656. It was painted by the chevalier Liberi. The figure of a slave killing a Turk, in this picture, has been much admired, and is well known by the name of the *schiavo del Liberi*. The fourth piece on that side is by Tintoretto; and the subject, the capture of Zara.

The first picture on the right hand describes the siege of Venice by Pepin, son of Charlemagne: it comes from the pencil of Vicentino. The fourth, is the Capture of Tyre, by Antonio Aliensi. Above the seat of justice, a large picture, by Palma, represents the Last Judgement.

The oval picture in the ceiling is by Fran-

cesco Bassano, and the subject is the capture of Padua in the middle of the night. The victory of Marco Grandenigo on the coast of Sicily, has exercised the pencil of Camillo Ballini in the other oval. The third, by Andrea Vicentino, records the defeat of the Pisans in the port of Rhodes.

Great part of this vast palace is covered with immense sheets of lead. Under them were the state prisons, called *Sotto i Piombi;* the heat of which was so excessive that many of the unfortunate victims of tyranny became mad. To be confined there, was justly considered as the most tremendous of all punishments.—Other prisons adjoin, called Prigioni Nuovi. They are separated from the rest of the building by a narrow canal; and the communication with them is formed by a bridge, thence called Ponte di Sosperi.—In the same edifice was also a criminal tribunal.

After mentioning these principal objects in the Piazza di San Marco, I ought perhaps to name the Broglio,—that is to say, the place where the nobles assembled in the morning for the arrangement of their private affairs. It occupied the portico under the palace and a third of the piazza on the same side. They met in an evening on the opposite side, under the portico of the Procuratie Nuove. "Odi profanum vulgus et arceo," seemed to be the

motto inscribed on these privileged precincts, which no vile plebeian was allowed to approach. I have not heard whether the emperor has allowed the noble Venetians to retain the exclusive use of this promenade.

At the southern extremity of the Place of St. Mark is the prison already mentioned. It was erected by Sansovino, and is esteemed a fine pile of building. It has not at all the appearance of a jail.

One of the Gothic sides of the ducal palace fronts the Piazzetta. The library is in the opposite direction. The part of the building which contains it is admired for its architecture, and is supported with Doric and Ionic pillars.—I had not sufficient leisure to examine the books.

The Zecca, or mint, adjoins the library. It was built by Sansovino, and fronts the great canal. It contains specimens of the three orders of architecture: the ground floor is Tuscan, the first floor is Doric, and the second Ionic.

The Piazza, or Great Place, is formed by one wing of the Procuratie Nuove, and by the Procuratie Antique on the northern side.

The Procuratie Antique are a Gothic edifice, built on arches, and supported with pillars; but the Procuratie Nuove, opposite, are an extremely elegant construction, which does much

honor to Sansovino, by whom it was erected. Under these porticos are coffeehouses, where the higher ranks of the Venetian citizens assemble every evening. In many of them are saloons and small chambers, to which select parties may at pleasure retire.

In the Procuratia de Sopra, Procuratia de Citra, and Procuratia de Ultra, I hear there are pictures by Tintoretto and Titian. I have not had an opportunity of seeing them.

Opposite the church of St. Mark, and at the other end of the Piazza, stands San Germiniano. This church, formerly of considerable size, was reduced to its present limited dimensions in order to render the Place, where it stands, more regular. The pope, in 1606, indignant at this profane circumstance, passed an interdict against the republic; which became the cause of much uneasiness to the pious Venetians.

The belfry of St. Mark is a round tower of great height, and entirely separate from the church. The view from the summit of this building is much admired.

My stay here has been so very short, that I have not attempted to see the curiosities of the place on any regular or general plan; but, for the convenience of your friends, who may be inclined to pay a longer visit to Venice, I will mention the geographical divisions into which it is usually separated. This city con-

sists of six quarters, called the Sestier di San Marco, the Sestier di Castello, the Sestier di Canareggio, the Sestier di San Paolo, the Sestier di Santa Croce, and the Sestier di Dorso Duro.

Having contented myself with viewing the objects pointed out to me as most interesting, I shall mention them in the order in which I visited them, without paying any attention to these boundaries.

To the right of the Place of St. Mark stands the fine church of Santa Zaccharia; to which a convent is attached, inhabited by nuns who are all daughters of noble Venetians. The *façade* is covered with marble; and the architecture is imitated from the ancient. A beautiful statue of Santa Zaccharia, from the chisel of Alessandro Vittoria, appears on the outside; and the mausoleum of the artist by whom it was executed forms one of the ornaments of the church.

The principal altar is extremely rich in porphyry, valuable marble, and other precious decorations. Over the second altar is a picture of the Virgin holding our Saviour in her arms, while an angel at her feet plays the violin; attended on one side by St. Paul and St. Catherine, and on the other by St. Jerome and St. Agatha. This piece is considered as the *chef-d'œuvre* of Giovanni Belini.—In the *sacristie* appeared formerly the celebrated Holy Family,

by Paul Veronese, which is now at Paris, where I saw it.

La Pieta is on the opposite side of the canal called La Riva di gli Schiavoni. It is a kind of hospital for deserted children, which is managed by a mixed society of nobles and of merchants. The principal altar of the church attached to it deserves notice for the valuable stones and other ornaments with which it is decorated. The ceiling was painted by Tiepolo. The children educated at this institution are instructed in music; in which many of them are, I understand, proficients.

Il Sepolchro is a church belonging to a female convent. It is intended as a model of the tomb of our Saviour at Jerusalem; is made entirely of marble, and in the form of a mount. It was built, after the capture of Negrepont, by three Venetian ladies, who vowed that if they escaped the threatened embraces of the amorous Ottomans they would devote their remaining days to the service of God.

Our tragic poet Otway has immortalised the bridge of the Rialto, by making it the place of rendezvous between his heroes Jaffier and Pierre:—

> "On the Rialto every night at twelve
> I take my walk of evening contemplation.
> There we'll two meet, and talk of precious
> Mischief."

I cannot say that this celebrated spot appears very magnificent to the eye of an English traveler, accustomed to the superior grandeur of the bridges of Westminster, Blackfriars, and London. It is indeed so far remarkable, that it consists of one arch of eighty-nine feet in the span. The stone of which it is built comes from Istria, and has much the appearance of marble. The breadth of the Rialto is sixty-two feet, affording room for passengers, notwithstanding the shops which stand on each side. These shops, though built of marble, give a strange and heavy appearance to the bridge. The latter is ascended by two lofty flights of steps.

In the centre of the Rialto is a niche, filled with statues: they are those of the Virgin, the angel Gabriel, St. Mark, and St. Theodore, the guardian protectors of Venice; to which are added the arms of the doge Cigogna, under whose government the bridge was built between the years 1588 and 1599.

In going from the Rialto to the Arsenal, I visited the Piazza di San Giovanni e Paolo, in which stands the bronze equestrian statue of Bartolomeo Colleoni di Bergamo, general of the troops of the republic. This is the only monument of the kind in Venice, and was erected in consequence of the will of this individual, who on that condition left his fortune to the government.

The Dominican church of San Giovanni e

Paolo is an ancient Gothic edifice. The steeple is extremely high. The principal altar is rich in ornaments, is made of rare marble, and supported by ten great pillars. Two figures of angels also deserve notice, holding a golden shrine which contains the ashes of the saints to whom the church is dedicated.

In the second chapel to the left appeared formerly the finest work of Titian which Venice possessed,—I mean the Martyrdom of St. Peter. It was taken away by the French, and is now in the gallery at Paris. The two figures of Fame sounding a trumpet, with which Palma adorned the mausoleum of Titian in this church, have experienced the same fate: they are among the present treasures of the Louvre.

The Cappella del Rosario, which is almost separated from the church, possesses a very rich cupola supported by four pillars, and is adorned with statues of various saints. Opposite, is a picture by Tintoretto, representing the Crucifixion. The same artist has painted, in the centre of the ceiling, the Virgin in heaven, surrounded with angels. The rest of the ceiling, and five other pictures to the left, were the work of Giovanni Palma.

Returning into the church, I found in the second chapel, towards the window, a painting by Jacobo Bassano, representing the Virgin, St. Dominick, and other saints, at the feet of the Holy Trinity.

In going from the church of S. Giovanni e Paolo, I stopped to see that of S. Francesco della Vigna, the beautiful *façade* of which was built by the celebrated Palladio. It is extremely elegant, made of Istrian stone, and ornamented with two bronze statues. Within, are several statues and basso-relievos by Vittoria, and several pictures by the first masters.

The famous arsenal of Venice, into which I was admitted by an order which my servant had obtained for me in the morning, is a fortified place covering a space of three hundred feet, and appropriated, in the time of the republic, to the construction of arms, artillery, and shipping. It stands in the eastern part of Venice, and is only nine hundred yards distant from the Place of St. Mark. The old government employed no less than two thousand five hundred men every day in this dock-yard, which they considered as the rampart of Italy, and indeed of Europe, against the power of the Turks. The Austrians seem to set little value on this boasted fortress: but few persons are at work, and the whole bears the appearance of neglect and decay.

The arsenal is approached by two gates. That on the land side stands in a little square called Campo dell' Arsenale; and near it is a marble bridge decorated with statues. The entrance on the water side is defended by four

square towers, a draw-bridge, and other fortifications.

In visiting the interior, we saw, first, the rope-yard, and the place where cannons are cast and bullets made. We were next shown the collection of great guns, which were not so numerous as I was led to expect. We then viewed the armory, which is an immense room, covered with arms of all sorts, properly arranged and kept in good order. The imperial government seems to have paid great attention to this part of the establishment: but when I entered the dock-yard, or space more particularly destined to the building of vessels, I was astonished to find nothing left but hulks of decayed ships, empty spots once filled by the Venetian navy, and the celebrated *Bucentaure*, or great galley, in which the doge used annually to wed the Adriatic, now rapidly falling to pieces,—a miserable emblem of the fallen and once haughty republic. This famous barge excited, I need scarcely say, a considerable portion of our curiosity. It is an immense boat, one hundred and seven feet long, and twenty-two and a half in breadth. It is richly gilt, and was rowed by fifty-two men. The cabin formed a large room with glass windows, richly decorated with gold, and sculptural emblems of the Cardinal Virtues and of the four Seasons of the Year. The floor was covered with velvet,

—This splendid vessel is now neglected, and, like the government whose power it represented, it will soon "leave not a *wreck* behind."

In walking through the abandoned dock-yard, I could not help reflecting with some degree of wonder on the strange inactivity of his imperial majesty. One should have imagined, that, not possessing any other naval port, the emperor would have eagerly seized the opportunity, which the acquisition of Venice afforded him, of building a navy, and putting himself in a posture of respectability, if not of greatness, as a maritime state. Perhaps the finances of Austria are so low that that circumstance has prevented his making the attempt. The fear of offending France is indeed a more probable cause of this neglect, and the apprehension of endangering his continental possessions by any endeavour to create a new power by sea. Be that as it may, nothing can be more lamentable than the present appearance of the dock-yard of Venice, which, though large enough for the construction of a navy almost equal to that of Great Britain, has now become totally useless.

In beginning my rounds the next day, I went to the Palazzo Barbarigo, in the vicinity of the Rialto, which, in consequence of Titian having lived there, and of its possessing several of his best works, is called the *Scuola del Titiano*

(School of Titian). On entering the palace, I was shown a St. Jerome, the first attempt, and a Sebastian, the last effort, of this wonderful genius. The former was executed in his early youth, and the latter at the age of ninety; and though neither can be compared with the productions of his pencil at a more favorable period, yet they both bear the marks of superior talent.

The collection of pictures in this palace is not large, but the works of which it consists are excellent. The most remarkable of these are the following:—The Multiplication of Bread, by Jacobo Bassano; a Woman holding a Basket of Vegetables, by a Genoese artist; and a Circumcision, by Giovanni Belini.

Eleven pictures by Titian ornament the room; which is visited with no little interest by strangers of taste, when they learn that that admirable artist used to exercise his talent in the same spot. The subjects of them are,—A portrait of the doge Agostino Barbarigo; a Baccante pulling the hair of a Satyr; the Vulture tearing out the Liver of Prometheus; the Guardian Angel conducting a Young Man; Christ carrying his Cross; the Toilet of Venus—[The goddess, in all her beauty, is attended by Cupids; one of whom brings her a crown, and another a glass: she is half naked, and holds her hand over her breast]; an Ecce Homo (par-

ticularly fine); Venus detaining Adonis, who is prepared for the chase; the Virgin holding the Infant Christ, to whom the Magdalen offers a box of perfumes; a Magdalen; and a Christ holding a Globe, on which a Cross is placed. The last of these is spoiled.

I next proceeded to see the southern part of Venice, which contains many fine buildings, and consists of the islands of S. Georgio and La Zucca.

The church of La Salute stands at the extremity of the great canal, and was built by the senate after the plague of 1630, in pursuance of a vow made during that calamity. It is a splendid edifice, which does much credit to the genius of Longuena, the architect under whose directions it was constructed. It is decorated with pillars both in the interior and exterior. The following pictures still remain: — an Assumption, by Luca Giordano (which stands over the principal altar); the Birth of the Virgin, by the same artist (over the third altar). In the *sacristie* there is a much-admired picture of Tintoretto, the subject of which is the Wedding in Cana: and in the ceiling of the same room are paintings by Titian, representing Cain killing Abel, Abraham offering Isaac, and David returning thanks after slaying Goliath.

The Dogana di Mare, or custom-house, which stands on a point of land nearly oppo-

site the Place of St. Mark, consists of a beautiful marble colonnade, which supports a vast globe of gilt bronze. On this globe is placed a figure of Fortune, which turns like a weathercock, and is meant to be emblematical of the vicissitudes to which commerce is subject. This building has a fine effect when seen from the water.

S. Georgio Maggiore, a Benedictine church, also nearly fronts the Place of St. Mark, from which it is only distant four hundred and sixty yards. The conclave in which the present pope was elected were assembled in this church. The island on which it is built is separated from that of La Giudeca (or La Zucca) by the canal of St. George. It is three hundred and fifty yards in diameter, and contains no other buildings but those of this church and the attached monastery of the Benedictine monks of the Mount Casin, to whom it was given by the doge Memmo in 982. Palladio was the architect by whom this magnificent church was built, and which is justly considered as one of the finest in the city of Venice. It is likewise the most favorable point from which the town can be seen. The *façade* is particularly grand, formed by two rows of pillars; the larger one of which is of the Composite, and the smaller of the Corinthian order.—The interior is equally splendid. The nave is supported by fluted

Corinthian columns; and in the centre appears a cupola, which diminishes as it ascends. The choir is decorated with fifty basso-relievos, descriptive of the history of St. Benedict. The principal altar is much admired: four bronze figures of the Evangelists hold a globe of bright copper, on which the Eternal Father is engraved.—In the *sacristie* is a picture of the Presentation, by Bassano.—In the vestibule of the refectory of the monastery, I saw a Martyrdom of St. Laurence, by Lazzarini.—The refectory, also built by Palladio, is a large and beautiful room, which was formerly celebrated for possessing the Marriage in Cana, esteemed one of the most finished works of Paul Veronese: it was taken away by the French, and now ornaments the antechamber of the gallery of the Louvre.—The two cloisters of the monastery are admired for their style of architecture; one of them being built by Sansovino, and the other by Palladio. The latter is supported by Ionic columns.—The stairs which lead to the galleries above were constructed by Longuena. They are very pretty, and deserve the attention of strangers.

From the island of St. George I was rowed to that of La Zucca, or Giudeca, which adjoins. It is separated from the rest of Venice by a canal, and covers a space of six thousand feet. The principal building in this island is Il Re-

dentore, a Capuchin church, built by the republic in pursuance of a vow made during the plague in 1576. The plan of it was given by Palladio, and it is considered as the *chef-d'œuvre* of that celebrated architect. The *façade* is entirely of marble, decorated with a small row of Corinthian and a larger one of Composite pillars. The interior is equally splendid. The proportions of the nave are admirably preserved. — There are some excellent pictures here, besides a beautiful cupola.

Having given you this short sketch of the buildings and pictures still remaining at Venice which appear to me most deserving of notice, you will expect me to say something of the manners of the inhabitants. I have before observed, that this city has lost with its ancient constitution much of that interest which it once excited. Strangers have no longer any inquiries to make about the office and the prerogatives of the doge, about the senators, the great and little council, the inquisitors, the council of ten, the mode of election, or the privileges of the nobility. The peculiarities in the manners of the people, which this singular constitution engendered, have of course ceased with the laws which occasioned them. You no longer see the noble Venetians in their robes of office,— for, alas! they have no longer any functions to perform for which a distinguishing dress is ne-

cessary. The jealousy of government, which forbade the families of the great to receive at their houses the ministers of foreign powers, exists no more: but there are no longer any ambassadors at Venice: while some of the richest and most ancient of the inhabitants have disdained to live in a city which is now reduced to the level of an Austrian provincial town, and have removed to Vienna and other capitals.

In the few days which I have passed at Venice, I have had no opportunity of gaining admittance into the society of those who remain. It would be presumptuous, therefore, in me to give a decided opinion on their manner of living; but I have every reason to suppose, both from what I saw and what I heard, that this place no longer possesses those sources of amusement which formerly rendered it so agreeable to our countrymen, and indeed to travelers of all nations. The noble and opulent families must have suffered in their fortunes from the two revolutions to which they have been exposed; the pride of all must have received a severe shock from the destruction of that constitution which bestowed on them such peculiar privileges; while many have no doubt left for ever the city which gave them birth. Under the circumstances of their country, the higher ranks still resident at Venice can neither

have spirits for gaiety, nor the means of showing hospitality to strangers.

As to the ladies, I have seen but few of extraordinary beauty; and their dress is far from elegant. They are, however, extremely desirous of imitating the French and English costumes. I witnessed a curious instance of this disposition the day after our arrival. Our gondolier came into the room, and, after some apologies, entreated Mrs. L. to allow him to have the loan of the dress which she had worn the preceding morning. We requested him to explain the reason of so singular a petition. The fellow in reply acquainted us, that he had been commissioned by a gentleman (who was a *cavaliere servante* to a Venetian lady of high rank) to procure a sight of the habiliments of *la signora Inglese*. Not conscious that there was any thing remarkable in her dress, Mrs. L. inquired what part of it had attracted the notice of the lady. "Tutto, tutto, signora*," rejoined the gondolier: "the hat, the veil, the gown," &c.: and he repeated his request so often, that she was at last compelled to comply. In a few hours the articles borrowed were returned, with a flourishing compliment on the elegant taste of the English ladies.

The *cicesbeos* or *cavalieri servanti* (of whose

* Every thing, every thing, madam!

important duties the anecdote just told is an instance), are in constant requisition at Venice; and no lady can leave her house unaccompanied by a gentleman devoted to her service. I shall not stop to inquire whether these attendant beaux are merely officers of ceremony, as M. de Lalande pretends, or acknowledged lovers, as Mr. Sharpe asserts; but shall content myself with observing, that, unless travelers of all nations have given false testimonies on the subject, the fair Venetians are by no means cruel: and these *cavalieri servanti*, if they share, certainly do not monopolise, the affection of their mistresses.

The custom of having cassinos in the Place of St. Mark,—that is to say, private apartments, to which the nobles may retire with the ladies to whom they are attached and a few select friends,—I understand is still very general; though my stay is too short to allow me the hope of being invited to one of these privileged coteries. I cannot help noticing, *en passant*, a ridiculous observation of M. de Lalande, who, speaking of these cassinos, asserts, with a degree of wilful ignorance often shown on these subjects by the best-informed Frenchmen, that the English meet oftener in coffeehouses than in private parties, and that strangers are as rarely invited to dinner in England as in Italy *.

* " C'est ainsi que les Anglois se voient au café plus que

Now, in respect to the first remark, though young men certainly dine together at taverns, what party of gentlemen and ladies ever made a practice of meeting at a publichouse? Where, too, is the English person, even of moderate fortune, who in the course of a year does not often invite his friends to dinner? while the first nobles in every part of Italy but seldom practise this lowest act of hospitality.

I return to my subject. Of the amusements here, I can only mention the opera, which I attended the first night after my arrival. The theatre is neither large nor handsome, and, like most places of the kind in Italy, extremely ill lighted. The performance was tolerably good, and the music excellent. I sent in the morning, according to the usual custom in this country, to purchase for the evening the key of a private box, the price of which varies according to the merit of the piece and the consequent

chez eux; car quoiqu'en general le commerce les rende plus riches que les Italiens, ils ne donnent pas plus souvent à manger, et ne recoivent pas les étrangers, plus que les Italiens, à qui ils font cependant à cet égard un reproche de petitesse et avarice." —— "It is thus that the English see one another much oftener at a coffeehouse than at home; for though in general commerce renders them richer than the Italians, they are not in the habit of giving dinners or of receiving strangers oftener than the latter, though on that head they upbraid them with shabbiness and avarice."---*Voyage d'Italie*, tom. vii.

demand for seats. We were rowed thither in our boat; and when we arrived, the gondolier, acting as our servant, walked before us, opened the door of the box, and staid at the door during the performance.

The houses at Venice are lofty, and well built; but the lodgings in general are dirty and uncomfortable. Pedrillo's hotel offers the best conveniences of the town; but, unfortunately for us, it is filled by the officers of a British frigate. We have wretched apartments, at *L'Ecu de France*, and still worse provisions. The only recommendation which the house possesses, is its situation on the great canal,—a fine view of which is seen from the windows.

I ought perhaps to mention, that the money now in circulation here is a base coinage, consisting of a mixture of lead with a thin covering of silver. "Such," said a Venetian banker, "is the first present made us by our new sovereign!"

Considering the advantages and disadvantages of this place, I cannot say that I feel much distressed at the idea of leaving Venice. Whatever attractions it may have formerly possessed, I think it is now one of the least pleasant places which I have visited in Italy. The bad smells which prevail in the small canals; the excessive heat of the weather, even in the month of April; the necessity of constantly using a gon-

dola; and the general dulness of the town, no longer distinguished by a particular form of government, nor enlivened by the bustle of commerce——these united circumstances have completely disgusted me, and prevent me from joining in those sanguine praises which I have often heard lavished on Venice by my young countrymen; many of whom having visited it in more prosperous days, and flattered perhaps by successful affairs of gallantry, viewed every thing *en coleur de rose*. If my account seems in contradiction to theirs, remember that I saw this place after the revolution, and that your correspondent is a married man, and the most unfashionable of husbands.

Adieu!

LETTER XXXIII.

Reflexions on leaving Italy --- Summary of the author's tour through that country, and general remarks on the same.

Venice, April 23, 1803.

My dear sir,

I PURPOSE leaving Venice to-morrow morning, and proceeding by the shortest road to Vienna: I may therefore consider myself on the eve of my departure from Italy. Certainly few events which I have experienced in the course of my life have more fully answered the expectations previously formed, than this interesting journey; yet I am apprehensive that the accounts which I have sent you of what I have seen and observed, may have appeared extremely tiresome and unsatisfactory. Catalogues of pictures, statues, and antiquities, form but a sorry entertainment: yet pictures, statues, and antiquities are the objects by which Italy is distinguished from all other countries; and without a detailed and circumstantial account of these local treasures, it is impossible to convey a just idea of this classical soil.

Of society and manners I have said but little, because but little have I seen. There is, too,

in the Italian character, an indolence and a sameness which do not admit of much discrimination. The noble, after rising in the morning, visits his Dulcinea, goes home to dinner, sleeps, takes the air on the Corso with the lady to whose service he is devoted, attends her to the opera-house and the pharo-table, and then retires to bed. The Lazaroni spends half his time in gaming and sleeping; lives on cabbages and macaroni; is dirty, passionate, and revengeful. He is not ashamed to beg, and only submits to work when hunger and absolute necessity compel him to do so.

The poverty and filth which prevail, not only in the villages but likewise in the principal towns of Italy, challenge the attention of the idle and move the heart of the humane traveler. Men, women, and children are often seen seated in rows, and occupied in removing the vermin from each other's hair. The lower classes of the people, including in that number the postboys, are literally clothed in rags; and I have often been driven by two fellows whose united wardrobe would not have sold for the value of an English shilling.

The desire of revenge is a passion which so constantly reigns in the breast of an Italian, that the most distressed beggar carries a large knife, or stiletto, in a pocket made for the purpose on one side of his breeches. When of-

fended or irritated, he points to this pocket; by which he means to imply, that, if you do not grant him redress, he will find the means of indulging his resentment.

The wants of the poor are so great, that I have often seen, at Rome and in other places, several families collected on dunghills, and greedily disputing with each other the division of cabbage-stumps, the peelings of potatoes, and other broken victuals, after having extracted with no little pains this wretched food from a mass of filth. I have also, when eating a cake in the street, been followed by crowds of hungry mendicants, who have quarreled about the crumbs which fell from my hand.

The churches everywhere are crowded with the poor; and it is impossible to move a step unsurrounded with beggars. In changing horses on the road, in getting out of a carriage at an inn, in paying a visit when in a town, in seeing a palace, in going to the theatre, or in returning home, a foreigner is certain of being attacked by a regiment of miserable objects, who, with loud voices and corresponding gestures, demand his charity. Amidst the number of aged, lame, blind, and infirm, the healthy, the young, and the vigorous are too often mixed; and the latter are of course the most forward. Distressing as is this scene of wretchedness, it is difficult to avoid smiling at the eagerness

with which solicitations are made, and at the language in which they are expressed. After being styled *signor Inglese, la sua excellenza, milord Anglois, seigneur,* and receiving a thousand other fine titles, both in the Italian and French language, the traveler is entreated in the name of God, in the name of the Holy Ghost, in the name of the *Bambino**, in the name of the apostles, in the name of the Holy Trinity, in the name of the blessed and immaculate Virgin, in the name of St. Joseph, of St. Antony of Padua, of St. Charles Borromeo, and innumerable other local saints, of whom perhaps the names were never heard before: and this eloquent address concludes at last with asking the gift of a farthing!—I ought to add, that though the Italian beggars are very importunate, there is in their manner a degree of good-humor which it is difficult to resist. Yet it is very dangerous to give the smallest sum; for the fact becomes immediately known, and on the following day the number of supplicants is sure to increase in exact proportion to the generosity of the donor.

The middling ranks in Italy are not less in-

* *Bambino,* or infant. This means the infant Christ,—a figure of whom is kept in all the churches of Italy, generally clad in a tawdry robe and a lawyer's wig. This image is taken in procession to the houses of the sick and dying, and is held particularly sacred.

dolent than the higher and lower classes. At noon every shop is shut, while the person who keeps it dines and takes his usual sleep: nor is business resumed till four or five o'clock in the afternoon.

With regard to society.—Dinners are scarcely ever given; and the most distinguished Italian nobles are so very economical in their ordinary food, that a friend of mine, while visiting one of the finest palaces of Florence, opened by mistake the door of a room where the family were assembled, and saw there the *principe*, his wife, and children, making their principal meal on one dish of macaroni, and that served without a table-cloth.

The principal apartments (as I had occasion to mention while speaking of the houses at Rome) are seldom occupied by the proprietors. I have also described the amusement of a *conversazione*, the general passion for play, the manner of dancing, and the system of *cicesbeism*. To my remarks on Rome and Naples I can only add, that, *mutatis mutandis*, what is true about the manners of one place in Italy, is equally true about those of another. Generally speaking, it may be said that knowledge and science are rare acquisitions in this country. The great families, unaccustomed to literary pursuits, and unoccupied with professional, ministerial, or legislative duties, are

compelled to pass their lives in a dull routine of trivial amusements. Carrying the fan of a lady, riding up and down the Corso, and staring at Punchinello, are not very dignified or very rational amusements: yet without such aids, how could that dreadful enemy Time be conquered by the Italian noble, whose education does not create a taste for study, whose laws do not allow him to participate in the cares of government, and whose hereditary pride will not permit that he should engage in commercial speculations?

However deficient the Italians may be in other virtues, in sobriety they are exemplary. The short period which they spend at table tends to increase the length of their day. Without the service of the ladies, without cards, without promenades, churches, operas, and puppet-shows, the rich in Italy would be objects of pity rather than of envy. Assisted, however, by these resources, they appear lively, and satisfied with their fate. Though an Englishman compelled to lead a similar life would die of *ennui*, I doubt much whether the uninformed Italian, who never thinks, but laughs away his time, is not happier, and perhaps wiser, than the plodding Briton, who, surrounded with every comfort, enlightened by general science, and enjoying the blessings of freedom, sees a storm in every cloud, and

never knows the even pleasures of calm content.

After the descriptions I have given you of the higher classes, I think you will not be surprised at hearing that the English traveling in this country have not been very anxious to enjoy their company. For myself, I regret that I have not had more frequent opportunities of living in the circles of the inhabitants, as I wished to have studied the manners and characters of the Italians under the most favorable circumstances. Yet I strongly suspect that there was but little to discover. What conversation can be worth retaining, which passes between persons to whom knowledge is a stranger, and whose minds are unnerved by effeminate habits and childish occupations?

The lower classes have much natural quickness; and in their answers there is a kind of repartee which has often pleased me. In dealing with them, the great requisite is firmness. He who, in disputing any given point with an Italian, perseveres in his purpose unshaken by the vociferous harangues of his opponent, is certain of ultimate success. The noisy levity of these people, when resisted, vanishes like smoke; and the resolute stranger never fails to succeed. In purchasing any article at a shop, in agreeing for a lodging, a servant, or whatever else may be wanted, the most particular

bargain ought previously to be made. Nor should the buyer, in asking the usual question, "Quanto vale questo*?" pay the slightest attention to the sum asked by the seller. I have constantly seen half, and sometimes one-third, taken of the original price. I used, when at Naples, to accompany an English friend, who spoke Italian remarkably well, and who made it his amusement to carry on this kind of amicable war with the tradesmen of the place. After long and violent disputes, I have often seen him purchase for two or three crown-pieces that which the owner had in the beginning of the negotiation sworn, with innumerable oaths, and with as many appeals to all the saints of the Roman calendar, that no power on earth should force him to sell for less than ten or twelve times the sum which he at last accepted.

Similar scenes occur in traveling. At each posthouse an attempt is made to put additional horses to one's carriage; and a good-humored easy man, who listened to the complaints and complied with the demands of the people, would, if he set out from Florence with two horses, arrive at Rome with not less than ten. By pursuing the opposite system, and firmly resisting such applications, I have uniformly

* "What is this worth?"

traveled through every part of Italy with no greater number of horses than the regulations of the different states require.

I ought, while on the subject, to mention, that an Englishman would act prudently who concealed his country; since here, as well as in France, Britons are considered as so many animals overloaded with a weight of guineas; whom, consequently, it is an act of charity to ease of some part of their burden.—I beg leave to add the following little anecdote, as illustrative of this fact. A Swedish gentleman of my acquaintance (the same with whom I made the tour to the Glaciers of Savoy), who understands the English language in perfection, and has much the appearance of being born in our happy island, was, on setting out for Italy, desired by his servant, who knew the *carte du pays*, not to speak one word of that language, the accents of which are supposed to anticipate a golden shower. He accordingly avoided this dangerous habit. But as in generosity as well as dress Mr. H. resembled our countrymen, he was soon suspected. At the second posthouse he was requested to allow another pair of horses to be added to his carriage; and, after a violent wrangle, a person was sent, who spoke English, to examine if my friend were or were not a native of Great Britain. Mr. H. shook his head, and pretended not to under-

stand the words which were addressed to him. The questioner then resumed his inquiries in French, and asked, "Si par hazard monsieur n'etoit pas un milord Anglois, car il avoit bien l'air et la tournure *." In reply he was assured of his mistake, and of the real country of the gentleman to whom he put these interrogatories. The postmaster, having received the report of his interpreter, allowed Mr. H. to proceed without complying with his demands, adding, "He may travel as he pleases, *comme non e Inglese*†.

While on this subject you will expect me to say something about the roads, the horses, and the inns. I had previously heard the fatigue of traveling in this country so much exaggerated, that I have been agreeably surprised by the few inconveniences to which we have been subjected. The English, indeed, very commonly expose themselves, by their own imprudence, to those evils of which they so loudly complain. The Italians, from economy, seldom travel post; instead of which they make an arrangement with a *vetturino*, who engages to convey them within a given time from one place to another, and to feed them and pay all expenses for a stipulated sum. From the moment that such

* "If the gentleman were not an English lord, for he had much the manner and appearance of one."

† "As he is not an Englishman."

an agreement is signed, they become dependent for every comfort on the pleasure of their conductor. Guided by the practice of the inhabitants, several writers have advised strangers to adopt the same mode of traversing the country,—not recollecting, that that fare which a native considers as luxurious, would appear to an Englishman little better than a state of starvation; while the pacing of the mules at the rate of three miles an hour, the calm indifference of their drivers, and the long pauses which are made for the purpose of baiting, not to mention the very early hours at which they set out and the late ones at which they arrive at night, render such a journey a task of no little severity. Many of my friends, influenced by these books, and apprehensive of the trouble of disputing with postboys, have voluntarily incurred these united inconveniences. I have often smiled at hearing their complaints.—Even in England, I should suppose, traveling in a stage-waggon cannot be a very agreeable amusement. A journey *par voiturier* is precisely similar in all the circumstances attending it. It may be economical, but it cannot be pleasant. I am, however, rather inclined to think that nothing is saved, at least by an Englishman, in adopting this very very uncomfortable system. For however moderate a sum the *vetturino* may negotiate with his country-

men, he takes care, in treating with a foreigner, to calculate the expense which post horses would amount to, and the other disbursements likely to be made on the road; and the sum he exacts is generally equal, if not superior, to what the whole of the other mode of conveyance could possibly have amounted to. I have uniformly taken the post through every part of Italy, and have always had reason to rejoice at having done so. It is true, that I am fortunate enough to have an excellent courier, who, without my interposition, settles every difficulty about the number of horses, and makes the necessary agreements at the inns: but several families, without such assistance, have proceeded very comfortably, relying on the aids I have before recommended,—I mean, firmness and determined opposition to the impositions of postmasters and landlords.—You will perceive, by my accounts, that I have never spent above three or four days between one great city and another; and it has never happened to me to travel by night. Setting out at seven or eight o'clock in the morning, I have always found myself at my destined quarters at sunset, or within an hour afterwards.

As to the roads. In many parts of Italy they are excellent; particularly in the Milanese, and between Rome and Naples. In other directions, as in passing the Apennines between

Turin and Genoa and between Genoa and Milan, and in going from Bologna to Florence, they are rough and mountainous. In such countries, the established regulations require that the traveler should hire an additional pair of horses, and sometimes even to add to these a pair of oxen. With such assistance, it is still impossible to go very fast: yet with the post one has this advantage over those who trust themselves to a *voiturier*, that the latter, besides the long tedious hours spent on the road, are under the necessity of wasting almost as many at the places where they stop for the feeding of the cattle and the drinking of their drivers. This circumstance makes a material difference, not only in the length of the journey, but likewise in the inns, for they are thinly scattered, and good houses of that description are seldom found but in the principal towns, which are generally distant from each other not less than forty or fifty miles. As the muleteers cannot easily perform a journey of that extent in one day, they frequently stop for the night at some wretched village, where it is quite impossible to procure any of those comforts which are so essential to the pleasure of an Englishman. With post horses, on the contrary, I have constantly traversed a space of seventy, sometimes of eighty, and never less than fifty miles, in thirteen or fourteen hours, and have

consequently been enabled to proceed till I found a convenient resting place.

The horses employed by the post are creatures of a miserable appearance, and their drivers are of corresponding wretchedness: yet the latter, when encouraged by the hope of a good *buono mano* (as they call their fee), force their cattle to proceed with tolerable swiftness. One's heart, indeed, bleeds for the unhappy animals; yet there is this consolation, that they are rather better than worse treated in consequence of the liberal manner in which the postillions are paid, as these fellows, when dissatisfied, vent their anger on the unhappy beasts submitted to their power. I ought to add, that, however generously you pay the postboys, you must expect to be asked for more: and I am satisfied, that, if one of these men were to receive a guinea for a stage of six miles, he would have the impudence to demand a second.

The inns, though certainly bad when compared with those of England, or even of France, are by no means so execrable as they have been represented. Those who have never crossed the Channel, would indeed think themselves very uncomfortably situated in most of the houses of this description in Italy; but, with proper precautions, and with the patience which a traveler generally acquires before he

reaches the Alps, a healthy person may in one of these humble resting places contrive to eat with appetite and to sleep in security. Our countrymen on this head are commonly unjust. Accustomed to peculiar habits, unknown to the inhabitants of the continent, they cannot reconcile themselves to the privation of these imaginary conveniences, and bitterly complain of the want of them: yet they seldom take any pains to provide those comforts which to them are so essentially necessary. By carrying with me what I knew these houses would not afford, I have avoided most of the hardships to which an Italian journey is supposed to be necessarily subject. Instead of filling the imperial of my carriage with clothes, I divided it into compartments, containing a tea equipage, glass, linen, a leather sheet, a blanket, tea, sugar, and other such conveniences,—my apparel being consigned to the trunk and boot. I also made it a practice, on leaving a great city, to purchase two or three joints of meat, some vegetables, fresh bread, and a few bottles of good wine. Thus provided, I have seldom failed to dine and sleep nearly as well in an Italian as in an English inn. You will smile at this assertion, when I add, that, though the beds are large, and tolerably good, they have no curtains; that the floors are usually of brick; and that a sitting room is a luxury but rarely met with. Under such cir-

cumstances, *John Bull*, were he transported hither in a balloon, would feel completely wretched; but the experience learned in a journey of more than a thousand miles renders those who are the most fastidious less difficult to please, and makes them smile at events which were thought very serious on their first departure from the fortunate shores of that island, the lowest inhabitant of which enjoys many comforts to which the rich and opulent on the continent are entirely strangers.

I think it but justice to observe, that in the capital towns of Italy the accommodations are extremely good, and the apartments elegant. At Florence in particular, the hotels are superior perhaps to those of any city in Europe; and the fertility of the soil enables the landlords to supply a most sumptuous entertainment at a very moderate price.

I have given you such lengthened accounts of the principal places, that it is scarcely necessary for me to recapitulate their various advantages. I shall only remark, that Turin is interesting for the regularity of its streets, for the elegance of its buildings, and for its late political misfortunes: that Genoa, a town of palaces, admirably situated, and recalling innumerable reflexions connected with commerce and military affairs, is seen with wonder: that Milan, standing in a rich and fertile country,

and now become the seat of a new government, possesses a vast population, a venerable cathedral, a splendid theatre, some fine palaces, and an army of no contemptible appearance: that Placenzia, Parma, and Modena, though not large in their dimensions, are celebrated for their architecture, and for the pictures and statues with which they are respectively adorned: that Bologna, notwithstanding the events of the late war, is still rich in the finest works of art, and mistress of some incomparable *chefs-d'œuvres:* that Florence unites almost every thing which one comes to see in Italy, and affords besides all those luxuries which add not a little to the happiness of an Englishman: that Sienna, though but a very small town, has a fine cathedral, paintings by Raphael, and other curiosities amply repaying the trouble of a visit: that Rome not only equals, but greatly exceeds, the expectations of the most sanguine traveler: that Naples, placed in the most enviable part of Europe, enjoying a climate of perpetual summer, surrounded with natural and classical objects of vast interest, and inhabited by the liveliest people under the sun, appears a fairy scene, the charm of which never breaks till the stranger has turned his back on that delightful city: that Padua is justly esteemed for its antiquity, its churches, its Saloon, and its university: that Venice,

though it can no longer boast of its ancient characteristic constitution, and though deprived of its independence, its commerce, and perhaps of its gaiety, still presents, even in its decline, a singular and magnificent spectacle: and that all these various cities afford, to the lovers of the fine arts, and to those to whom the writers of antiquity are familiar, innumerable subjects for remembrance, study, and imitation.

If the cities in Italy be in themselves so interesting, the hoary Alps, by which they are approached, and the picturesque Apennines, by which they are separated, are such grand and distinguishing characteristics, that this country, once seen, must be for ever fixed in the mind of him who is in the smallest degree sensible of the sublime and beautiful. When, to the great features already mentioned, we add the Po, the Adige, and other beautiful rivers; the roaring cataract of Terni, the smooth and tranquil Mediterranean, and the majestic Vesuvius; it must be acknowledged that Nature no less than Art offers objects of wonder and admiration.

You must not, however, suppose that Italy abounds in any great variety of beautiful landscape: it possesses some grand and extraordinary views, perhaps unequaled in any part of the world; but in general scenery I think it

inferior to Switzerland, England, and even to parts of France. I was, indeed, in this respect much disappointed. On the shores of the Mediterranean there are some charming prospects, but they derive their principal attraction from the vicinity of the sea; near Milan the country is extremely rich; in Tuscany the villages have a lively, a tranquil, and a picturesque appearance; and in every direction the Alps and Apennines give a grandeur to the loveliest and an interest to the dullest spots: but many parts of Italy are, if we put out of consideration these advantages, far from beautiful. The country round Rome is flat and uniform; and between that city and Naples, in traversing the Pontine Marshes, nothing is seen deserving the attention of an admirer of Nature, till the Mola di Gaietta is approached. Many of the most commended villages have appeared to me infinitely less pleasing than those which I saw in Switzerland; and the beggarly dresses of the Italians, and their lean and wretched cattle, are the very reverse of those which enliven the scene in the former country. I have often, since I crossed the Alps, traveled for forty or fifty miles in a dull plain, or along steep and stony mountains; while the haggard countenances of the peasants, the half-starved and diminutive appearance of the oxen, and the ruinous and filthy state of the smaller towns,

have presented a landscape by no means corresponding with the ideas which the name of Italy is apt to excite. Perhaps, however, the complaint is unjust. Every picture requires a shade: and the dull parts of this country may tend to increase our pleasure as well as our surprise, when we afterwards behold the more favored spots; while the poverty of the villages render the magnificence of the cities still more conspicuous.

As to climate. I have suffered so severely from the damp which prevails in the early part of winter, and have been so often and so seriously ill with the ague (a complaint to which I was a stranger in England), that perhaps I may speak with no little prejudice. In October, November, and the first part of December, it rained almost without ceasing, and in such torrents as to render every sort of out-door exercise impracticable. At Milan I was detained several days, the rains having increased the rivers to such a height that the passage of the Po was interrupted. In the month which I passed at Florence, a dry day was an extraordinary circumstance; and I did not perceive the advantage of an Italian sky till I arrived at Naples. There at Christmas I found the weather of an English August; and while green peas were common on every table, we could bear to sit with our windows open, and to take the

air in open carriages. Sometimes, however, we experienced a sudden change; and, after feeling the heat of summer in the morning, we were pierced with cold in the evening. We had also some days of frost; and Vesuvius was more than once covered with snow.

On the whole, I cannot say (pardon my bad taste) that I admire this boasted climate; and I would rather live in our English fogs in winter, and be subject to occasional rains in every part of the year, than endure incessant wet for three months, and excessive heat for the remainder of the twelve. Charles the Second well observed, after residing in most of the countries of Europe, that he preferred the climate of England, as it was that in which the greatest portion of exercise could be taken. If we have not many days entirely free from rain, we have still fewer without some hours' interval of more favorable weather, in which we may leave our houses and enjoy the open air,—an advantage which in more southern countries is unknown both in rainy and hot seasons. If I appear singular in this opinion, you will pardon me when you recollect that I enjoyed good health in England, and have lost it, without any imprudence of my own, in one of those countries to which invalids are sent for the recovery of theirs.

I find my letter is already so long, that I

shall conclude rather abruptly this summary of my Italian tour. I beg you to forgive the details into which I have thought it necessary to enter. My object has been to convey to you some portion of the high gratification that my journey has afforded me,—a journey which I had long meditated, and which, achieved, will leave indelible marks on my memory. Could I hope that in this attempt I have, in however trifling a degree, contributed to your amusement, I shall be amply repaid for the trouble I have taken. My imperfect sketches may at any rate excite in you a wish to view those scenes, which it is indeed impossible to describe. Should I, no matter by what means, induce you to follow my example, I am convinced that on your return you would say, as I now do, that to visit Italy is to lay in a store of thought and agreeable reflexion for the rest of one's life.

I am, &c.

LETTER XXXIV.

Journey from Venice to Vienna---Mestre---Conegliano---The passage of the Tagliamento---Pontieba---Entrance into Germany ---Change of character---German postboy---Willack---Klakenfurt---Palace, garden, and conversation of the prince-bishop of Salm---Newmarkt---Knuttelfeld---Marhoffen---Schoeffwein ---German beds---German apathy---German landlords---Necessity of making previous arrangements in Germany, as well as in Italy and France---Proof of that necessity---Arrival at Vienna---Examination at the gates.

Vienna, May 10, 1803.

My dear sir,

AFTER a fatiguing journey of ten days we reached Vienna last night. I proceed to give you the particulars of our journey.

On the 30th of April we left Venice in a gondola, and landing at Mestre, where we had left our carriage, proceeded thence with post-horses.

The straightest and best road from Venice to Vienna is through the provinces of Carniola, Carinthia, and Stiria, passing through the towns of Pontieba and Klakenfurt, and was that which Bonaparte took when he threatened the imperial capital. It is considerably shorter than the route by the Tyrol; for which reason I determined to give it the preference.

The first day's journey brought us to Conegliano. Having slept at that town, we set out again at an early hour, and in the course of the morning crossed the Tagliamento,—a wide, rapid, but shallow river, which was passed, as you may remember, by the French army, when they marched into the Austrian territories. The current is so exceedingly rapid, that no bridge can withstand its force. Our carriage was drawn through the water by four oxen; and with no little difficulty, and some danger, we reached the opposite bank.

Our journey led us through a good but narrow road, just wide enough to receive the wheels of the carriage. This road gradually winds round a ridge of steep and mighty mountains, covered with snow, and forming a continuation of the Alps. We arrived at St. Daniel, a little town situated in a most romantic situation, about seven o'clock in the evening.

We set out again the following morning, and, continuing to travel on a road and in a country similar to that which we had traversed on the preceding day, found ourselves in the afternoon at Pontieba. This place, which is considered as a frontier town, is divided into two parts by a river and a bridge. We stopped on the Italian side, at an inn of decent appearance; but were under the necessity of

sending our luggage to the custom-house, which stands on the opposite bank, belonging to Germany. Our trunks here underwent a very strict examination. It is, indeed, rather singular, that, though the former Venetian territory belongs to his imperial majesty, it is treated in every respect as a distinct and separate country. Coming thence into the Austrian territories, a traveler is called upon to produce his passport, and to submit his equipage to inspection, with all the forms which were observed while Venice was an independent state. The same distinction is observed in every thing relating to the two countries. From Mestre to Pontieba we had been driven by Italian postboys, who spoke the language of their country, rode little wretched horses, and were paid the amount of their demands in the base coin which (as I mentioned before) the emperor has put into circulation for the use of his new subjects. At Pontieba the whole system was changed: we here purchased, at a profit of twenty *per cent.*, the bank paper of Vienna, with which all expenses are defrayed in the imperial dominions; and setting out the following morning, saw four heavy fat horses (much resembling those which are used in English dray-carts) fixed to our carriage. The postillion, whose whole appearance was truly ridiculous, sat on one of the wheel-horses, and

drove the remaining three in hand. He wore a yellow jacket to which a black velvet cape was affixed, and a large flapped low-crowned hat laced with silver. On his sleeve an imperial eagle was worked; by his side hung a French horn; in his right hand he carried a long whip, and in his mouth a lighted pipe.

Thus conducted, we proceeded on our journey, crossed the little bridge which divides the town, and, bidding adieu to Italy (I fear for ever!), entered the empire of Germany.

We soon perceived a striking change of character, both in the country and in the inhabitants. The two preceding days we had traveled without seeing any thing but mountains, rocks, and precipices: we now beheld a succession of well-cultivated fields, neatly-built farmhouses, and some gentlemen's country-seats scattered about at no considerable distance the one from the other on the adjoining hills. Accustomed also to the lean appearance and diminutiveness of the cattle in Italy, and to the rags and squalid looks of the peasants, we were agreeably surprised at seeing well-fed and boney oxen, stout horses, and athletic men; while the healthy faces and decent apparel of the latter recaled to our memory the happy state of the same class of persons in our native country. But if we were pleased with these symptoms of comfort and affluence, we could not equally com-

mend the conduct of our postboy, who, calmly smoking his pipe, and stopping every ten minutes to breathe his horses, afforded a most provoking specimen of unruffled apathy. We moved on so very slowly, that we spent the whole day in performing three posts,—a distance which (if we consider the German post as equal to seven English miles) does not give a total of more than twenty-one miles.

We stopped for the night at Willack, a small town, where we were comfortably accommodated at a decent inn, much resembling an English farmhouse; the clean wooden floors of which surprised us not a little, after the dirty brick or stony pavements to which we were accustomed in Italy.

We left Willack the next morning, and arrived at Klakenfurt, the capital of Carinthia, about two o'clock. As the latter of these towns is the only one of any size between Mestre and Vienna, I determined to stop and spend here the remainder of the day.

Having learnt from the landlord of the inn to which I was driven, and which had a respectable appearance, that count Rosenbourg, the prince-bishop of Salm, had a palace at the extremity of this place, which he readily allowed strangers to see, I sent my compliments, and, having obtained the required permission, strolled thither with Mrs. L. while our dinner was pre-

paring. We found a handsome modern house, elegantly furnished; in one of the apartments of which is a collection in plaster of Paris of the busts of the Roman emperors, the originals of which I had seen in the Vatican at Rome. There is also a good library, some family pictures, an assortment of musical instruments, and a very pretty chapel.

After we had walked through the different rooms, we were following our conductor into the garden, when we met the bishop, accompanied by another gentleman, and by his sister, an elderly lady. He received us very politely, and insisted on showing his grounds. They consist of a moderately-sized garden, laid out rather in the French than in the English fashion; of a hothouse filled with plants of all sorts; and of a small paddock, which he very good-naturedly allows the inhabitants of Klakenfurt to use as their own. In the latter are placed seats and benches for the convenience of those who choose to eat and drink in these bowers (for without eating and drinking the Germans have no idea that any pleasure can exist), and swings and roundabouts, which constitute part of their favorite diversions.

As no very considerable degree of taste is exhibited in the decoration of these grounds, I had some difficulty in forcing myself to offer those compliments which I saw that the civil

and hospitable bishop expected he should receive. He was too prepossessed with the merits of his favorite possession, to discover in the coldness of my manner the insincerity of the exacted praise. He was convinced that I, and indeed all the world, must see the perfection to which he had brought the art of gardening; and with a serious countenance he inquired, whether, in walking through his grounds, I did not fancy myself in some of those beautiful seats of which he had read as forming the ornament of England. The same happy prejudice makes him conceive that his hothouse is the finest in Europe; his mansion the most splendid of all palaces; and the place in which he resides, the very model of Grecian architecture.

By way of saying something civil, I happened to remark that the town of Klakenfurt (about the size of Hampstead) was well built. "Assurement, monsieur," rejoined he, "la ville de Klakenfurt est superbe*." I had scarcely stifled the smile which this answer had nearly excited, when, after making some inquiries about my travels, he asked, with much apparent anxiety, whether I took notes of what I saw. Having answered this question in the affirmative, I perceived that his politeness ra-

* "Certainly, sir, the town of Klakenfurt is superb."

pidly increased: and three or four times afterwards he expressed a wish, that, if I should publish my tour, I would not forget to mention his collection of Roman models. He then led me again into the room which contained these precious articles, enumerated their merits, and showed me for the second time every part of his house. In drawing my attention to his chapel, which is indeed simply elegant, he exclaimed, with real or well-affected piety, "Ah, monsieur, voilà mes délices! C'est ici que je passe la partie la plus intéressante de ma vie*."

It was with some difficulty that we obtained permission to retire to our inn,—so politely were we pressed to lengthen our visit at his house, and so eloquent was our noble and reverend host on the wonderful treasures which that house contained.

The prince-bishop is gentlemanly in his manner, and extremely civil in his language. His only fault is an innocent kind of vanity, which perhaps constitutes his happiness: he considers Klakenfurt the most magnificent of all cities; his palace, the museum of the arts; and himself, a second Mæcenas. Since such are his dreams, it would be cruel to wake him.

Klakenfurt, though small, is neatly and regularly built, and possesses several churches. I

* "Ah, sir, here is my delight! Here I pass the most interesting hours of my life."

did not visit these, as I strongly suspected that they would not make me amends for the trouble of going to see them. In setting out the next morning, my courier had a violent dispute with our landlord, who, notwithstanding the reputed honesty of the German character, asked fifteen, and at last received ten, florins, for our entertainment.

We spent five days between Klakenfurt and Vienna. As there is nothing very remarkable in the road, I shall content myself with naming the places at which we stopped each night. Our first day's journey from Klakenfurt brought us to Newmarkt, the second to Knuttelfeld, the third to Marhoffen, the fourth to Schoeffwein, and the fifth to Vienna. The inns are generally clean, and of decent appearance; but the landlords are sulky, and little inclined to show their guests any of those attentions which render the most uncomfortable places tolerable. We also found it necessary, at most of the houses where we passed the night, to sleep on straw. To account for this, I must describe to you the kind of thing which is here dignified with the name of a bed. In a niche in the wall, on planks of deal fixed for the purpose, are laid two heavy bags of feathers, about three feet long by two feet wide: to each of these a sheet is sewed, which consequently is but rarely changed. Between these bags,

the German, supported by a large pillow, also formed of feathers, rather sits than lies. As we could not persuade ourselves to adopt this strange kind of luxury, we got a truss of clean straw laid on the ground; and, with our own linen and blanket, contrived to sleep as soundly, if not as comfortably, as on a better bed.

The circumstance which I have just mentioned is in the number of the many inconveniences to which, in traveling in Germany, one is subject. Indeed, though there is more decency in the appearance of the people, and better provisions in the country, to strangers a journey here is infinitely more painful than in Italy. In the latter, the inhabitants, though dirty, idle, and slovenly, are good-humored and officious, and will for money execute your orders and comply with your customs. The phlegmatic and independent Germans, unmoved by your promises, and regardless of your threats, will not, on the contrary, for any consideration, lay aside their habitual mode of proceeding. The regulations allow one hour for changing horses, and I have sometimes known two or three times that period elapse before we were allowed to set out. When we arrived at a station, and ordered horses, the postmaster, keeping his seat, and neither taking his hat from his head nor his pipe from his mouth, used to answer,

with perfect *sang froid*, "*yaw, yaw;*" and at his leisure told his men to feed the cattle. We have repeatedly waited while the horses ate their dinner, and the postillion his: nor did complaints, promises, or entreaties avail us any thing. The postboys, equally indifferent, when we at last set out again, jogged slowly on, at the rate of three English miles an hour: and when we reached our intended quarters at night, we found the same apathy in the conduct of our landlord. He would calmly point to the room destined for our use, without taking the trouble of leading us to it: and on hearing that we wanted to eat, would open the door of a pantry in which the relics of some former meal were deposited. My courier had great difficulty in persuading the cooks to prepare a dinner after the usual hour: in many instances they refused to light a fire for this purpose, and no where would they follow our instructions by dressing our victuals in the English manner: we were desired either to take what was offered, or to have nothing at all. Such was the hospitable alternative of our amiable hosts! —Even our humble bed of straw was allowed us most unwillingly. They showed us the niches in the wall serving as bedsteads, which often run round a room like those of a pigeon-house, and, shaking the soft feather beds, considered us as savages in refusing to lie on them. It

was not without much entreaty that a truss of straw could be obtained, and it was regularly charged for in the morning, in addition to the price asked for the room.

Posting in Germany is not dear; and as the payment is made in paper, the English traveler enjoys in that respect a considerable advantage. But the accomodations at inns, bad as they are, cost as much as the best in England; and, notwithstanding the supposed integrity of the Germans, it is not less necessary here than in France and in Italy to make a previous bargain. I have just had a convincing proof of this necessity. On arriving at Vienna last night, we drove to the *Beuf Blanc*, the principal inn, and, relying on its respectable appearance, made no stipulations about terms. Having to-day taken private lodgings, I ordered my bill, when I found, to my great surprise, that, for an indifferent supper and one bedroom, we were charged thirty florins,—about equal to three English guineas. My courier was so irritated by this demand, that he insisted on resisting it, and went with the landlord to the police. He tells me, that, after having been sent about to different tribunals, he at last gained a hearing; and, after fighting very valiantly for my right, was at last compelled to pay the whole of the bill, except the modest charge of two nights' lodging, which was reduced to one. The ma-

gistrate apologised to the innkeeper even for this semblance of justice,—saying, he regretted that in that respect he could not sanction the charge, as he had not the power of decreeing twenty-four hours to constitute more than one day!

At the gates of Vienna we were obliged to undergo the ceremony of a very strict search, though our passports had been countersigned and our trunks examined at Pontieba. We were desired to get out of the carriage; and waited more than an hour, while every part of our luggage was searched.

I forgot to mention, that on the road we passed through the village of Leoben, the seat of the celebrated treaty of that name. I was shown the house where it was signed, and that in which Bonaparte lodged.

We did not visit Gratz, the capital of Stiria, because the direct road from Venice to Vienna does not lead through that city, and I was unwilling to purchase the sight of it at the price of traveling a few additional miles. To account for this apparent indolence, I must beg you to recollect the long journey that I have already taken, and the great fatigue with which the smallest distance is traversed in this country.

Though I did not see Gratz, you will permit me to relate an anecdote the scene of which

was laid in that town. On the day following that in which the French took possession of the city in the last war, they announced a ball. The inhabitants felt by no means inclined to partake of such festivities while their country was overrun by a foreign enemy, and none of them accepted the invitation. The French officers determined not to lose their favorite amusement (for dancing is not less necessary to the happiness of a Frenchman than feasting to that of a German), and proclaimed by beat of drum, the next morning, that all the citizens of the town, attended by their families, were required to present themselves in the evening at the town-hall, where a ball would be given; and that the absentees should instantly be shot. So positive an order, enforced under such penalties, could not be resisted; and men and women flocked at the appointed hour to the place of *rendezvous*. As soon as the room was completely filled, the general ordered a detachment of soldiers to drive out of the hall all the male part of the company, and to lock the doors. The French officers then danced the whole evening with the Stirian ladies, and at seven the next morning sent them back to their anxious and irritated brothers, husbands, and fathers.—Such was the unfeeling levity with which insult was added to injury.

But this letter is already too long. I therefore take my leave for the present, and shall write again as soon as I have seen enough of Vienna to be able to speak on that subject.

I am, &c.

LETTER XXXV.

General remarks on Vienna—The Prater—Cathedral church of St. Stephen—Imperial palace—Theatre of the court—Imperial library—Imperial museum, or collection of minerals and precious stones—Imperial cabinet of antiquities—Engraved stones and medals—Cabinet containing the treasures of the crown—Imperial arsenal—The Belvedere palace—Pictures there—Capuchin convent, containing the tombs of the emperors—Hotel of prince Lichtenstein—Pictures there—Imperial collection of natural history—Imperial porcelain manufactory—Suburb of Josephstad—Anatomical collection—Civil hospital—Tower containing persons afflicted with lunacy—Military hospital—Lying-in hospital—Institution of "Enfans trouvés"—The Augarten—Imperial palace of Schoenbrunn—Traiteur there, and stage-waggons—Anecdotes of Joseph II.—Institution in favor of the deaf and dumb—Luxembourg, an imperial palace in the vicinity of Vienna—Description of the same—Expedition to Dombach, a villa formerly belonging to general Lascy—Theatres at Vienna—National theatre—Kärntner-Thor theatre—Theatre of Weden.

Vienna, June 20, 1803.

My dear sir,

AFTER passing six of the happiest weeks of my life in the hospitable capital of the emperor, whose mild virtues seem to have inspired the inhabitants of this town with a similar spirit of refined urbanity, I am preparing, not without much regret, to take my departure. Willingly would I have lengthened my resi-

dence in a place where I have received acts of peculiar friendship from some, of kindness from many, and of politeness from every one; but the war, and the threatened invasion, offer reasons for returning home which to me are imperative. Little, indeed, do I believe in the probability of a successful descent; yet were the French to reach our shores, I should never forgive myself for having been absent at such a moment. These considerations force me to hasten away from a city where I should have wished to live at least as many months, if not as many years, as I have spent weeks. I shall carry away with me recollections which can never be effaced: and if the pleasures of memory are, to use the elegant words of Mr. Rogers,

> "The pleasures most we feel when most alone,
> The only pleasures we can call our own,"

I shall owe to Vienna a stock of independent happiness which will cheer the hours of solitude, and enliven, should it be my fate to reach an advanced period of life, the gloom of "narrative old age."

That I have not written to you before, has been owing to two reasons. In the first place, my hours in the morning have been so completely filled with interesting objects of curio-

sity, and my evenings with a succession of hospitable entertainments, that I have had scarce time enough to mark down in my journal the heads of what I have seen, and the names of those from whose kindness I have derived the most refined enjoyments of convivial life. In the next, I thought it better to postpone giving any opinion on the state of society and manners in this city, till my stay had been sufficiently long to enable me to speak, not only from the authority of persons on whose judgement I could depend, but also from that of my own observation and experience. I shall, therefore, instead of giving you detached views, present the whole sketch, rough and imperfect as it is, in three letters; the first of which I shall appropriate to the buildings, libraries, theatres, public walks, hospitals, collections of paintings, palaces, and other curiosities of the same kind. The second will speak of the court, the emperor, and the empress; of the ministers, and their mode of living; of the nobility, and the distinctions which separate one class of that body from another; of the foreign ministers, and more particularly of the British envoy; and of society and manners in general. The subjects of the third will be, the archduke Charles, and the other members of the house of Austria; the public opinion here, as far as it

has been possible for me to collect it; the effects of French influence; and whatever other miscellaneous information I have been able to acquire on those points about which I suppose that either you or your friends may feel anxious for intelligence.

Vienna is by no means remarkable for the regularity of its streets, for the style of architecture in which the public and private buildings are constructed, or for the extent of its limits. A stranger, on his first arrival, is indeed somewhat disappointed. The streets are narrow; the town is scarcely as large as Bath or Bristol; and there is no place or square of spacious dimensions. On a nearer and more particular examination, it is discovered, that if the city (properly so called) be not equal to the expectation which its name creates, the suburbs make amends for the defect, and may justly be called magnificent. In walking round the ramparts, which surround the whole town, many splendid mansions are perceived, which are only properly seen from that point; and over the bridge by which the Danube is crossed a promenade presents itself superior to any which either London or Paris can boast.

I shall begin with speaking of the Prater, as that beautiful forest, forming the principal source of amusement to the inhabitants of Vienna, and exciting the admiration of strangers,

certainly constitutes the most striking object which this city or its environs afford.

The emperor Joseph II., to whom, after seeing the innumerable marks of his beneficence, I shall not hesitate to give the title of a patriot sovereign, bestowed this ground on the public, and appropriated it to the general use of his subjects. It was represented to him by his ministers, that persons of rank might take offence at this order, and that hackney-coaches ought to be excluded. His majesty indignantly repelled the objection, and remarked, that if he neither felt himself hurt nor degraded by having his carriage followed or preceded by the hired vehicles of his lowest subjects, the nobles, who were with regard to him as much inferior as the populace were to them, might suffer without complaining what he saw with pleasure.—In consequence of this generous resolution, the gates of the Prater (which till then had been shut to all except the hunting parties of the court) were thrown open to the people at large; and the humblest as well as the proudest citizens of Vienna soon found in this delightful spot a constant source of innocent recreation.

Forming a little island in the Danube, distant not more than half an English mile from the gates of the town, the Prater is approached by a bridge and a wide road, on each side of

which are built handsome edifices. The park itself is of extensive dimensions, and divided into wide and regular alleys formed of ancient and lofty trees. The centre of the principal mall (a mile at least in length, and of corresponding breadth) is reserved for carriages, many of which are splendid and drawn by four horses; while the emperor, whose admirable simplicity cannot be too much commended, condescends very frequently to join in the promenade, but without guards, attendants, or precedence. All the branches of the imperial family follow the example of their illustrious chief: and the only method of distinguishing their equipages from those of others, is to remark the six grey horses by which they are drawn: and even these are fixed to the carriage with cord, while many of the nobles have theirs splendidly caparisoned.

Persons on horseback occupy the space on one side of this magnificent mall; and that on the other, shaded by the boughs of venerable oaks, affords a delightful walk for pedestrians. A little further back stand coffeehouses and taverns, where ice, lemonade, tea, and other refreshments, may be had. Chairs and tables are placed under the trees, for those who choose to rest in the open air; and summer-houses are scattered about for others who may prefer such retreats. There are also billiard-rooms, a pa-

norama, and other places of amusement, in the great walk.—In the more retired parts are places calculated for the reception of the lower classes of the people, where beer of various kinds is sold; and near which are swings, roundabouts, and other means of entertainment suited to their taste. Nor are these indulgences attended by any bad effects. The Austrians are so orderly in their conduct, that I never witnessed the least riot or disorder, notwithstanding the immense crowds which flock hither in fine weather,—particularly on a Sunday, when the Prater presents one of the most splendid and most pleasing sights which the eye can behold or the fancy imagine.

About five o'clock in the afternoon the promenade begins; and I have repeatedly seen at this hour a long string of handsome carriages, filled with beautiful women and well-dressed men, drawn seldom by less than four and frequently by six horses, and often attended by several outriders. Equestrians of both sexes are numerous; besides persons on foot of every description; all of whom are decently and many elegantly clad: while in the houses of refreshment, and on the chairs before them, are seated lively parties eating ice and talking over the occurrences of the day.

Such is the appearance of the principal mall. I have sometimes, after amusing myself there,

struck out of the great walk, and, turning into the more retired parts, witnessed a different yet equally interesting scene. I have there found the hearty, plainly-dressed, athletic tradesmen of Vienna, accompanied by their wives and children, as happy as good cheer, good air, and the enjoyment of their favorite sports, could make them. The elder branches of these family parties smoke and drink beer; while the younger, mounted on rocking-horses or roundabouts (which form a principal diversion of the populace of this country), find an innocent, if not a very rational, source of pleasure. In short, at one and the same time, within the same precincts, all ranks and descriptions of persons appear pleased and contented in their different ways.

Such is the Prater, one of the many blessings which the Viennese owe to the philanthropic Joseph the Second.

I saw lately a very splendid exhibition of fireworks displayed in this forest to an immense crowd of spectators, many of whom were seated in a temporary amphitheatre built for the purpose, into which they were admitted by tickets. Those who were either unable or unwilling to pay for these, stood in carts, or on the top of carriages. The evening was calm, and the fireworks uncommonly brilliant; but the sight owed much of its

beauty to the vast concourse of people; the faces of whom, as the light shone on them from the bursting of rockets, were distinctly seen. Notwithstanding the multitude assembled on this occasion, no accident of any kind interrupted the pleasure of the *fête*.

The principal church or cathedral of Vienna, whither I shall next lead you, is a venerable pile of Gothic architecture; and its steeple is of immense height: but though this edifice is both ancient and curious, I do not think it necessary, after the many superior buildings of the kind which I have seen and described, to enter into a detailed account.

The Imperial Palace, which adjoins the ramparts, is a large but not very handsome building. It consists of a square court, containing, besides the apartments of the emperor and his family, several public offices, a theatre, a library, a museum, a treasury, &c.

The rooms appropriated to the private use of his majesty are so small, and altogether so insignificant, as to deserve no notice whatever.

The theatre, called from its local situation the Opera-house of the Court, is neither a very spacious nor a very elegant edifice. The performers who act here are said to possess considerable merit: and on this stage I saw acted, a few evenings since, a German play by

Kotzebüe, which was universally and warmly applauded by a numerous and respectable audience. The ballet was interesting: founded on the story of a young female, who, having been deserted in her infancy by her parents, was, like the Savage of Aveyron (whom I saw at Paris), brought up by the hand of Nature. Del Caro represented the principal character with much *naïveté*. Angelica, the second dancer, is much admired for her beauty, but is not particularly graceful.

The imperial library, a splendid establishment, is open for the use of the public every day from nine till twelve o'clock. It is generally so filled with students as to render it difficult to find a seat. The collection of books and manuscripts is esteemed the most valuable in Europe, since the library of the Vatican was ransacked by the French commissioners; and the hall which contains these literary treasures is a beautiful room, the floors and pillars of which are of marble. The library is reputed to include in its catalogue three hundred thousand printed volumes and twelve thousand manuscripts. Among the latter I was shown by the librarian, who was particularly civil, a Mexican map, a map made in the time of the emperor Theodosius, and an original *senatus consultum* referred to by Livy. It is rather a singular circumstance that this decree, passed by the

Roman senate, was directed against a club or association suspected in those days of a species of offence nearly resembling that which has in our times received the branded name of *Jacobinism.* The next curiosity shown me was a copy of the first book ever printed. There are, it appears, but five copies of this impression now extant, one of which is in the possession of our king. The paper and type of that which I saw, are beautiful.—A room attached to the library is entirely filled with editions printed in the fifteenth century.

The imperial museum, or collection of minerals and precious stones, is shown every Tuesday to those who are desirous of seeing it; and the whole is explained with great clearness and accuracy by a person who is both a gentleman and a scholar. I saw there a vast assortment of minerals, and marble and precious stones of various kinds, color, and shape. There is amongst them the largest opal in the world, weighing thirty-four loths. There is also a collection of Florentine mosaic work, including four views of the town and port of Leghorn. We likewise saw some elastic marble, from Carrara in Italy; and the fragment of a piece of the same kind found in Germany, above two feet long. I cannot conclude my account of the museum without commending the liberality of his imperial majesty, who, for

the convenience of the public, gives an ample salary to the professor entrusted to explain its contents, by which means visitors are exonerated from offering, and this gentleman is saved the painful necessity of receiving, any fee or pecuniary remuneration whatever.

The imperial cabinet of antiquities, engraved stones, and medals, was also shown us, by two gentlemen whose office it is to take charge of these curiosities. Of the antiquities I shall say nothing, having seen many things in Italy superior to those which are here assembled; but of the medals and engraved stones it is but justice to remark that they are unrivaled.—We first saw an immense number of modern medals, among which were several rare Russian, and some Danish (particularly one descriptive of a victory over the Swedes); some pieces of English money coined in the time of Cromwell; a gold and a silver pound which had belonged to the unfortunate Charles I.; a piece of money struck by the Pretender, bearing the title of Charles III.; and one by the half-starved king of Corsica, who afterwards died in a British prison.—After viewing these, we were conducted into another room, filled with ancient medals, rings, and precious stones. —The cameos occupy an adjoining chamber. After seeing several of great beauty, admirable in color and exquisite in workmanship, but of

moderate size, we remarked some infinitely larger than any I ever saw before. On these, historical scenes are represented; such, for instance, as the deification of Augustus, in which twenty or thirty figures appear, all cut with the greatest nicety, and presenting a vast variety of diversified color. In some both sides were engraved, each forming a perfect cameo.

I forgot to mention, that I saw in the cabinet a curious ancient gold chain, supposed to have been used as a badge of office, which was found in the imperial province of Stiria. From it are suspended figures emblematical of agriculture, war, and naval services.

This collection is certainly unique: and such treasures may be considered as the best kind of luxury in which a great monarch can indulge; while they afford the most honorable testimonies of his taste, his dignity, and his wealth.

I shall next speak of the cabinet containing the treasures of the crown, which the public are allowed to see on particular days. They consist of some curious pieces of mechanism, of a superb crown, and a multitude of very fine diamonds, pearls, and other stones of great value. A lady would descant for hours on the variety and richness of the objects here collected; but as I have no taste for such subjects, you will allow me to sum the whole up in a few words: I believe the treasures of his imperial majesty are

as splendid as his high rank may lead one to expect.

The imperial arsenal is one of the sights usually visited by strangers. It contains several rooms, filled with arms of all sorts. I was shown here military ensigns and colors taken from the enemy, which are suspended in memory of victories gained by the house of Austria. Among them I perceived some belonging to the French, Cisalpine, Helvetic, and Ligurian republics.

While mentioning the principal public buildings and curiosities of Vienna, I must not forget the Belvedere, a palace formerly inhabited by the celebrated prince Eugene, and now appropriated to the imperial collection of pictures. The house itself is magnificent; and the situation is so favorable as to command from the windows a view of the town, the Danube, and the suburbs.—The pictures are divided into schools. The Italian school contains some excellent works by the first masters; and among them, several by Paul Veronese, Titian, Raphael, Guido, Giulio Romano, &c. One room is entirely filled with large pictures by Rubens, taken from the churches and convents which were suppressed by Joseph II. There is also a chamber filled with pictures by the Caracci: some by Agostino are of a nature to require the

decent shade of a silk curtain. The Flemish school contains various pieces by the most admired masters. The German school is also extensive, and possesses some charming pictures by Albert Durer, Holbein, and others.

I am sorry that I cannot give you a detailed account of the pictures in this collection: but you know I am not connoisseur enough to discover the name of every artist by his work; and though there was a catalogue, it was drawn up in German, a language of which, unfortunately, I am entirely ignorant. I can only say, that the Belvedere possesses a most precious and valuable assemblage of originals, and well deserves the attention of those who have a taste for the fine arts.

The Capuchin convent, situated in the vicinity of the imperial palace, is remarkable as the place where all the emperors are buried. The remains of those who died previously to the commencement of the last century, are preserved in marble coffins; and those of such as have paid the debt of nature since that time, are enclosed in copper ones—both deposited in a subterraneous chapel. In the tombs themselves there is nothing deserving notice, if we except the mausoleum of Maria Theresa, which has some decorations: yet the names of the illustrious personages whose relics are here

collected, excite no little attention, and are calculated to create reflexions at once awful and instructive. Sovereigns, heroes, and conquerors, who formerly filled the most distinguished parts on the great theatre of public life, stripped of the ensigns of power, of glory, and of triumph, are in this mansion of death ranged side by side with undiscriminating regularity, and, no longer animated by an ambition that once spurned at the limits of the world, are here enclosed within the narrow compass of a tomb; while their once-revered persons, rapidly mouldering into decay, are now but hideous and offensive masses of corruption! Such is the lot of humanity! from which inevitable doom neither the splendor of rank, the charms of beauty, the applauses of fame, nor the dignity of virtue, can for an hour save the proudest, the fairest, the greatest, or the best of humankind.

Among the private houses of Vienna, the palace of the prince of Lichtenstein is much distinguished, and should be mentioned in the number of the ornaments of the town. A fine stone edifice, approached by a handsome court, contains a long suite of spacious rooms, decorated with excellent pictures; some of which are undoubtedly originals of the best masters. I was particularly pleased with the following:

six portraits of philosophers, by Spagnoletto; the Toilet of Venus, by Carlo Maratti; Venus and Cupid, by Corregio; St. Sebastian, by Titian; a Holy Family, by Raphael; the Chaste Susannah, by Simon Pesaro; a Holy Family, by Andrea del Sarto; the same subject, by Nicolas Poussin; two Holy Families, by Paul Veronese; the Flagellation, by Bronzino; the Death of Leander, by Salvator Rosa; two Market Scenes, by Bassano; St. John, by Guido; Neptune, &c., by Giulio Romano; a Triton, by the same; two Landscapes, by Nic. Poussin; a Holy Family (in large), by Paul Veronese; the same subject, by Rembrandt; the Ascension (a large and valuable picture), by Rubens; a portrait of a Painter, by C. Scibolt; and the portrait of His Daughter, by the same. The former, seen through a glass, is so like nature as to make one start. Every wrinkle and every hair on the face is distinctly marked.

There are two or three rooms filled with Flemish and Dutch pictures; and amongst them, some by David Teniers, Vanderveldt, &c. There are here also, besides a Madonna by Vandyck, several portraits by that admirable painter; also portraits of the sons of Rubens, by Rubens; and several pictures by the same, the subject of which is the history of Decius.

This palace is truly splendid in every part.

In addition to the public institutions which I have already named, there is an imperial collection of natural history, which deserves mention, and which is open for inspection every Wednesday. The ground floor contains a numerous assortment of stuffed quadrupeds of all kinds; among which I perceived a giraffe, or camelopardus, from Africa, which is said to be thirty feet high. The rooms above are filled with stuffed birds of every description. There is also a small collection of various kinds of preserved fishes. A chamber is appropriated to mechanical curiosities, models, and new inventions; none of which appeared to be either very ingenious or very interesting. I smiled at seeing among the valuable things collected here an English Bath-stove, such as is used in every parlour in London. My guide assured me it was a present to the emperor from his Britannic majesty.

The porcelain manufactory is another imperial and royal establishment, which I failed not to visit. I was shown several services, many of which were beautifully painted and brilliantly gilt. This china, though handsome, is certainly inferior to that which is made at Séve, of which I have spoken in my account of Paris*. The price of every article is marked

* *Vide* "Rough Sketch of Paris."

upon each; and I was surprised to find how very expensive is this kind of luxury. A guinea, two guineas, and even three, were often asked for a single plate. Four or five hundred pounds are demanded for an inferior service of this manufacture; while many are valued at a thousand, and some at double that sum.

The suburb of Josephstad was principally built by the patriotic emperor whose name it bears, and is filled with monuments of his philanthropic character and generous wish to relieve the sufferings and wants of his fellow-creatures. I spent two days in examining these humane establishments, and shall mention them in the order in which they were seen.

A fine building is appropriated to the anatomical collection, which is an exact counterpart of the one I saw at Florence formed by the abbé Fontana, who also gave the drawings for the models here assembled. Besides wax representations, in whole and in parts, of the human frame, and of all the vessels and arteries, there are figures descriptive of peculiar disorders, of monsters and other *lusus naturæ*. Several chambers are filled with these precious means of useful instruction: in addition to which, there is a handsome theatre, where lectures are regularly given on chirurgery; and another filled with instruments of all sorts, in

which the professor of midwifery teaches that science. The rooms above are filled with female figures, made in wax, representing different stages of pregnancy. These I was prevented from seeing, as the models were at that moment undergoing some repairs and alterations, — a circumstance which rendered it necessary to exclude the public from the sight of this part of the establishment.

In walking through the rooms already described, which were crowded with spectators, I could not help remarking with disgust the conduct of some Austrian females, who looked on the most exposed objects without a blush, were extremely curious in their inquiries, and received very ample satisfaction without being either offended at the explanation or at the terms in which it was conveyed. Happily, in England, our ladies have a different idea of propriety; and, conscious that the greatest ornament which a woman can possess is a refined sense of delicacy, would as unwillingly listen to a lecture on the formation of the human body, as to the indecent remarks of a drunken libertine. On the continent, no such feeling characteristic of the sex exists; and women both hear and discuss at large subjects which in our country it would be a breach of decorum to mention in their presence.

From the anatomical school I was led to the

civil hospital. This is a vast building, filled with several apartments detached from each other. One is occupied by such persons as are able to pay ten *krutzers* (equal to about fourpence English) *per diem*. They are lodged in large rooms, are well fed, attended by the best medical advisers, and supplied with the medicines which they require. I walked through several of the wards, and found them uncommonly clean and comfortable. Not less than ten, nor more than twenty, patients occupy one room; but the chambers are so large and airy, that no inconvenience can arise from the number of persons. Those who cannot afford to pay the moderate sum already mentioned, can gain admittance, and experience the same treatment as the others, on making oath before the curate of the place where they reside of their inability to pay the stipulated fee. In such cases the expenses of the hospital are defrayed by the parish of the pauper.

Another part of the building is appropriated to the use of persons in more easy circumstances. Of those who can afford to pay one florin (or two English shillings) *per diem* for their board and treatment, each occupies a separate room, clean, neat, and airy; to which is attached a small antechamber, where a male attendant (*un gardien*) sits, exclusively devoted to the care of the patient.

There is also a separate establishment, or distinct hospital, for the clerks of merchants and tradesmen, supported by the commercial interest at Vienna; in which the invalids seem to live not only with comfort, but even with every kind of luxury of which their respective situations will admit. I saw one of the chambers where they sleep, fitted up with several neat beds; each of which has white curtains, besides other comforts. In the centre is a little chapel, where mass is occasionally said. They have also a drawing-room, in which those who are well enough to leave their beds take their dinner. I found there a party at table. The appearance of the persons was respectable; and they seemed to converse with each other rather as friends at a private house than as patients at an hospital.

In a detached part of the building there is a ward for persons dangerously ill with contagious and unusual complaints; on the latter of whom experiments are tried. In a room belonging to this branch of the establishment, Dr. Frank, the principal physician, a very learned and very ingenious man, is beginning to form a collection of *fœtuses* and other anatomical curiosities.

There is also a portion of this hospital allotted to persons infected with a disease not often made one of the objects of a public cha-

rity. The ward below is occupied by men, and that above by women.

This great building consists of several courts; and in each is a chapel, so constructed that the sick may hear mass from the windows of their respective apartments.

The tower, forming an asylum for lunatics, is a circular building of considerable height, divided into several floors. In the one below are placed those who are not mischievously mad; several of whom are employed in different kinds of work. In the floor next above this, such are lodged as can afford to pay one florin a day; and among them were pointed out to me some persons who had been generals, colonels, members of the chancery, counts, &c.

The rooms immediately above those which I have just named, are solely appropriated to females of rank afflicted with this dreadful calamity. I was here shown an unhappy lady, who believed herself to be the queen of England; another, who declared she was the empress, and called aloud for the obedience of her subjects: and a third, driven mad by jealousy, showed in the deranged features of her countenance all the agonising feelings of that peace-destroying passion. I was particularly struck with the interesting appearance of a young woman, who even on her bed of madness was still lovely.

I learned that she was the daughter of a man of high rank, and was the victim of the execrable prejudices of her parents. She became, it seems, enamoured of a person of her own age, of respectable fortune and acknowledged reputation; but, as he could not produce the proofs of sixteen untarnished quarters, his suit was contumeliously rejected by the haughty noble her father, who thus from motives of pride reduced his only child to the lowest state of suffering humanity! What heart could see unmoved the emaciated form and wild despair which was written in the looks of the unhappy girl? who could refuse a tear of pity to the fate of the innocent creature? and who could reflect on the miserable vanity of her family, without feeling the utmost horror, contempt, and indignation?

The next floor is filled with females of inferior rank suffering under similar maladies; and the following is appropriated to persons incurably mad; many of whom are so outrageous in their conduct, that an iron door is alone able to keep them within their respective cells. I will not wound your feelings by describing the hideous figures which presented themselves on all sides.

The highest floor of all is devoted to the use of those who are so very ungovernable that not only it is necessary to lock the doors of their

apartments, but likewise to chain them to the ground. Their bed also is necessarily of straw, as they destroy every thing which comes near them. Never shall I forget the horrid objects which I saw in this lamentable condition; among whom, two French emigrants, confined in one room, particularly attracted my notice: melancholy and despair were painted in glaring colors in every look and every motion of these unhappy men.

The whole of this establishment seems managed with great care and extreme decency. There is a kind of antechamber to each floor, where the keepers sit, and through which the patients must pass if they wish to go up or down stairs. In the higher apartments some bad smells prevailed; but this inconvenience must be allowed to be unavoidable, if we consider the dreadful state of the wretched maniacs who occupy that part of the house.—At the top of the building is an observatory, whence I saw Vienna and the surrounding country to great advantage.

The military hospital immediately joins the civil, from which it is only separated by a wooden partition. It consists of several vast courts filled with wards, in which the same cleanliness and admirable arrangement prevail. The soldiers dress their own food, in a large and commodious kitchen, which I also visited.

—There is likewise a ward in which the pregnant wives of soldiers are delivered, at the public expense. Their children are also supported by the government, till old enough to carry arms, when in their turn they become soldiers.

After viewing every part of this establishment, I visited the lying-in hospital, which adjoins the merchants' hospital, which I had before occasion to mention. The object of this humane institution is to prevent unhappy females, the victims of seduction, from delivering themselves and destroying their wretched offspring. Here, any pregnant woman, if by her own means or by those of her lover she can pay ten krutzers a day, is taken care of, kept in a clean neat ward, well fed, and attended by able midwives. Those who cannot pay the stipulated sum are equally received; but when so circumstanced, they must permit the young and inexperienced surgeons to attend them in their delivery.

I walked through the rooms in which these women are lodged. They are large, clean, neat, and airy. Each has a separate bed, and a small one near it for the use of her child. There is a room solely occupied by those who have not yet been delivered, but whose state of pregnancy is so far advanced as to render their appearance in public improper.

When the child is born, if either of the pa-

rents can pay a few krutzers a day for its maintenance, the mother is permitted to devote exclusively her care and her milk to the support of her own offspring; and on her recovery, to take it away. Those, on the contrary, who cannot find the means of contributing the settled quota of expense, must, after suckling their children for a given time, become the nurse-tenders of those infants who have lost their mothers in child-birth, while their own are sent to the establishment of the foundling hospital (which I shall hereafter have occasion to mention), and where they are brought up at the expense of the public.

There is likewise a part of the building appropriated to females capable of paying one florin a day. Each of these enjoys the comfort of a separate apartment. I was not permitted to see their rooms, as they were at dinner,—each having her meal brought to her in her own chamber.

I next went to the foundling hospital, which, though a different building, is in the same suburb, and owes its origin to the same munificent founder. A very respectable man politely showed and explained every thing which I wished to see or hear relating to this establishment. Any child left at the gate of the house is received without question or inquiry, and, together with those infants who are

born in the hospital, and whose parents cannot afford the means of supporting them, is brought up with the greatest tenderness and care. Till they attain the age of one year the infants are kept in this building, and nursed by the women whom I before mentioned as required to perform this duty after weaning their own children. They are next sent into the country, and braced by a purer air than a great city can afford, in buildings erected for the purpose. When old enough, they are allowed to choose a trade or profession. If they fail in their first attempt, they are again received into this establishment, which they are taught to consider as their home; and when a second favorable opportunity occurs, are placed in some other line.

Any body may at pleasure adopt one of these children; but, before he is allowed to take the infant away, he is compelled to bind himself, by sufficient securities, to provide for the future maintenance of him whom he has thus selected.

I learned with much pleasure that the vaccine inoculation is already introduced into this establishment. I was shown a fine healthy little boy who was just brought to town to undergo the operation. I find it has uniformly succeeded: and various trials have been made,—such as allowing a child who had been vaccined

to sleep with two of his little companions in the most dangerous state of the small-pox. This experiment has been repeatedly made, and always with success.

After so long an account of the humane establishments of this suburb, all of which were founded and endowed by Joseph II., I am sure you will agree with me, that that monarch, however enthusiastic he may have been in some of his schemes for improving the state of his fellow-creatures, amply deserved, from the goodness of his intentions, the title which he was fond of assuming,—I mean, that of "the friend of his species." That philanthropic sovereign justly considered, that he who wishes to soften the lot of humanity ought not only to provide against those calamities to which the lower orders are particularly subject, but should also endeavour to throw into the cup of adversity some of those little sweetners of care which innocent recreation affords, and which are seldom tasted by those on whom Fortune has not smiled. With this view he gave to the public some of the most beautiful grounds in the environs of the capital, and arranged them in such a manner that they should afford amusements suited to the taste and circumstances of all classes of his subjects. Of the Prater, that inestimable source of pleasure to the inhabitants of Vienna, I have al-

ready spoken: the Augarten, formerly an imperial palace, was in the same manner devoted by this patriotic monarch to the use of the people. It consists of a spacious mansion and large garden. The gravel walks of the latter, shaded by lofty trees, afford a delightful promenade; and the former is inhabited by a *traiteur**, who is allowed to live rent free, that he may be enabled to supply the public with refreshments at a cheaper rate: while the grounds are at all times open to those who choose to loiter in this charming retreat. The Augarten stands in a suburb something less than a mile from the gates of Vienna, and in a very pleasant situation.

It is customary for persons of all ranks to take advantage of the munificence of Joseph II.: and this place, like the Prater, is frequented indifferently by the archdukes, the nobles, the tradesmen, and the lowest mechanics. The character of the Austrians is so very orderly, and they are so accustomed to live in separate

* I use the French word, because we have none in English exactly corresponding to the same meaning. It means a person who keeps a public kitchen, and supplies dinners at home and abroad, either by the dish, or for a given sum per head. He differs in this respect from a tavern-keeper, or master of a coffeehouse, that, though he sells wine, and often supplies his customers with all sorts of liquor, no one is expected to call for that article unless he chooses it,---the proper business and profits of a *traiteur* arising from his kitchen.

societies, that this indiscriminate liberty by no means produces the least confusion or improper familiarity. Parties are formed to breakfast at the Augarten; and each little set keeps within its own circle, without interrupting or being interrupted by the amusement of the others. There is one large room in the house, with windows opening on the garden, which, in the manner of coffeehouses in London, or the *traiteurs'* saloons at Paris, is fitted up with several small tables, for those who choose to dine there; and from two till five in the afternoon it is thronged with company. There are also small chambers, for those who wish to be retired; besides chairs and tables for such as prefer the open air. A bill of fare, on which the price is affixed to the name of each article, is handed to every person who wishes to partake of the refreshments that the place affords: so that all may regulate their dinner, not only by their taste, but likewise by the state of their finances. At the usual hour of dinner a band of music plays, either in the garden or in the great room, and contributes to render an entertainment here still more agreeable.

Regular concerts are sometimes given here, and at hours which would alarm the fine ladies of London; for you will scarcely believe me when I add, that I attended one of these assemblies, two days since, at six o'clock in the morn-

ing, and found collected many persons of both sexes, and of the highest rank. As the weather was fine, nothing could be prettier, or more singular to an English eye, than the *promenade* and breakfast in the garden; which took place as soon as the concert in the house was over. The freshness of the air, the beauty of the grounds, and the numerous parties seated under the trees, produced a complete *fête champêtre*. Nor is this early scene of gaiety confined to particular occasions of this kind: I have often strolled to the Augarten in the morning, and have always found persons of various classes taking their tea, their coffee, or their chocolate, in the open air. The price for a meal of this sort is so very moderate, that it is rather an act of economy than of extravagance to breakfast here.

I never came hither without reflecting on the happy effects of this minor humanity (if I may be permitted to use such an expression) in Joseph II. His successors have, by his donation to the public, only lost a palace which probably they would never have inhabited; while in its present destination every inhabitant of Vienna finds in it the source of innocent pleasure, and has reason to bless the memory of the monarch by whose munificence he enjoys it.

The imperial palace of Schoenbrunn, distant between five and six English miles from Vienna,

is occupied by the younger branches of the house of Austria; but as it forms one of the favorite promenades of the citizens of Vienna, and as those who visit it enjoy peculiar conveniences from the arrangements of Joseph II., I shall mention this place among the sources of pleasure derived from the bounty of that sovereign. The palace is a large and handsome edifice, standing in an extensive garden kept in good order and containing long alleys formed by shady trees. Having traversed the gravel walks, I was led to the *ménagerie* of wild and rare animals. The assemblage is not very great,—having only been formed three years. There are several specimens of *lusus naturæ;* among which I remarked two sheep (a male and a female), each of which has five legs,—the fifth hanging on the back of the neck. The animals have bred, but their offspring has not this singularity. A cow with three legs, and a dog with the same number, also drew our notice. Besides these, I saw two large elephants, several tigers, wolves, &c.

From the *ménagerie* I went to the botanical garden. Here I found a long succession of hothouses; the atmosphere of which being kept at a degree of heat equal to that which prevails in hot countries, enables his imperial majesty to collect here both the plants and the birds of a more temperate sky. All sorts of Asiatic

and American trees are brought to maturity in this artificial air; and on their boughs I saw perched parrots, and many rare birds, the plumage of which was rich and variegated. The effect of this arrangement was uncommonly pretty and novel. I do not remember to have seen, either in England or France, such a plan adopted: yet it is evident, that, whenever an atmosphere can be created sufficiently favorable for the growth of plants which are peculiar to a southern climate, the same means will produce animals whose nature requires an equal degree of warmth.

At the extremity of the garden of Schoenbrunn stands, on an eminence fronting the palace, a *belvéder;* whence there is an extensive prospect, including the city of Vienna. I cannot however add, that the surrounding country is either rich or beautiful.

After wandering about these grounds, which are laid out entirely in the French manner, we adjourned to an apartment on the lower floor of the palace, which, according to a plan of Joseph II., is inhabited by a *traiteur.* He is allowed to live rent free, on condition of supplying the persons who visit this place with dinner at a moderate rate. Besides a large room, forming a general coffeehouse for this purpose, there are several small cabinets for detached parties. In one of these we sat down to a very

sumptuous entertainment, for which we were charged only three florins a head.

In returning to town, we met on the road, and at the gates of Vienna, large carts with suspended seats. On inquiry, we found that these conveyances also were an imperial contrivance, for the purpose of promoting the pleasure of the lower ranks; who are carried in this manner from Vienna to Schoenbrunn, and thence home again, for a few pence. I hear that on a Sunday several of these stage-waggons are filled with passengers, who thus, at an expense within the reach of the poorest mechanics, enjoy the variety and the healthy effects of a country expedition.—I am happy to be able to add, that the amiable monarch now on the throne was the author of this plan. By way of encouraging the use of such carriages, and obviating the suggestions of mistaken pride, Francis II. and his empress condescended to go themselves in one of these humble vehicles from Vienna to Schoenbrunn.

After mentioning the humane establishments of the emperor Joseph, and the examples first set by him and since so meritoriously pursued by his illustrious successors, I cannot help adding a little anecdote characteristic of that extraordinary man; which I relate on the authority of a learned man and an excellent physician still living, whose merit was first dis-

covered by the humane monarch of whom it is told.—

Joseph it seems was in the habit of wandering *incognito* about the streets of his capital,—not, like our Henry the Eighth, that he might be a spy on the actions of his ministers and officers, but for the nobler purposes of studying the real character of his subjects, learning their wishes, and relieving their wants. In one of these philanthropic expeditions, as he walked along, wrapped up in a great-coat, he found himself pursued by a little boy, who with a tone of importunity begged for two thalers (about ten shillings English). The emperor, attributing to impertinence this singular demand of a sum greatly exceeding what is usually given to beggars, pushed his petitioner away, and continued his route. Still he found himself followed by the child, who continued to repeat, "In God's name give me two thalers." The emperor now suspected that there must be something extraordinary in the history of this boy. "You ask me," said Joseph, "for two thalers: what can you want with so much money?"—"Alas, sir!" rejoined the little beggar, "my poor mother is dying, and the apothecary says he will neither give his advice nor his medicine till she pays him two thalers. She has been sick, very sick, for some months. I have hitherto supported her by cleaning shoes and

running errands; but two thalers all at once I never can earn. In mercy give me the money: my mother is so good I cannot bear to see her die!" — "Lead me this instant," cried Joseph, "to your lodging. If your story be true, your mother shall be relieved: but recollect, that, if you have deceived me, I will find the means of punishing you as you deserve."—"Indeed, sir, what I say is true," continued the boy; "but our lodging is far off, and not fit for a gentleman to enter."—"No matter: lead on."

The disguised emperor followed his little petitioner, through lanes and corners, into an obscure alley: then ascending a staircase, he was taken into a room at the top of the house; where, on a miserable bed, lay an infirm old woman, apparently in a state of severe illness. Joseph, ordering the child to be silent, approached his mother; who, taking him for the long-expected apothecary, exclaimed, "Oh, sir, are you come at last? It was very cruel of you to refuse visiting me. You know I paid you while I could get any money by selling what little furniture I possessed; but indeed I could get no more. How my poor boy has procured the two thalers I cannot conceive. But feel my pulse, and send me some relief, for I have suffered much since I saw you."

The emperor took the outstretched hand, and, readily adopting the character of the per-

son for whom he was taken, inquired into the disorder of the sick woman, and answered all her questions. Having fully satisfied himself of the truth of the story told by the boy, he requested a pen and ink. A broken inkhorn and worn-out pen, with a scrap of paper, was taken from the top of the bedstead. With these implements the emperor wrote as follows:

"My treasurer is ordered to pay one thousand florins to the bearer: and the apothecary is commanded to come to the palace to-morrow morning at ten o'clock.

"JOSEPH."

"Take this, my good boy," added his majesty: "give it to the apothecary, and then go to the house of count ——. Your mother will get every thing she wants." So saying, he wrapped himself up in his cloak and disappeared.

The little fellow suspected that the gentleman whom he had brought to his mother's house must, from his questions, and from his writing, be a physician. He ran therefore with the supposed prescription to the apothecary; but as he had not received the two thalers, he entertained but little hope of obtaining the ordered medicine. The apothecary no sooner read the paper, and saw the signature of the emperor, than he exclaimed in agony, "I am ruined! I am undone!" He no longer refused to attend the unhappy woman; but when he arrived, he found the physician of the court al-

ready there. On the following morning Joseph himself reprimanded the unfeeling man; and declared at the same time, that he would condemn to perpetual banishment any medical man within his dominions who should refuse, on the first summons, to attend a sick person, whether able or not able to pay the customary fees.

The poor woman was restored to health and comfortably provided for, and the boy, whose filial affection proved how well he deserved a better fate, was first educated at the expense of the humane emperor, and afterwards placed in a respectable situation about the court of his benefactor.

To this anecdote I will add another, relating to him and to the present emperor.—Francis the Second was brought up under the particular instructions of his uncle Joseph. Among other objects to which he wished to draw the attention of his illustrious pupil, he led him into an hospital while some chirurgical operations were performing. Francis, whose heart from infancy has been keenly alive to the tenderest feelings, drew back involuntarily when he heard the screams of the agonised patients. Joseph seized hold of his arm; and, pushing him forward, exclaimed, with a voice of thunder, "Coward! are you afraid to see what others suffer? If you cannot bear the sight of

pain, how would you endure it?—Follow me, and learn a lesson of humanity."

Among the many philanthropic establishments at Vienna, the institution for the instruction of the deaf and dumb ought not to be forgotten. I went thither a few days' since; and the manager was so obliging as to explain to me the principles on which his plan of education is founded. For this purpose he called together fifteen or twenty of his pupils, whom he examined in my presence. There are persons of all ranks at this seminary. Those whose parents can afford the means, have their expenses defrayed by them; and the poorer scholars are paid for by the emperor.

By the system here pursued, children born deaf and dumb are taught not only to write, and to calculate with the greatest accuracy, but also to speak,—that is to say, by imitating certain motions of the lips, the mouth, and the tongue of their instructor, to produce any sound which he wishes. I heard them in this manner articulate vowels, consonants, words, syllables, and sentences. They know the name of every thing, and pronounce it, on seeing the article, or the sign made for the same by their master. They all appear lively, gay, and happy.—I had occasion, in my account of Paris *,

* *Vide* "Rough Sketch of Paris."

to commend the humane establishment of this kind originally founded in that city by the abbé L'Epée, and since so admirably supported by his successor, the abbé Sicard. The institution at Vienna seems to have extended the beneficial effects of this wonderful discovery.

The manager mentioned to me a very singular circumstance, which, if true, increases the advantages which suffering humanity receives from such establishments. Dr. Gall, the celebrated physician, has, he assures me, after the experience of some years, ascertained this curious fact, that children born deaf and dumb, and afflicted with pulmonary complaints, recover their health in acquiring the power of speech. Hence it should seem that this gift is not less necessary to the constitutional strength than to the happiness of man.

From the number of persons at this school, and the much greater at that at Paris, I am led to conjecture that the misfortune of being born deaf and dumb is a more frequent calamity on the continent than in England. I have not either time or opportunity for examining this question: nor do I know, supposing I am right in the hypothesis, to what cause it ought to be attributed. I only throw out the idea, for your future consideration. The fact seems corroborated by this circumstance, that, among the numberless public establishments in London,

We have but few for the instruction of the deaf and dumb, and those recently established. Had this infirmity been common in our country, we should certainly have long since had various asylums founded for the children of indigent persons born in this unhappy state.

I resume my subject.—Having visited most of the public buildings and hospitals at Vienna, I have since made excursions in the environs. One of the first of these led me to Luxembourg, about ten or twelve miles from town; where there is an imperial palace, the favorite residence of their present majesties; in which, at this season of the year, they spend the greater part of their time. The house is a plain white building, surrounded with a court-yard, in which are apartments, occupied by the attendants, and a little theatre, on the stage of which the emperor and empress, as well as the principal ministers, condescend to appear.—I cannot help mentioning a ridiculous circumstance which I hear once occurred while the court were taking this innocent recreation. In the middle of the last war an express arrived at Luxembourg with intelligence of great importance. At that instant count Cobenzel, the premier, was performing the part of a hero on this stage. The play was stopped; and his excellency, retiring behind the scenes, and still wearing the toga and casque of a Roman emperor, read

and answered a dispatch on which perhaps the fate of Europe at that moment depended.—I have not heard whether the performance, after this interruption, was resumed.

The grounds about the palace are extensive; but they are neither laid out with much taste nor kept in good order. Her majesty the empress has lately made a kind of pleasure-garden; in which, surrounded with artificial pieces of water, appears an antique castle, the apartments of which are fitted up with appropriate decorations: almost all the arms, household furniture, and other ornaments, are really ancient, and were taken from different buildings in various parts of Germany. There is a fine old colored window, which belonged to St. Stephen's church in Vienna. The castle is an exact model of such a one as a German baron formerly inhabited: it contains the tower, the judgement-room, the prison (and in it a wooden figure representing an unfortunate knight languishing in chains), the reception-chamber, the chapel, and the armoury. In the latter, the present emperor appears in full armour, in the act of knighting his eldest son; while all the rest of the imperial family are described as standing round him accoutred in the same manner.

After visiting the whole of this curious building, we went to see, in another part of the grounds, a little Prater, or miniature copy of

that beautiful promenade. All the means of amusement found in the original are here repeated on a smaller scale.

Le Château de Caprice, whither we were then taken, is a small building erected by the present empress; the ground floor of which contains a little kitchen, and a billiard room, the girandole of which represents a collection of balls and dice, while the feet of the table assume the shape of battledores and shuttlecocks, and the chairs that of cards. In an adjoining room are stuffed dogs, monkeys, birds, and other animals. A winding staircase, lighted by windows of painted glass, leads to the floor above; one of the rooms of which is papered entirely with printed music; and in another appears a good collection of English engravings.—The cellar, by way of reconciling contradictions, is at the top of the house; and besides casks of wine, contains several grotesque figures.

From this droll building we were led to the hermitage; where a wooden anchoret, moved by a spring, stepped forward with a venerable beard. His cell is filled with creaking chairs and other similar inventions.

Such are the favorite whims of her imperial majesty—whims rather too severely criticised by the phlegmatic Germans. They are at least

very innocent sources of amusement; and in executing them many hundred workmen gain their bread. Happy would it have been for the world, if princes in general had indulged in no passion more dangerous than this! How many nations would have escaped the yoke of slavery, and how much misery would have been saved to the world at large, if the sovereigns of the earth, instead of playing the deep game of ambition, at the stake of suffering humanity, had contented themselves with tracing out pigmy parks, building dwarf castles, and terrifying children with wooden sages!

In a detached part of the palace of Luxembourg we found a *traiteur's* house, on the same plan as that of Schoenbrunn; where we were served with dinner, and whither parties from Vienna often come to pass a day. Certainly in no part of the world have such pains been taken, by any government, to provide refreshments for its hungry subjects. The emperors probably know that the pleasure of eating and drinking forms no trifling ingredient in the happiness of a German.

One of the pleasantest spots in the environs of Vienna is Dornbach, a villa formerly belonging to general Lascy. After dining one day with our amiable friends count and countess P——, at their country-house near the gates of

the town, we proceeded in their company to see the beautiful park and garden which I have just named. On the summit of a lofty hill, commanding a fine and extensive view of the city of Vienna and great part of the kingdoms of Bohemia and Hungary, with the irregular windings of the river Danube, stands the *Hameau*,—that is to say, a little village; the cottages of which, though simply rustic in their exterior appearance, each contains a little drawing-room, a bedchamber, and a closet, an assortment of books, and every other possible convenience. Besides this range of distinct habitations, there is a general kitchen for the use of all, an icehouse, a dining-room, apartments for servants, &c. Each cottage is thatched, and perfectly plain on the outside; while the interior presents the model of elegance.

The last proprietor of Dornbach used to lend these houses to such friends as he invited to spend the summer with him; every one of whom thus enjoyed, while on the territory of his hospitable entertainer, the comforts of home, and the pleasures of retirement whenever he chose to seek them,—an admirable idea happily executed!

The grounds are extensive, and laid out with much taste. They possess an abundance of shade,

and are more in the English than the French style.

Dornbach, though secured by its situation from all interruption, is only four miles from the gates of Vienna.

Having thus given you an account of the principal buildings and grounds in and near Vienna, I shall add a few words about the theatres. That called the National Theatre, or Theatre of the Court, has been already named. On that stage, German plays, and occasionally Italian operas, are performed. The building is neither very handsome nor very extensive; but it is well lighted, and commonly frequented by the first families of Vienna.

At the Karntner Thor, or Kanador Theatre, which is small, dark, and ill lighted, the same actors perform as at the theatre of the court.

I cannot say I admire the favorite style of dancing in this country. It greatly resembles what is so much liked in Italy; and the agility of a performer is preferred to the most beautiful specimens of graceful motion. The "Little Devil" of Sadler's Wells would, in Italy or Germany, prove a dangerous rival to Vestris or Deshayes.

The theatre of Weden is situated in the suburbs, and has been but lately erected. It is a very elegant building, of a light and airy ap-

pearance. I saw there an entertainment called "Palmyra,"—a splendid kind of opera, in which there was much show and pageantry. It differed very little from what we call in England a pantomime.

At the National Theatre and at the Kanador Theatre, the nobility, the ministers, and the *corps diplomatique*, have usually boxes by the year. Of course the company is highly respectable.

I promised to divide my account of Vienna into three parts. I now conclude the first division; and remain, &c.

LETTER XXXVI.

Hospitality of the Austrians—Division of ranks among the nobility—The first class entirely separated from the second—Necessity of foreigners being presented at court—The emperor receives every body who chooses to see him, once a week—Anecdote relating to that custom—Ceremony of presentation to the emperor—Gracious manner and conversation of his imperial majesty—The emperor stays in his cabinet from six in the morning till night every Wednesday, occupied in seeing in their turn petitioners of all ranks—Anecdote of a countryman thus admitted to a conference with his sovereign—Ceremony of a lady's presentation to the emperor—Presentation to the empress—Conversation with the empress—Introduction to the minister—Dinner at the house of count Cobenzel, the prime minister—Dinners of the Austrians—Hours at Vienna—Dinner at the house of count Charles Zechy, minister of finance—His country-house—Ball at the same—Ball at princess Esterhazy's—Mr. Paget (our minister): his manner of living—Dinner given by him on the king's birth-day—The corps diplomatique---Count Rasowmoski, the Russian ambassador---Count Schonfeld, minister from the elector of Saxony ---Civilities received from the latter---Evening parties of the first class of nobility---Visits necessary to be paid in return for dinners---Second class of nobility equally magnificent in their entertainments---Merchants excluded from the society of the latter---Dinner at M. de Puthon's, a banker---Polish society the most dissipated at Vienna---Tyranny of the Polish chiefs over their vassals---Anecdote of the same---Ceremony of Fête-Dieu---Reflexions on this procession, and on a similar one seen by the author thirteen years before at Paris.

Vienna, June 20, 1803.

My dear sir,

If Vienna deserves notice for its beautiful walks and many interesting public establishments, it is doubly interesting when considered with a view to men and manners. Perhaps there is no place in Europe where a stranger of character is so hospitably received by the inhabitants; no one in which more splendid entertainments are given; nor any in which liberal and polished conversation is more amply enjoyed. Possibly indeed the peculiar advantages which I have derived from the friendship of an amiable family resident here, and from the civilities of the English minister, may have made me see every thing with a favorable eye: yet while I acknowledge with gratitude that to these individuals I owe my happiest hours spent at Vienna, I must add, in justice to the court and the higher nobility, that such arrangements are formed for the reception of foreigners, and so general is the inclination to show them attention, that no traveler of taste can fail to be pleased with the society of this capital.

I must begin with mentioning, that the divisions of rank are here observed with peculiar severity. No person can be received into the first circles of this place who has not been pre-

sented at court; and no one can be presented at court who cannot give authentic proofs of his sixteen untarnished quarters, both on the side of his father and on that of his mother. A single *mis-alliance*, or marriage with a plebeian, destroys the rights of him who is in other respects unobjectionable. The military are alone exempt from the effects of this general regulation: an officer, as such, may be presented, though his birth be ever so obscure: but this professional privilege does not extend itself to his wife, or to his descendants; who remain incapable of basking in the sunshine of royalty, till the required number of unalloyed generations has purified their blood, and given them the allotted number of heraldic quarters.

In consequence of this strange species of pride, many persons honored with titles of nobility, but not possessed of the necessary pedigrees, are excluded from the court of their sovereign, and consequently from the first circles of society. Even females whose birth is spotless, may by an inferior marriage lose their rank, and sink into the class of their husbands.

Since I have been here, I have heard related a curious instance of the rigidity with which this rule is enforced.—A lady of the first nobility married an officer of the second, and by so doing was degraded, and rendered incapable of going either to court or to the society of her

equals; while the husband, for whom she suffered this disgrace, was in his professional character admitted to both.

Neither the liberal sentiments of Joseph the Second, nor the example of his successors, who have on all occasions endeavoured to destroy so strange a distinction among the members of the same privileged body, have produced the slightest change in this deeply-rooted prejudice. Nor can the power or influence of a minister assist the most amiable individual, who, without the required qualifications, should presume to aspire at moving in the first circles.—As a proof of this, I have been told the following anecdote. Count Cobenzel, the prime minister and favorite of the emperor, had a niece, a beautiful and accomplished young woman, who was educated in his house, and who at the proper age was presented at court. A few days afterwards it was whispered that this lovely girl had not a pedigree sufficiently pure to justify the honor which she had received; and, at the next general assembly given by the premier, she no sooner appeared than all the ladies of the court left the room.

Such, indeed, is the pride of the first families, that though in the country, or in private, they will associate familiarly with persons of inferior birth, they cannot at Vienna, without subjecting themselves to degradation, appear in public

with any whose quarters are not as spotless as their own.

I have entered fully on this subject, because it forms an important and distinguishing feature in the character of the Austrians, and proves how necessary it is for strangers, on their arrival here, to be presented at court, if they wish to see the manners of the highest class. No question is asked about the pedigree of foreigners,—the only qualification required for their admission to the presence of the emperor and empress being a previous reception at the court of their respective sovereigns. A few days after my arrival at Vienna, I requested Mr. Paget*, the British envoy, to take the trouble of presenting me. My name was accordingly sent in, and on the appointed day I accompanied him to the palace.—I ought previously to have mentioned, that it is the custom of the Austrian court to receive in private; and that foreigners are commonly introduced on a Wednesday, when the emperor, by an admirable custom, first established by Joseph the Second, and since invariably pursued by his brother and nephew, sits in his cabinet from six in the morning till night, ready to admit any one of his subjects, from the highest to the

* The honorable Arthur Paget, son of lord Uxbridge. He has since been created a privy-councillor and a knight of the bath.

lowest, who may have complaints to make or favors to ask; every one of whom is closeted alone with his sovereign. The names of those who wish to see the emperor are put down in the order in which they arrive at the palace; and each person is called in in his turn, without any preference being shown to any one,—except the ministers of state and foreign ministers, who, on account of their public functions, are not allowed to wait.

Before I describe the ceremony of presentation, I must stop to admire this excellent regulation, the observance of which does so much honor to Francis the Second. I am told that the lowest mechanics and poorest peasants are thus often admitted to the presence of the emperor; and that he hears their untutored tale with the utmost patience and attention. No man is either censured or punished for the freedom of his remarks: and his imperial majesty declares that he has often received very important information from persons of the humblest appearance. No place or favor can be obtained, and no lawsuit commenced, without a previous communication with the sovereign, who in this manner is made the real dispenser of his bounties, and not unfrequently the arbitrator to whom his subjects submit their quarrels. The emperor, moved by the story of a petitioner, sometimes grants his request without further

consideration; while in other cases, in which the matter appears doubtful, he refers it either to his ministers or his judges.

An interesting proof of the good effects of this custom has occurred since I have been here. The place of *chanoinesse* was vacant,—being that of member of one of those communities established for the relief of the younger branches of noble families, where young ladies find an honorable asylum, which they can leave whenever a suitable marriage is offered them. Madame la comtesse ——, a widow of high respectability and distinguished birth, but of small fortune, waited on the emperor, and asked for this situation for one of her daughters; alleging that she had seven, all whom were totally unprovided for. "Madam," replied her gracious sovereign, "I have had many applications from persons nearly connected with government, for the vacant stall of *chanoinesse:* M. la comte ——, minister for ——, wants it for his niece; and baron ——, for his daughter: but your plea is so much better than any of theirs, in consequence of the number of your family, that I cannot refuse your request. Besides which, the minister for —— has several good places: and as for the baron, he commands a regiment. The affair therefore is settled: give me the christian name of the daughter for whom you destine this appointment, and I will order the pa-

tent to be instantly made out." The countess, overcome with the goodness of the emperor, could not express her gratitude; but falling on her knees, let drop an involuntary tear as she kissed the hand of her sovereign*.

After this digression, for which the little anecdote must plead my excuse, I return to the ceremony of presentation.

When we arrived in the antechamber, which was crowded with a motley assemblage of persons of all ranks, Mr. Paget sent in his name by one of the chamberlains (two of whom were waiting at the door of the emperor's room), and in less than five minutes we were admitted.

Francis the Second is a thin man; of an ordinary stature; of a mild and benevolent countenance; a fair complexion; and of a weak and sickly appearance. He seems to be about thirty-three or thirty-four years old. His ma-

* Mrs. Lemaistre was present at the ceremony of installation of this young lady. Her female relations, all of whom were of the highest rank and consequence at Vienna, were assembled on the occasion; and among them appeared the princess Joseph of Lichtenstein, whose splendid dress drew the attention of the whole party. The ceremony took place in the palace of the *chanoinesse*. An oath was administered to the fair candidate by the chaplain of the establishment; after which she received the badges of the order, consisting of a a blue ribbon, to which a medal is attached. The new *chanoinesse* then received the congratulations of her family and numerous friends.

jesty wore a white uniform, with blue facings; and was, when we were announced, sitting at a table covered with papers. He instantly rose, and, after bowing to us both, commenced a conversation of some length with Mr. Paget. My name having been mentioned to him, he next addressed himself to me; and learning that I had just come from Italy, he asked me several questions about that country. He expressed many flattering sentiments in favor of the English nation, and regretted our being again involved in war. "You indeed," added the emperor, "as islanders and masters of the sea, have nothing to fear: yet war is always a dreadful thing: God knows I have suffered enough from its effects!"

He next had the goodness to testify some anxiety about the situation of those English who were still in the interior of Italy and France, and asked how they would contrive to get home *. "Were I sovereign of those countries," said the considerate monarch, "I would name a particular port, to which the English, notwithstanding the renewal of hostilities, should

* When, a short time after, I heard of the cruel and unjust detention of English travelers in all the territories dependent on France, I recollected this conversation, and could not help reflecting on the difference which prevailed in the sentiments of the humane Francis and the irascible Bonaparte. The former was anxious to alleviate by every possible means the

have free access for a certain time, and whence they should be allowed to set sail for Great Britain."

He then spoke a second time to Mr. Paget; and after a few minutes' conversation he bowed, and we retired. At this conference there was no person present but ourselves: and the room was literally a cabinet.

There is altogether an admirable simplicity in the dress, manner, and behaviour of the emperor: and while he is universally beloved by his own subjects, who know and feel the happy effects of his mild and equitable government, he excites in strangers the highest respect and veneration. Bonaparte, surrounded by his guards, in the sumptuous palace of the Tuilleries, did not inspire me with half that admiration which I felt on seeing this worthy monarch alone in his chamber, with no protectors but the love of his people, and no ornament but that of his virtues. These sentiments were increased by recollecting, that he sat there, not to receive the adulation of obsequious courtiers, but to hear the complaints and relieve the wants of all orders of his subjects.

awkward situation of persons who unexpectedly and by no fault of theirs found themselves in the country of an enemy, while the latter takes advantage of this accident, and makes prisoners of innocent and unoffending individuals who on the faith of hospitality had visited his dominions.

I cannot dismiss this subject without adding, that I have been assured, by a gentleman who is one of his chamberlains, that the perseverance of the emperor on these occasions is exemplary. Every Wendesday morning he is in his cabinet at six o'clock; and he remains there, without betraying either impatience or *ennui*, till he has seen and heard every petitioner whose name has been taken down by the chamberlains, who attend for that purpose at the door. Thus occupied, he is often kept ten or twelve hours without any interval of rest.

Among the numerous persons who are in this manner closeted with their sovereign, a peasant waited on the emperor one day, in his plain rustic apparel; and addressing his majesty in terms of the utmost familiarity, complained of the severity of a tax lately imposed, and urged his objections in the unvarnished language of truth. Francis was pleased with his honest freedom, and entered into a long conversation with the good man, not only on the subject of his remonstrance, but also on other points. Among many questions asked by the emperor, he inquired why the price of provisions had lately so much increased at Vienna. "How can I tell thee?" said the unceremonious clown: "I never saw this town before; and hope I shall never see it again. All I can say is, that had I lived here as long as thou

hast, I should have been able to answer, instead of asking, such a question." The emperor, far from being offended, laughed, and repeated the story a few minutes afterwards in perfect good-humor.

Mrs. L. was presented on the same day as myself to the emperor, but not at the same time. Mr. Paget, being unmarried, desired our friend, the countess P., to officiate on the occasion,—the etiquette of the imperial court requiring that foreign ladies, when their minister is a bachelor, shall be introduced either by a lady of the bedchamber or by the wife of a chamberlain. Count P. enjoys the latter office, which therefore qualified madame P. to perform this ceremony; the particulars of which it will be unnecessary for me to relate, as ladies are presented in private, and in the same manner as gentlemen. His majesty behaved with his usual condescension, and said many civil things, both to Mrs. L. and to the friend who so kindly had undertaken the office of her introductress. With regard to dress, things are much changed at this court since the time of lady Mary Wortley Montague, who in her letters gives so lively an account of the immense hoop and loaded head-dress which she was compelled to assume on a similar occasion. The only peculiarity in the costume worn at this court, consists at present of a train,

with a sacque back: in other respects ladies are allowed to follow the dictates of their own taste.

The ceremony of presentation to the empress is nearly the same as that to the emperor, with this only difference, that, as her majesty has no regular day when persons are admitted to her presence, it is necessary that previous notice should be given to *la grande-maîtresse*, to whom ladies are a few days before introduced in form. Countess P. having through this channel asked permission to present Mrs. L., received the next morning a very gracious answer. The empress had the goodness to say, that she intended to pass the next week in the country, but that if the English lady could not conveniently lengthen her stay at Vienna beyond that time, she would come purposely to town to receive her. I need scarcely mention, that we waited till the empress's return, and were presented on the Wednesday in the succeeding week, which her majesty had named as the time least inconvenient to herself.

In the antechamber of her apartment we found several ladies and gentlemen, who, like ourselves, were to be honored with an audience. Among them was the prince of Wirtemberg (brother to the reigning duke), who is in the Austrian service, and came hither to present his nephew, a young man, who, after fly-

ing from the court of his father, has lately received the command of a regiment from the emperor.

We were called one by one into the cabinet of the empress, into which each individual was introduced by the *grand-maître*. When it came to my turn, I was led into a small room, where I found the empress standing. She immediately addressed me, in the French language, with much condescension; and, finding I had been at Naples, asked me several questions about her mother, the queen of the Two Sicilies. I had great pleasure in expressing how much our countrymen had felt themselves obliged by the civilities shown to us by the queen at Naples. The empress very kindly answered, that her mother, by those civilities, had only testified in a very trifling degree the gratitude she owed to Great Britain, for the assistance afforded her by our sovereign during the pressure of her late misfortunes. She then expressed some fear for the actual situation of her parents; and repeated how lively a sense she entertained, in common with the rest of her family, of the protection which their Sicilian majesties had received from England in the perilous moments of the last war. She concluded a conversation of ten minutes by making several flattering remarks on the British character; and then bowed, which is the signal for retiring.—To Mrs. L.

and the amiable friend who presented her, the empress behaved with equal goodness, and said every thing to which the courtly term of "gracious" can be justly applied.

In person, her majesty is not handsome; but her countenance is mild, and her manner extremely affable. She is fair, extremely thin, and apparently under thirty years of age.

While speaking of these illustrious persons I ought to mention, that their imperial majesties add to every other virtue that of exemplary domestic attachment. I hear, from those who have opportunities of certain information, that they live together on terms of the tenderest and most unbounded affection. The greater part of their time is passed together: they have several children, and the education of them constitutes one of the most pleasing tasks of their life.

Having thus gone through the ordeal of presentation, Mrs. L. and myself were qualified for the circles of *la haute noblesse* *, and were

* Besides this distinguished class, there are at Vienna persons who, in consequence of their families having once possessed little sovereign states, still assume the titles borne by their ancestors. You thus hear of the reigning duke of ------: but when you inquire for his territory and his subjects, you find that they only exist by the assistance of memory in the imagination of the *soi-disant* prince. If a traveler were to give credit to the idea which these titles convey, he would conclude that the number of resident sovereigns at Vienna was great indeed.

accordingly next introduced at the houses of the principal ministers. For this purpose we were conducted, in full dress, to pay those ceremonious visits which are here indispensable, and which must be made at five o'clock in the afternoon; at which hour most families are at their coffee. This tribute to etiquette and the custom of the country, I need scarcely say, was not a little irksome. But we were rewarded for our trouble by innumerable invitations, both to dinners and to balls. I shall add an account of some of these entertainments, which are given at Vienna with the utmost magnificence.

The first house to which we were invited was that of count Cobenzel, the prime minister. In appearance he is singular: he is short, fat, and exceedingly fair: nor does his countenance express any extraordinary degree of quickness; yet I hear he is a man of lively parts, and celebrated for his wit. He received us with politeness, and did the honors of his house with much ease and dignity. His guests consisted of *la grande-maîtresse*, some ministers of state, the Russian ambassador, and several strangers, besides Mr. Paget and ourselves.

Count Cobenzel lives in a spacious mansion, well deserving the name of a palace. His retinue of servants is numerous and respectable; and the whole of his establishment such as becomes the high station which he fills.

The dinner was divided into two services, each of which contained scarcely less than an hundred dishes. Every one of these was taken off the table in its turn, cut up by a servant at a side-table, and handed round to all the company.—I cannot say I think this mode of eating either very comfortable or very sociable. It is impossible to do more than taste of each article; and they come round in such quick succession that conversation is interrupted.

Some of the dishes of this dinner were cooked in the French manner, but others were completely in the German taste. Among many of this kind, I remarked fowls dressed with strawberry sauce. This singular mixture is considered a great rarity, as the fruit of which it is made is at this season of the year extremely dear: but notwithstanding all its reputed excellence, I could not reconcile it to my palate.

The ladies present were handed by the gentlemen from the saloon to the dining-room, and returned in the same manner. The whole party, formed of almost all the nations of the world, were in full dress. The conversation could not, under such circumstances, be expected to prove either general or particularly lively. The French language was spoken by the greater part of the company; but, unfortunately for me, I was placed between a Russian and a Spaniard, who during the whole

dinner, which lasted more than two hours, talked Spanish together. One of them at last recollecting that the individual who sat between them might not comprehend this language, said to me, "Monsieur, êtes vous de Vienne?" I had scarcely time to answer his question, when we were called to take our coffee in the adjoining room.—I mention this as a proof, among many which I have met with on the continent, that England is not the only country in which a person may find himself neglected by those in whose company he is accidentally thrown.

We sat down to dinner at about three o'clock, and at half past five took our leave. These hours will appear very extraordinary to you, accustomed to the English manner of dividing the day; but evening here is not considered as exempt from the occupations of business or exercise.

I must, however, confess to you, that to me this manner of living is not very pleasant; and that the most agreeable parties at Vienna lose much of their value from the time at which they are given. There is, indeed, a considerable inconvenience about dress. At great dinners, it is an established etiquette to appear *en grand costûme:* the fashionable hours for taking the air in the Prater are from five till seven o'clock in the evening, when every body

is in boots and leather breeches: and if one is afterwards engaged to a ball, or formal assembly, the harness of full dress must be again assumed. In this manner I have often been compelled to change my clothes three or four times in the course of one day. No man loves society more than I do, but I think this is paying a very dear price for the enjoyment of it.

Count Charles Zechy, an Hungarian nobleman, now minister of finance, was one of the first who invited us to his house: and as he spends a vast income with princely magnificence, I shall mention two entertainments given by him, as descriptive of the luxury which prevails at Vienna.

It is usual for those persons whose public situations compel them to be daily in town, to inhabit during the summer months villas in the immediate environs. Many of them have already removed to these pleasant retreats; and this gentleman now occupies a beautiful country-house very near the Prater, of which the windows of his house command a pleasing view.

He first invited us to a dinner, which was even more splendid than that already mentioned at count Cobenzel's. The party was larger; the servants more numerous, and more expensively clothed; the dishes were better dressed, and consisted if possible of a greater

variety of delicacies. The profusion of wines was astonishing; and among others, some Tokay, made on the estate of count Zechy, was particularly commended. I never remember, in any country, to have seen a dinner equally superb. The two courses were served on silver, and the dessert was on gold. There was also less form at this party than at that given by the premier; and the conversation took a more lively and interesting turn.

The second entertainment at which we experienced his hospitality, was a ball, which displayed not less magnificence. On this occasion Mrs. L. received a degree of elegant attention from countess Zechy which did infinite honor to her by whom it was bestowed. With a respect for strangers which cannot be too highly extolled, and which I believe is almost peculiar to Vienna, madame Zechy, by rising and crossing the room to receive Mrs. L., paid a compliment to the wife of an English commoner which is here rarely shown to persons of the most illustrious rank. Trifling as is this circumstance, and indifferent in itself, it deserves notice; and is no little proof of hospitality in a country where ceremony reigns supreme, and where to move a step further, or to make an additional bow, is considered as an affair of the utmost importance. Not satisfied with welcoming Mrs. L. in this manner, coun-

tess Zechy introduced to her one of her sons as a partner, and requested that she would begin the ball with an English dance.

The room, which was large and airy, displayed a profusion of light; and the company, consisting of the highest nobility, were elegantly and tastefully dressed.

The Austrian ladies are the handsomest women I have seen on the continent: their countenances are expressive, and their complexions uncommonly fair. In beauty they are exceeded by no females in Europe,—excepting only our own countrywomen, whose unrivaled superiority I believe is universally acknowledged. In manner, they are elegant; and in conversation, lively and well informed. Much greater attention seems to have been paid to their education, than is usual in other parts of the continent: all of them speak French with as much fluency as German; and some are proficients in English. The best authors in these languages are familiar to them; and while they are completely free from that pedantry of which I had so often reason to complain at Paris, they are not less capable than the French women of conversing on literary subjects; and I have had frequent reason to admire the taste and knowledge displayed in their remarks. They dance the English dances with great ease; and the waltz, which

always follows, with wonderful vivacity. I remain, however, of the opinion of Rousseau, that the waltz ought never to be performed by a modest woman, unless her partner be her husband or her brother. The Austrian ladies are indeed more decently dressed than the French, and are therefore in this respect less objectionable; but if in costume they are more correct, in manner of dancing they are also infinitely more animated. The quickness of their steps is astonishing; and the exercise altogether is so calculated to affect the senses, that his heart must be cold indeed who could see unmoved several lovely women thus employed. As a spectator, I have always been delighted; and, setting aside the cold objections of moralists, I must confess that a more fascinating scene cannot be imagined than that of a party of Austrian ladies dancing the waltz.

I return to count Zechy's ball. — About twelve o'clock supper was announced in an adjoining room. It consisted of every delicacy, and was served partly on gold, and partly on the finest porcelain. All the company were seated; and the number of attendants was so great, that every wish was anticipated.

I must mention, *en passant*, the custom which still prevails at Vienna, of keeping running footmen. They used formerly to precede the carriages of their masters: I believe they are

at present rarely called upon to perform that part of their duty, and they are now retained principally for the purpose of adding to the splendor of an equipage, or to the pomp of an entertainment. At count Zechy's, several of these servants appeared, intermixed with footmen in superb liveries. The former wore white jackets, colored sashes, and caps with silver plates bearing the arms of their master.

Count Zechy, retaining a sense of the national pride of the Hungarians, often wears the dress peculiar to that country—a short satin jacket edged with fur; much resembling the Spanish costume.

After supper the ball was resumed, and continued till sunrise. We returned home extremely grateful for the civilities which we had received, and deeply impressed with the hospitality of this respectable family.

I ought to add, that, great as was the politeness of count and countess Zechy, it was equaled by that of their guests. The gentlemen and ladies vied with each other in showing us kindness, and took all possible means of relieving the awkwardness of the situation in which foreigners find themselves when they appear for the first time in a circle of strangers.

I was also present, a few evenings since, at a ball given by princess Esterhazy, whose husband is now in London. Their palace is mag-

nificent: and though this entertainment was considered in the light of a private party, it might well have been mistaken for a splendid *fête*. The brilliancy of the lights; the number and superb liveries of the servants; the spacious rooms in which the company assembled; the massy gold which contained the refreshments; and last, not least, the beauty of the women — all contributed to give that idea. Prince Esterhazy's income is said to be not less than an hundred thousand pounds a year: and from the style in which his establishment is supported, it is evident that he employs his money in a manner becoming his high rank and ample revenue. In the country, he lives if possible with greater magnificence than at Vienna, and is attended by a guard, which, though a subject, he has the privilege of being allowed to maintain. The princess is an elegant woman, apparently about forty years old. Her only son is already a man; and her daughter, at the early age of sixteen, is esteemed the greatest beauty as well as the richest heiress of this capital.

After speaking to you of the hospitality of the Austrians, and of the sumptuous manner of living which prevails among the higher orders, allow me to indulge a little national vanity, by assuring you that the British minister at this

court yields to none of them in either of these particulars. Mr. Arthur Paget occupies a spacious palace; keeps a numerous retinue of servants, and a table profusely covered with all the varieties of the German and all the elegancies of the French taste. To sum up in a few words my account of his establishment, I shall only quote the words of a foreigner, who observed to me one day, "Votre ministre fait honneur à sa nation. Si il etoit ambassadeur mille fois, il ne pouvoit pas vivre avec plus de représentation."

Besides several private dinners to which Mr. Paget had the goodness to invite us, we were present at a great entertainment given by him on the fourth of this month in honor of the king's birth-day; to which all our countrymen, the Hanoverian minister, and some few Austrians, were invited. In splendor, abundance, taste, variety, and rarity of wines, this dinner greatly exceeded even those which I have already mentioned at the houses of the imperial ministers. As neither you nor I are particularly fond of the pleasures of the table, I will not fatigue you with a detailed account of the number and excellence of the dishes: I shall only observe, that his cook, esteemed the very best in this luxurious town, exercised the most refined arts of his profession, and was

universally commended. In the centre of the whole appeared the king's arms, with trophies emblematical of our naval victories.

None of the *corps diplomatique*, including in that number the ambassadors, live as splendidly as the English envoy. Count Rasowmoski, the representative of his Russian majesty, supports his situation with much splendor; but still it may be said of him, when compared with his friend Mr. Paget,

"Sequitur fratrem non passibus æquis."

The ministers of inferior powers, whose salaries are very moderate, cannot be expected to vie with those who, by the wealth and liberality of their government, are enabled to keep pace with the most expensive establishments of the great families resident here.

Among those who receive their friends with elegant hospitality, though not with princely magnificence, I beg leave to mention count Schonfeld, minister from the elector of Saxony, from whom I have experienced repeated acts of uncommon kindness. He is married to the daughter of the late and the sister of the present count Frieze, the celebrated banker of this town. We had the good fortune to become acquainted with this lady, a lovely and amiable woman, while making the tour of Italy; whither she had been sent for the recovery of her health.

As she is still detained there by the continued symptoms of a pulmonary complaint, she had the goodness to favor Mrs. L. and me with letters to the count, whose public duties will not allow him to leave Vienna: and though he is much older than his wife, it is evident, both from his anxious inquiries after her health, and from the attention which he has shown to her recommendation, that he is fully sensible of the treasure he possesses. After having invited us several days to his town-house (where he lives in a handsome though not exrtavagant manner), and welcomed us with a degree of cordial warmth which I can never forget, he lately removed for the summer months to a beautiful little villa at Hitzingen, a village near the palace and gardens of Schoenbrunn, which I had occasion to mention in my last letter. He was no sooner settled there, than he requested us to pay him a visit at this favorite retreat. His country-house unites in miniature every possible elegance, and is a complete specimen of the *simplex munditiis*. Nothing could be more domestic or more respectable than the appearance of his family. This excellent father sat down to table with two intimate friends, count and countess —— (persons of much sense and great information); his son and daughter (the one sixteen years old, and the other one year less); their governess and tutor. The

latter seemed to receive that respect and consideration with which those who are entrusted with the education of youth should always be treated; and they proved by their behaviour and conversation that they deserved the confidence of their employer. The young persons took their share in the topics which were discussed: the subjects were literary. And altogether I have seldom passed a happier day.

I know not why I should mention this little party: I fear the account of it will scarcely repay you the trouble of the perusal: yet there is something so good and so estimable in count Schonfeld, there is such admirable simplicity in his establishment, such *naïveté* in his children, and such cordiality in the hospitality we have experienced from him, that I have almost involuntarily described what my heart has felt.

I have already said so much on the subject of the manner of living among the higher class of nobility, that I shall only add, that we received several invitations from other persons connected with government, which we were obliged to decline on account of our short stay at Vienna. Most of the great families, besides giving dinners, have evening parties on fixed days in the week; to which persons once introduced may go without any particular invitation. Among some of these I shall mention prince Colloredo, and monsieur de Kallofratz

(president of the council); who both received us with much civility, and at whose houses we found a select assemblage of handsome women and sensible men.

There is a custom here, peculiar to Vienna, which is so generally established that it cannot be dispensed with, and which is not a little troublesome to every body, and particularly to Englishmen: I mean, that of calling to return thanks for a previous dinner,—that is to say, if you have dined at a house on Monday, you are expected to come there that day se'n-night, at the hour when coffee is taken, in full dress, to pay a visit. For which purpose, if you have a large acquaintance, it becomes necessary to keep a memorandum of past engagements, lest the observance of this expected ceremony on the corresponding day of the succeeding week should be forgotten.

The second class of nobility, though excluded from court, and from that which is here called "the great world," live together with equal if not superior magnificence. Many of them, enriched by commerce, and among these the ennobled descendants of Jews, possess enormous fortunes; the revenues of which are laid out in sumptuous entertainments, splendid carriages, and showy ornaments. I had no opportunity of seeing any of these houses: but I am assured that luxury and profusion are

their characteristics, and that in most of them strangers are not less kindly received than in those of the first class. A person who has moved in these circles tells me, that the entertainments are equally splendid; and that, as there is less form than among the higher *noblesse*, in some respects they are more agreeable.—I hear the ladies wish it to be believed that they have no desire whatever to mix in those parties from which they are excluded; while the frequent mention of the subject, and the ridicule which they endeavour to throw on their superiors, prove how false is the assertion, and that the dreadful line which separates one society from the other is really destructive to the happiness of those who belong to the inferior branch. Like Sir Fretful Plagiary in the Critic, they pretend to like that which gives them the severest pang and embitters the innumerable pleasures with which they are surrounded.

They try to make themselves amends, by excluding in their turn from their circles persons who are still engaged in commerce, and whose names are not dignified with a title. On this point the second class of nobility is not less rigid than the first. Merchants, bankers, and other men of business, consequently form another distinct society.

If of the latter I might presume to judge from a dinner given to us by our banker, M. de

Puthon, I should say, that persons of this description live as splendidly, and are as liberal in their sentiments, as those of the privileged classes. At the house of the gentleman whom I have just named, we were welcomed with much cordiality, the entertainment was splendid, and the conversation polished.

M. de Puthon's son, lately returned from a journey to England, is married to the daughter of an Austrian general; an elegant young woman, who, born noble, has had the courage to exchange the prerogatives of her birth for the love and kindness of an affectionate husband. By the happiness which sparkled in her countenance, I am inclined to think that she has had no cause to regret this nominal degradation.

M. de Puthon is a man of high character. His fortune is large, and his establishment, equipage, and attendants, are of corresponding appearance.

The most dissipated society now at Vienna, is said to be that of the Poles. Property, in their unhappy country, was, as you well know, very unequally divided; and consequently some of them have immense fortunes. Those belonging to that part of Poland which fell to the emperor's share, now generally reside, during the winter months, in this city; and the luxury in which they live is said to exceed all belief.

Every pleasure is indulged without limit or control: it often therefore degenerates into vice: and the most extravagant stories are told of the debaucheries of these people. My prejudices were so much in favor of the injured soil from which they come, that I heard with sincere grief that such was their character.—I learn, too, that the oppressions committed by the proprietors of great fiefs, in former Poland, on their immediate vassals, were so dreadful, that the emperor found it necessary to interpose, and to extend his protection to that unfortunate class of his new subjects: they were put under the laws of the empire. Notwithstanding which, their native lords continued to exercise at their expense the most wanton acts of cruelty. Among other anecdotes on this subject, I select the following.

A Polish noble of high rank and extensive possessions, being irritated by an offensive word, or at some trifling act, of one of his dependants, ordered him to be hanged. This cruel command was obeyed, notwithstanding the imperial ordinances, which deprived all individuals of the dreadful privilege of putting their fellow-creatures to death. Complaint of the outrage was made to the emperor, who immediately determined that a striking example should be made. The proud chief was brought before the ordi-

nary tribunal of a neighbouring district, and, being convicted of the murder, was ordered to suffer the same disgraceful death which he had inflicted on his innocent vassal. Applications for pardon were made in vain: the emperor remained inflexible; and the sentence was executed.

The Poles live much together: but when they mix with the Austrian nobility, it is usually with those of the second rank: and their houses have of course become a great additional source of gaiety to persons of that order.

I had not many opportunities of seeing the Poles, and can therefore only speak of them from the report of persons whom I consider worthy of credit. Those whom I accidentally met were lively, gay, and polite. They greatly resemble the French in manner, and perhaps in character. It was at the house of a lady of this nation, who lives in the *Graven*, where I was lately taken to see the ceremonies of *Corpus Christi* (or *Fête-Dieu*), which are here observed with uncommon pomp. I therefore send you the details of this *spectacle;* for seeing which I was very advantageously situated.

The procession began with a long train of brotherhoods,—that is to say, societies of individuals associated for the purpose of attending

funerals, executions *, and other public solemnities; of visiting the sick, the unfortunate, and the criminal; and of performing other pious acts. Of a similar establishment I had occasion to speak in my account of Rome: I shall therefore only add, that they are formed of persons of all classes, and often include in their number the most exalted characters of the state. They wear long cloaks (varying in color according to the order to which they belong). These cover not only the person, but also the face, of each individual,—with the exception of the eyes, for which holes are made. The robe is tied with a cord.

I return to the procession.—Next to the brotherhoods came the different trades, or commercial bodies, with emblems characteristic of

* Whenever an individual is condemned to death, some of the members of a brotherhood visit him in his cell, pray with him, and offer spiritual consolation. When the sentence is to be carried into execution, they follow him to the scaffold: and as soon as the executioner has performed his task, they receive, undress, and wash the body, and, having placed it in a coffin, convey it to the tomb. As persons of all orders belong to these societies, I am told it happens not unfrequently that the most abject wretch thus receives the last rites from the hands of persons of the highest rank and most exemplary virtue. The dress so completely conceals the form, that those who devote themselves to these acts of charity have the additional merit of doing so without any hope of gratifying their vanity by exciting commendation.

their various callings. Then followed the livery servants of his imperial majesty. To them succeeded the emperor's *valets de chambre.* These immediately preceded the chamberlains, every one of whom is necessarily a nobleman of the first class: each of them wore a suit of full-dress clothes, and carried a lighted taper in his hand. After these came the archdukes, who were all dressed in uniforms decorated with their various orders: they also carried tapers: as did the emperor, who immediately followed on foot: to whom succeeded the empress, accompanied by various ladies of the court; all of them splendidly dressed, and ornamented with jewels of great value. In the number I remarked some very beautiful women. Next came the ministers of state, all of whom were present.

The procession closed with military pomp. The following corps followed each other in the order in which I shall name them.

The German guard.—They are heavy cavalry, and their uniform is of red cloth richly laced with gold. The men are handsome, and their whole appearance is respectable. The officer who commanded, is, I am told, an Irishman.

The Hungarian guard, also mounted.—Their horses are uncommonly fine animals, and the uniform of the privates is superb. I am told that the expense of each man's accoutrements

amounts to not less than fifty pounds sterling. The dress consists of a green helmet edged with fur, a red jacket almost covered with silver, a fur cloak, a silver breast-plate, red cloth pantaloons edged with silver, and yellow Morocco boots. This corps is principally formed of noble Hungarians, who consider it an honor, rather than a degradation, to serve as privates in this troop. The emperor is himself their captain commandant; and prince Esterhazy, as his lieutenant, usually acts as their chief. His absence took much from the splendor of the procession. His appearance on these occasions is said to be magnificent beyond conception. He is commonly so loaded with jewels, and his horse so richly caparisoned, that his military decorations are estimated at not less in value than an hundred thousand pounds sterling. Among other ornaments, I hear mentioned an immense pearl, which is suspended from his bridle.

The grenadiers on foot came last.—They are very handsome tall men, dressed in uniforms of red and white cloth.

In this manner the court proceeded from the palace to St. Stephen's church. When they arrived there a *feu-de-joie* was fired by a regiment of foot-guards. The emperor and empress returned in a state coach drawn by six white horses.

The *dais*, or canopy, under which the host was carried, was supported by four chamberlains.

The empress, and the ladies belonging to her *suite*, wore a profusion of diamonds. The splendor of these ornaments, the lovely forms and costly dresses of the women, the solemn pace and singular costume of the religious communities, the respectable and striking appearance of the military, the crowds of persons who filled every window, and the dignity of the illustrious persons who appeared as the principal actors in this scene, presented altogether a *spectacle* of vast and uncommon grandeur.

Beautiful, however, as was this scene, from a concatenation of circumstances it excited some melancholy reflexions in my mind. Thirteen years had elapsed since, for the first and only time before, I had seen the ceremony of the *Corpus Christi*. On that occasion the lovely Marie Antoinette shone like a superior star; and as she walked through the streets of Paris, and astonished all beholders with the charms of her person and the dignity of her manner, every voice seemed ready to exclaim

"Et vera incessu patuit Dea."

Who then imagined, though this beautiful queen had already experienced some revolutionary insults, that she was doomed to witnes-

the murder of her royal husband; to languish on the straw bed of a disgraceful prison; to be accused of crimes at which nature revolts; and to be carried in a cart, to end her days on a scaffold, like the lowest and basest of her sex? —The virtuous and ill-fated Lewis walked by her side, at the solemnity to which I allude; and, as he moved along, was greeted on every side with the endearing title of "Father," and "Regenerator of his people," and welcomed with the acclamations of that nation who two short years afterwards condemned him to the death of a felon!

In recollecting this circumstance, and in seeing Francis the Second, the near relative of Antoinette, and not less esteemed than Lewis the Sixteenth, as the best of men and the most virtuous of sovereigns, perform the same ceremony, was it possible to avoid connecting the scenes, and meditating on what may be the fate of those whom I now beheld decked with the trappings of royalty, and apparently secured from all danger? I trust, and hope, that the emperor, beloved at home, and protected from foreign violence by a powerful army, is reserved for a happier fate: yet, considering the vicissitudes of life, and the wide career which conquests and revolutions have lately been allowed to run, who shall say that he may not yet drink of the cup of adversity?—His impe-

rial majesty is at the head of a great government; his conduct excites the gratitude and affection of all classes of his subjects; he commands a respectable and mighty army; he is at peace with all the world; and is in private and in public character

"Integer vitæ scelerisque purus."

All these advantages Lewis the Sixteenth once possessed: yet they shielded him not from the untimely fate which closed his days. After this sad example, who can think himself secure from the unexpected strokes of inconstant Fortune? The nobles and monarchs of the earth, who were in former days the objects of envy, seem now more exposed to these transitions than the lowest of the people: and whoever, in the humble walks of life, feels inclined to repine at his lot, ought to recollect this circumstance, and to rejoice at having escaped the dangerous pinnacle.

But I find I am inclined to moralise, and my letter is already too long: I therefore conclude; and shall in my next complete my account of Vienna.

I am, &c.

LETTER XXXVII.

The imperial family—The archduke Charles—His supposed antipathy to England—His appearance, character, &c.—The other members of the imperial and royal house of Austria—Remarks on the conduct of the emperor with regard to La Fayette and the partition of Poland—Political facts, and note relating to the provocations which have forced Austria to renew the war—Anxious desire of the Austrians of all ranks to preserve peace with France in the year 1803*—Reasons of that sentiment—Madame de Stael's novel forbidden here, by the desire of the French ambassador—Pictures claimed by him and given up in the Belvedere palace—Austrian army—Character of the imperial ministers, and of the emperor—General hospitality of the Austrians—Vienna now the pleasantest city on the continent—Count and countess P.—Their son a child of extraordinary and wonderful genius—State of the fortunes of the Austrian nobility—Anecdote characteristic of German obstinacy—No salaries given to the inferior officers of government—State of literature at Vienna—British residents—Carriages of Vienna—Servants, and style of dress—Living among the lower orders—Commerce—Population and police of this capital.*

Vienna, June 22, 1803.

My dear sir,

I SHALL begin this letter with giving you some account of the different members of the house of Austria.

In 1792 the present emperor succeeded to the throne of his father, Peter Leopold. The latter received the imperial crown on the death

of his brother, the celebrated Joseph the Second, who left no children. His majesty's uncle, the archduke Albert, resides at Vienna, is extremely hospitable, and enjoys the reputation of keeping the best table in this city,—a reputation which here is neither easily obtained nor lightly valued.—Of his aunts, one married prince Albert of Saxony; one, the late duke of Parma; one, the king of Naples; and the youngest, I need scarcely add, was the unfortunate queen of France.

Of the brothers of the emperor, the eldest is palatine of Hungary: but the second, the archduke Charles, is by far the most distinguished. His gallant conduct and superior talents have entitled him to the character of a hero, not only among princes, but even among the most illustrious warriors of the present age.—It grieves me to add, that this excellent man is supposed to entertain a rooted antipathy to the British nation, and that all his interest in the cabinet is exerted to prevent the renewal of any friendly intercourse between our court and that of his imperial brother. But as this antipathy is said to be founded on the heavy misfortunes experienced by his family during the last war, of which he considers England as the first and only cause, I hope the report is entirely false, or at least greatly exaggerated. Though our alliance proved inauspicious in the

late contest, he ought to recollect, that, if we did not contribute men, we were at least not sparing of pecuniary assistance. Going back a little further into the history of his family, his royal highness may find that there was a period when our government was the only protector of his house, and when the gallant queen of Bohemia had no ally but Britain.—I flatter myself that the story of the archduke Charles's prejudice against England arises from the anxious desire he has shown to preserve peace with France. He may, as a politician, be of opinion that an immediate war would be injurious to his country; and, consequently, that it would be highly imprudent in the imperial cabinet to enter into any intimate connexion with our government: but I am convinced that he is too just, too liberal, and too magnanimous to entertain sentiments of dislike towards a nation distinguished for all those attributes of greatness, which, as they belong to the character of a hero, must be congenial to the breast of his royal highness.

In person, he is thin, fair, and light-haired; and bears so strong a resemblance to his brother, the emperor, that it is difficult to distinguish one from the other. He enjoys the office of commander in chief, and is extremely active in the discharge of his duties. Many of those misfortunes which the Austrian army expe-

rienced in the last war, are supposed to have been occasioned by the opposition and intrigues of the military council at Vienna. Should the emperor be again involved in war, no such danger is to be apprehended, as the archduke Charles is known to reign supreme, not only in that department, but also in the other concerns of government. His life is simple, frugal, and devoted to business. He is said to possess talents calculated both for the cabinet and the field: and I hear that in the administration of the emperor there is no man of equal ability.

Considering the high reputation he possesses in Europe, and the great services which he has rendered to his country, not to mention his illustrious rank, it is almost needless to say that he is revered by all classes and descriptions of persons in this empire. By his brother and sovereign he is equally beloved; and no petty sentiment of jealousy interrupts their union.

When the archduke Charles, after achieving the most heroic acts, and signing a treaty of peace which relieved the fears of the capital, returned to this city, all the inhabitants flocked out to meet him, and hailed him as their benefactor. He avoided as much as possible the demonstrations of their favor, and, arriving in a plain traveling carriage, escaped privately to his house, and declined receiving those honors with which they desired to welcome him.

When he appeared at the opera, a few nights afterwards, the audience began by their applauses to testify how much they admired his conduct; but he instantly retired, and left the emperor to receive those marks of popular approbation which the courage and talents of his brother had so well deserved.

He labors by every possible method to promote the happiness and glory of his sovereign: but he does so without ostentation, and apparently with no other desire but that of performing his duty. No man appears in public less frequently than he; and when he comes abroad it is in a plain carriage, or on horseback attended by a single servant.

With the empress, as well as the emperor, he lives on the most brotherly and affectionate terms; and the following anecdote will show with what elegant attention he demonstrates his regard. It is the custom here, at the birth of a child, for the relations of the husband to make a present to his wife. When the empress lay in a few months since, the archduke Charles recollected that she had often praised in his presence a pretty little villa situated in the middle of the Prater; and having purchased and furnished this house in the most elegant manner, he requested her majesty to accept it, as a small mark of his affection and respect.—You

will not be surprised to hear that it has become a favorite retreat, and that both the emperor and empress (who are rarely separated) pass as much time as possible in a spot which, besides being beautiful in itself, must, in recalling the donor, excite so many pleasing reflexions.

The archduke Charles, I am grieved to add, besides having a delicate constitution, similar to that of the emperor, is subject to dreadful fits, the continuance of which renders his life very precarious. The Austrians fervently pray that his days may be lengthened much beyond those bounds to which Nature seems disposed to limit them. Were his existence to cease to-morrow, he has perhaps lived long enough for his own glory ;—but certainly not long enough for the happiness of his country.

Besides the palatine of Hungary*, the former grand-duke of Tuscany (who has lately as-

* The third brother of the emperor now enjoys this title, having succeeded to it on the death of the second, who expired suddenly soon after the commencement of the French revolution. A few moments before he died, he requested an audience of his sovereign, and disclosed to him a dreadful conspiracy. The business was investigated ; but with such secrecy, that the whole story never reached the public ear. Many distinguished persons, and amongst them the archbishop of Hungary, were known to be implicated in the plot; and several were put to death in prison, after a trial before judges sworn to secrecy.

sumed the title of elector of Saltzbourg), and the archduke Charles, the emperor has several other brothers; some of whom are adults, and have establishments at Vienna; and others are still under the care of tutors at the palace of Schoenbrunn. The archduke John and the archduke Antony are of the former number. They all bear a strong resemblance to each other and to the emperor. Every one of them is thin, fair, and light-haired: and an expression of good-humor and mildness is common to the whole family.

Their imperial majesties, as well as the archdukes, drive about the streets of Vienna without guards, and are only known by the six grey horses with which the royal carriages are always drawn. No compliment whatever is paid them as they pass: and as, by the express orders of the emperor, no person stops or gives way, I have frequently seen one of the royal equipages retarded by a dray-cart or hackney-coach.—Admirable, indeed, is the simplicity which reigns at this court. Francis neither assumes the trappings with which persons of his elevated rank are usually clad, nor accepts that military protection which is supposed so necessary to the safety of monarchs. Secured from all danger by the love and affection of his subjects, to them he trusts the defence of his person. As countess P. the other day elegantly

expressed it, "He who has the virtues of Antoninus, has no occasion for the guards of Nero."

Perhaps, after reading this favorable account of the character of the reigning emperor, you will remind me, that under his government La Fayette and his injured associates were confined and cruelly treated. It may also be objected to the purity of his reputation, that he was one of those sovereigns who coalesced for the conquest and partition of Poland. I am, indeed, sensible how greatly these circumstances take from the fair fame of this amiable monarch; but I am satisfied that in both cases the fault was in those by whose counsels his majesty was governed, and not in himself. With regard to the first, it appears, by the account published at Paris, that when madame de la Fayette threw herself at the feet of the emperor, and magnanimously demanded the permission of sharing the destiny of her husband, Francis was much affected, and in acceding to her request added, that "he regretted he had not the power of granting more, *as the rest depended on others.*" Whence it should seem, either that his imperial majesty was influenced in this affair by engagements rashly entered into with other potentates, or by the advice of persons whose power over his mind he had not sufficient fortitude to resist, though he felt the injustice

of the measures which they recommended. The narrative already alluded to candidly states, that there is every reason to believe that the cruelties offered to these unfortunate individuals were unknown to the emperor, and particularly the barbarous declaration made to madame la Fayette, that " if she left the prison for the recovery of her health, she would not be permitted to return." His majesty had indeed allowed this amiable and injured lady to write to him as often as she chose; but the same account acquaints us, that the officers who commanded in the prison took care that her letters should not reach their sovereign, and that she should not go to Vienna. They were, no doubt, fully convinced that if the treatment of the prisoners became known, the emperor would redress their wrongs and punish their oppressors.

With regard to the affair of Poland: God forbid that I should defend so infamous a measure! His imperial majesty was probably led to believe, that, as the fate of that country was inevitable, in taking his share of the divided territory he only prevented so much being added to the power of the other confederates. However unjust was this action, and unjust I must always call it, he has endeavoured to make the best subsequent amends, by extending all the benefits of his mild government to

his new subjects. Of his attention to this subject I have given an instance in my last letter; and I am assured, from good authority, that in Austrian Poland every possible method is pursued to promote the happiness of the natives, and to prevent any injury or insult being offered them by the troops of his majesty.

Though politics form no part of the subjects on which it has been my habit to write, you possess too much of that appetite for news which distinguishes *John Bull*, to be satisfied if I did not send you some account of public affairs in this country. It is, indeed, so little the custom, either here or in any other city of the continent, to discuss great national questions in general society, that if I had not had the good fortune to be honored with the intimacy and confidence of some persons well acquainted with the political state of Austria, I should in vain have sought for intelligence *.

* Though before these sheets were printed Austria had changed her system, and actually commenced hostilities, I still leave the political observations which they contain unaltered; because the object of this work is not to represent Europe as it now is, but as it appeared immediately after the peace of Amiens. Nothing could be more pacific than the cabinet of Vienna in the year 1803; and I have every reason to believe that it would still have persevered in that line of conduct, if the excessive insolence and never-ceasing demands of France had not roused the latent spirit of the government and the country, and convinced them that peace became more

I understand that the ruling principle of the government, which is completely in unison with the wishes of the people, is to avoid by all

dangerous than war. I have just learned, through the means of an Englishman who left Vienna on the 30th of August 1805, the following curious particulars, on the accuracy of which I can confidently rely. They prove at once the insatiable ambition of Bonaparte, and the strong and irresistible provocations which Austria has received.

A few weeks before, it seems, Bonaparte, at his public audience, asked the minister of the elector of Bavaria what were the revenues of his master; and on receiving a satisfactory answer observed, "They are just what I supposed them to be. The electorate will afford a proper compensation to the emperor of Austria for Venice and Trieste."—Not satisfied with thus insulting both these independent states, he next sent a message to the emperor, requiring his presence in Italy, where he wished to meet him. The emperor civilly declined the invitation. "What!" cried Bonaparte, in one of those fits of passion to which he is frequently subject: "does he refuse to come? Tell him, then, I will pay him a visit at Vienna, and will sleep in his bed."

I learn, through the same channel of information, that Switzerland was destined to receive one of the family of Bonaparte for its sovereign; the alarm of which has brought a deputation from the cantons to Vienna, where they are now soliciting the protection of his imperial majesty.

I am happy to add, that these acts of violence have roused a generous spirit of resistance, not only in the cabinet, but also in the subjects of Austria. Every body is satisfied that there is no resource left but in war; and it has consequently become popular. In Italy Austria has already one hundred and fifty thousand men, which are to be led by the gallant

possible means a renewal of hostilities. This sentiment is so prevalent, that there is scarcely any sacrifice which would not be made for the preservation of peace.

Before we blame this excessive dread of war, or estimate the price at which the Austrians are willing to purchase tranquillity, we should take into our consideration all which they have suffered. In England the most popular war is soon rendered odious by a continuance of severe taxation: the subjects of the emperor, besides heavy impositions, have endured other calamities, from which by our insular situation we have hitherto been happily protected: their towns have been destroyed, their fields laid waste, and their children massacred: they have seen the territories of their sovereign diminished, his capital endangered, and the contest end at last with a disgraceful treaty. Nor is there an individual in this extensive empire who has not, to a certain degree, been the victim of war. An Austrian nobleman, possessed

archduke Charles. The grand army on the Rhine is to be commanded by the emperor in person; and that of the Tyrol, by his brother the archduke John, who stands very high in the esteem of his countrymen.

Such are the circumstances which have produced this extraordinary change in the conduct of Austria, and such the measures which she has been forced to adopt.

of a handsome, but not particularly large estate, tells me, that he lost, on his territory alone, no less than seven hundred peasants, who were in their turn called upon to join the army, and were never heard of again. To explain this, I ought to mention, that, when recruits are wanted, an order is sent to the lord of a certain district, directing him to furnish his proportion, according to the number of his vassals. The selection is entirely left to his power, but the required quota must be sent.

The same gentleman assures me, that both population and agriculture have suffered from the effects of the last war. He says the peasants regret their children, not from affection, but from motives of interest. The most disconsolate mother, weeping the loss of her son ordered to take up arms, is instantly consoled if a servant of equal strength be offered her as a substitute. A man and an ox are estimated in the same manner; and they think it hard, after rearing either, to be deprived of his use.

The sufferings of individuals, and the losses of government, are undoubtedly strong and legitimate reasons why the imperial cabinet should not rashly engage in another war, which may be attended with similar consequences. Yet Austria is not yet so reduced as to be justified in purchasing safety at the ex-

pense of honor. I have, since I have been here, heard most extraordinary stories of the insolence of France, and the submission of this government. Delphine, madame de Stael's novel, is already forbidden to be circulated in this town, by desire of the French ambassador, because some passages in it have been applied to Bonaparte; and I have no doubt that any publication at which his excellency may take offence will experience the same fate.

The following anecdote, descriptive of the vast power which M. de Champagny* has obtained, is still more remarkable, and I believe equally true. It seems that when the French marched for the first time into Milan, they fixed on certain pictures, which they intended to carry to Paris; but before their project could be put into execution the place was evacuated. The emperor, sensible of the precarious state of his affairs in Italy, prudently removed these articles to Vienna, and placed them in the gallery of the Belvedere Palace. The French ambassador a few weeks since solicited the permission of seeing this collection; and having marked the pictures in question, demanded that they should be given up, because, forsooth, they had once before been

* At that time French ambassador at Vienna; since become one of the cabinet ministers of the French government.

seized by his government! I blush to add, that this strange and indecent application was instantly complied with.

The truth is, that the cabinet here are so alarmed at the possibility of being dragged into another war, that the slightest threat of renewing hostilities enables France to obtain whatever she chooses to require. The emperor himself, on hearing that hostilities between England and France were recommenced, turned round to count Cobenzel and said, "Whatever may happen, remember on your peril to keep me out of this new contest." His majesty is much attached to Great Britain, and grateful for the services which he has received from our government; but he remembers the misfortunes which the last war occasioned, and trembles at the idea of seeing them renewed. The cabinet ministers are if possible more alarmed on this subject than their sovereign; and the rule of their conduct is, to preserve peace *quocunque modo.*

The Austrians most attached to our cause, and who have the greatest hatred to a French alliance, seem to agree in the necessity of pursuing this system, at least for some years. "The emperor," say they, "possesses a vast territory; a loyal, rich, and affectionate nobility; a strong and hardy peasantry; and a

powerful army: but the country requires rest. The rich must recover their losses, and the villages their inhabitants, agriculture and population must be encouraged, the treasury must be recruited, and the military resume a confidence in themselves, before the government can engage in war with any probability of success."

You know, I suppose, that specie has long disappeared, and that every thing in this country is paid for in paper; and such is the depreciated state of public credit, that this paper bears a discount of from twenty to thirty per cent.

You must not conclude, from this general disinclination to war, that the people are either cowardly, disaffected to their government, or favorable to what are called French principles. I believe, on the contrary, that there is not a more valiant or more loyal nation. They are firmly devoted to the house of Austria, and particularly so to the reigning emperor, whose mild dominion excites the praises of all his subjects; while the French character and the French doctrines are universally detested. No troops ever fought more heroically than the Austrians in the last war; but having failed, through the ignorance and treachery of their officers, they are apprehensive of a new con-

test, lest, in spite of all their exertions, similar circumstances should render all their exertions ineffectual.

The government feels the necessity of giving the army time to regain that confidence in itself which the disasters of the last war may have weakened. The emperor, his council, his nobles, his troops, and his people, are for the present adverse to every plan of hostility; and no person is more decided on this point than the archduke Charles, whose well-known courage adds strength to his opinion. Yet I entertain no doubt, that, should Austria, after a lapse of some years, be compelled to renew the contest, her armies, if commanded by officers of ability and honor, will be found fully capable of contending with those of France. Their valor is undoubted, their numbers not less than three hundred thousand, their perseverance proverbial, and their natural strength extraordinary. Indeed, in appearance they are the finest troops I ever saw.

The cabinet ministers of this country are more commended for their integrity than for their talents; and their measures are consequently more remarkable for prudence than for spirit.

It would certainly be unwise in his imperial majesty wantonly to have recourse to arms: yet I cannot think, that, while he is master of

so powerful a military force, it becomes him to submit to any demands, no matter how extravagant or impertinent, which the French ambassador may choose to make. It is not the interest of Bonaparte to quarrel with Austria; and, however he may threaten while he knows that he is not likely to experience any opposition, I have no doubt, that, if a spirited answer were given to the first improper note which his minister should present, orders would be sent from the Tuilleries to conciliate rather than provoke the imperial cabinet.

I ought, while on this subject, to mention, that in consequence of a rumor which prevailed, of the probability of the emperor being desired to shut the port of Venice against British ships, the Austrian government are said to have formed what they conceived a very courageous resolution,—that they would not comply with this demand, unless the French would consent to be also excluded. I hope you admire this new code of neutrality!

One of the terrors which Bonaparte holds over the head of the emperor, is that of losing the imperial crown *, with which his illustrious

* This was, of course, written long before the title of "emperor of Austria" was assumed by his imperial majesty. Ridiculous as that measure may appear at first sight, and unbecoming the dignity of the first monarch of Europe, there are perhaps strong reasons, which, on reflexion, will

house has been decorated for more than three hundred years; and it is well known, that intrigues have been entered into, in order to get the king of Prussia elected king of the Romans. By flattering the court of Berlin with the hope of obtaining, and alarming that of Vienna with the possibility of losing, the imperial diadem, France keeps both in submission. It is therefore highly improbable that she will, by coming to any decision, deprive herself of this advantage. Her purpose is completely answered by the double effect of this measure,—a measure which renders the emperor still more adverse

justify this seeming absurdity.—For the chief of this illustrious house to lose the title with which for three successive centuries his ancestors have been decorated, would undoubtedly have been a circumstance of much mortification; to which the son of the reigning emperor might have been exposed, had not this new dignity been created. Bonaparte's connexion with the king of Prussia, and the preponderance of the protestant interest among the remaining electors of the empire, rendered such an event highly probable. The power of the emperor had already vanished: nothing remained but the name.

Perhaps, in assuming this new title, his majesty conceives that he becomes independent both of France and of the Germanic states. He has now secured to his descendants an imperial diadem: and though it may be less dignified than the old one, it gives the same sound and the same privileges. Mankind are governed by names: and it is not surprising that sovereigns, who from their earliest years are taught to put a high degree of value on these denominations, should

to war. He knows very well that a new contest may probably deprive his son of the title of emperor; and though the latter is little more at present than an empty name, I am convinced that the preservation of it is considered a matter of vast importance.

To this long political discussion you will expect me to add some account of the talents of Francis II. I am told, by persons who have had occasions to estimate his powers, that he has good natural parts, and is extremely well informed; but that having no confidence in his own opinions, he is often swayed by the senti-

feel a weakness of which the wisest of human beings have sometimes been guilty.

The most humiliating circumstance is, the apparent imitation of France. Yet the cases are not analogous. Bonaparte, elected first consul of France, has thought fit to make himself an emperor, with the right of hereditary succession in his family. This is a complete usurpation. Had Francis the Second declared himself "hereditary king of the Romans, Augustus, and emperor," he might justly have been called the type and copyist of Bonaparte: but, on the contrary, his proclamation states, "that, in assuming the title of hereditary emperor of Austria, he remains elected king of the Romans, &c.; and that the new dignity only applies to his hereditary dominions, without interfering in any respect with the Germanic constitution." In short, as absolute sovereign in his own territories, he has only exercised the right, which as such belongs to him, of changing his title. There may be weakness in this step, but there is neither injustice nor usurpation. In Bonaparte's conduct there are both.

ments of others whose judgement is inferior to his own. The mildness of his disposition renders him easily subservient to the views of his ministers; and his name has thus on some occasions sanctioned acts of which his heart was totally incapable. Such were the circumstances to which I have already alluded. Yet, "take him for all in all," he may be justly styled an excellent man and an amiable sovereign. His happiest hours are passed within the circle of his own family. He has no vices: and while by all possible means he promotes the prosperity of his subjects, he is himself the example of every virtue.

But the limits of my letter will not allow me to say any more on politics.

After the details into which I have entered, you will readily believe that Vienna is one of the pleasantest capitals of Europe. The great kindness with which strangers are received, the easy and polite manners which prevail in society, the good sense and liberal conversation of the Austrian nobility, their splendid manner of living, and the elegance and beauty of the women, give such advantages to this place, that I have no hesitation in saying that an Englishman, used to good company, will feel happier here than in any other town of the continent. Our countrymen are, also, seen with no little partiality; and however the de-

sire of peace may politically connect this government with France, much greater esteem and regard are entertained for the natives of Great Britain, than for those of "*la grande nation.*" With no other claim than that of being English, Mrs. L. and I have received the most flattering attentions from all orders of persons: and however I may have had reason to complain of want of civility shown to foreigners in other places, here I must acknowledge that my most sanguine expectations have been greatly exceeded. Never shall I cease to acknowledge these favors: and Vienna, its amiable inhabitants, its simply-dignified court, its splendid nobles, its hearty and respectable citizens, its sumptuous hospitality, and its lovely females, will live in my mind as long as memory shall exist to recal the happy hours which I have passed within its walls.

But if I feel obliged to strangers whose politeness I have experienced, and to our minister, from whom I have received innumerable civilities, how shall I pay my debt of gratitude to count and countess P., the amiable friends through whose recommendation we have received a hearty welcome in all those circles into which we have been introduced, and in whose society we always find

"The feast of reason and the flow of soul?"

You will naturally wish to have some account of this estimable family.—

Count P., a young man of noble and ancient descent, and possessed of large property in the province of Stiria, born with strong natural talents and a bias in favor of literary pursuits, went at an early age to the university of Edinburgh, in order to gratify his thirst for knowledge and his taste for letters. At the house of the professor where he lived, he became acquainted with his present lady, then miss C., niece of the late lord C. Her superior mind made an indelible impression on his heart: the attachment was mutual: and he returned to Vienna a married man. As he passed through London with his bride, whom I had long known, I was first introduced to him; and in becoming acquainted with him it was impossible not to respect and esteem the thousand good qualities he possesses. Meeting him now, six years afterwards, in his own country, I saw with pleasure that the enthusiastic attachment which had occasioned his marriage had rather increased than diminished. It happens, indeed, but rarely, that two persons of so much genius and literary taste are united; and this reciprocity of pursuit has no doubt contributed not a little to cement their attachment.

They have a son who seems to have inherited the talents of his parents; while, like them, his person is slender and his health delicate. At five years old this wonderful boy, who may fairly be considered as a prodigy, has read various books of science; is well acquainted with history and music; and is so versed in geography, for which he has a particular turn, that he has lately, without any assistance, made a map of Vienna for Mrs. L., which I mean to keep as a curiosity. I begged him yesterday to tell me how I should return to England without touching on the Hanoverian, French, or Dutch territories; and he instantly traced on the globe the only remaining road. He sits on a carpet surrounded with his books: and when the gravest and most acute remarks fall from the lips of this little person, a spirit seems to speak, rather than a child; and the fine expression which sparkles in his countenance tends to increase the idea. Among other singularities he has taught himself to write; but as his models were books, he prints his letters, and begins from the right hand instead of the left. He was born at Vienna: but having been attended from his earliest infancy by a nurse from Aberdeen, he usually speaks English, or rather Scotch,—his accent being completely northern. He also under-

stands the German and French languages; the latter of which he acquired with inconceivable facility.

I could not help introducing to your acquaintance this estimable family and this extraordinary child. If, instead of being the son of those to whom I owe my principal pleasure at Vienna, he had been a stranger, I should equally have thought it right to mention him. He is a phenomenon; and should he live, and continue to make an equal progress in knowledge, he will rival the fame of sir Isaac Newton. Sincerely do I hope that his excellent parents may see him attain that celebrity for which I believe him destined.

I have already given you so full an account of whatever appears to me most worthy of notice in this city, that I shall only add the following general observations.

The incomes of many of the nobles are undoubtedly large; yet, considering the usual mode of living, and the depreciated state of the paper currency, in which they receive their revenues, I imagine that some of the first houses must with difficulty maintain their rank. Their estates consist of what are called in Scotland "superiorities." If an Austrian noble is lord of a certain district, he receives from all the inhabitants within his limits a stipulated tax, or quit rent, at a given rate per acre. This sum,

so received, is divided into three different quotas; one of which is paid into the imperial treasury, for the use of government; one is applied to the expenses of the police, tribunals, and civil establishment of the district; and the remainder constitutes the income of the proprietor. From this statement you will comprehend, that when an Austrian is rich, his territory must be very extensive.

I must, while speaking of the Austrian fiefs, mention an anecdote characteristic of that national obstinacy, which neither entreaties nor menaces can move. A nobleman here (whose authority over his vassals is so great that he may make any one of them at his pleasure a soldier) wished to introduce some changes in the agricultural arrangements of his estate. Among other things, he directed that the ploughman should go out with his oxen at five, instead of eight, o'clock in the morning. The fellow gravely replied, that the order could not be obeyed; for by the received custom of the country no *lord's* team could commence work before eight o'clock. As my friend did not quite understand this logic, and was unwilling that the privileges of his rank should deprive him of the labor of his cattle, he insisted that his injunctions should be attended to. The ploughman was inexorable. He was dismissed, and another appointed in his stead. The se-

cond was as obstinate as the first. My friend changed again and again; and no less than twenty different servants succeeded each other in the same situation, before he found one who would comply with his orders. At last, on condition of receiving double wages, the twenty-first agreed to take out the oxen at the plebeian hour of five: but after doing so for three days, he came to his master, and requested to be relieved from his engagement or instantly dismissed; "for," added he, "I am made miserable: I cannot endure the life I lead. I am avoided by all my friends in the village: nobody will speak to me, for having violated the customs of the country."—In short, count —— found it useless to persevere, and was obliged to give up all the plans he had formed for the improvement of his estate.

The same gentleman assured me, that even in his own castle in the country he is the slave of several usages which it is out of his power to alter. On every private estate there are officers corresponding with those of the empire: he has therefore his chancellor, his counsellors, his almoner, &c. Some of these have a right to dine with the lord: others belong to the second table; others to the third; &c. In short, he is obliged to keep several tables; and on each there is a regulated number of dishes; the

quality of which is also established; and the alteration of any one would be considered as a violation of positive right.

The great offices of the crown, most of which are exclusively enjoyed by the first nobility, are not very liberally paid; and the inferior departments, through which every individual must pass before he can become either the governor of a province or a minister of state, are filled gratuitously. The proudest noble, if ambitious of holding a place of importance, must submit to advance by the regular steps through which it is gradually approached; and though many fatiguing duties are to be performed, they are accompanied by no salary or remuneration whatever. A friend of mine is thus secretary of one of the regencies; and though the functions of his office occupy several hours of every day, and compel him to reside constantly at Vienna, he receives no pecuniary recompense for his trouble; and the only advantage gained, is the probability of attaining, in the course of years, a post of honor.—Such are the sacrifices made in all countries to that bubble, Reputation!

Considering, indeed, the vast expenses of the Austrian nobility, and the small advantages derived from official situations, I am greatly surprised at seeing so many great houses splen-

didly supported; for here, all is not given up, as in Italy, to show and pomp, but English comfort is added to French magnificence.

The second class of nobility, as I before observed, live with not less splendor than their superiors; and many of them have immense fortunes.

Vienna is altogether a most extravagant place, for those whose situation in life compels, or whose vanity induces, them to vie in establishment with the first families. Strangers are neither expected to receive company; to keep a numerous train of servants *, nor a splendid equipage: they are therefore exempt from those disbursements which constitute the principal

* Many Austrians have each four, others six, and some ten, *valets de chambre*, besides other inferior servants.—"You have not so much luxury in London as we have in Vienna," said a gentleman to me. "I hear your noblemen have not more than one *valet de chambre;* while the poorest man of rank in this country would think himself unfortunate if his circumstances compelled him to keep only two."

I in vain endeavoured to make this gentleman understand, that neither our consequence nor our happiness, in England, depended on having an attendant attached to every distinct department of the toilet. I believe he concluded we were only one degree removed from barbarity, when I added, that many individuals in Great Britain, of the most exalted station, changed their shirts, put on their shoes and stockings, and even shaved their chins, without any assistance whatever.

expense of this place. Lodgings and provisions are dear; but the advantage which an Englishman enjoys, by exchanging bills on London for the bank paper of Vienna, makes ample amends for this circumstance. The hire of a job carriage and horses is cheaper here than in other parts of the continent.

My stay at Vienna has been too short to enable me to make any satisfactory inquiry as to the state of literature; but I am inclined to suppose that letters are cultivated with much success in this capital. Of men known by their publications, I have met Mr. G., a political writer of some eminence, both at Mr. Paget's and in other houses. Dr. Gall, whose singular doctrines have rendered him not a little celebrated, I was promised, but was disappointed of, the opportunity of seeing. Dr. Frank, a very learned man, and acknowledgedly the first physician at Vienna, is justly much esteemed for his professional and general knowledge. I have had ample proof of both, as he attended me with much skill in an illness of some difficulty; and from his conversation I have derived both pleasure and instruction. This gentleman, I am proud to add, whose superior mind renders his judgement of no little importance, entertains the most favorable opinions of the English nation and of the English character.

The professors who showed us the library, and the different museums, seemed to be men of enlightened sense and great erudition.

Knowledge, indeed, appears to be very generally dispersed: and in all the societies in which I have been thrown, I have been surprised at the information which the conversation of both the men and women displayed. The French language is universally spoken by the higher ranks; and many of them are well acquainted with the best English works.

Several British families are settled at Vienna; and for those who have reasons for preferring a residence on the continent, certainly no place can be more agreeable. They are all (I speak from experience) willing and anxious to show civilities to their countrymen, and to render them whatever services their experience and local knowledge enable them to afford.

The accommodations at inns and hotels are both bad and extravagant. Foreigners purposing to visit Vienna, ought to give directions to their correspondents to engage for them private apartments; as the number of the latter which are clean and comfortable is far from great. I am fortunate enough to inhabit an elegant set of rooms; to which I was recommended by lord M., who passed the preceding winter here. They form part of a large house

built by a speculator of the name of Millar, who exhibits a museum similar to that of Merlin in London.

The carriages manufactured at Vienna, though much inferior to those made in England, are substantial, handsome, and certainly better than any other town on the continent can produce. They are of various sorts — coaches, chariots, barouches, phaetons, gigs, and sociables. Some of these are in the old French style, but others are completely *à l'Anglaise*. The horses are generally good; and I have seen some which even in England would be admired. The carriages of the rich are commonly drawn by four, and frequently by six horses.

The servants wear rich liveries: and scarcely any Austrian of respectability appears with less than two footmen behind his carriage.

The style of dress is very expensive. The habit of being *en grand costume* at all great dinners and formal parties, obliges every person, who does not wear a uniform, to have several suits; and I have seen some very splendid dresses. The ornaments of the ladies are equally superb, consisting of all sorts of jewels, and a rich variety of lace and other valuables.

The habit of good living extends itself even to the lower classes; and I hear, from a person

well acquainted with the subject, that a tradesman here would think himself disgraced were less than five dishes to appear every day on his table.

Of the commerce of Vienna I know nothing; but I much doubt whether the advantages which, by means of the Danube, this town enjoys, of a communication with the east, are sufficiently estimated.

In appearance, the middling ranks are respectable. The number of miserable objects is small; and ample provision is made for those who by illness or accident are rendered incapable of work.

The population of Vienna, including the suburbs, is calculated as amounting to something less than two hundred thousand.

The police is admirably managed; but all the duties attached to it are, as in most of the towns of the continent, performed by soldiers.

I believe I have now touched, though certainly very slightly, on all those points on which I think it likely that you may wish for information. I shall now take my leave of you and of Vienna, and shall conclude this long letter by remarking, that, were I compelled to pass my life out of England, this would be the spot where I would take up my residence. *Dicam quid amplius?* I am not for-

getful enough of the superior happiness which my own country affords, to put any other place in comparison with Great Britain: and in giving Austria the next place in my esteem, I offer it the highest compliment which my sincerity and national pride will allow me to pay.

I am, &c.

LETTER XXXVIII.

Tiresome journey from Vienna to Dresden—Bohemia—Plain where general Daun beat the Prussians under the command of the great Frederic—Prague, and curiosities there—The watering-place of Toeplitz—Bad roads thence to Dresden—Approach to that city—Arrival at Dresden.

Dresden, July 3, 1803.

My dear sir,

AFTER ten days' hard traveling, we arrived in this city last night. I found the journey so extremely tiresome, that I shall avoid as much as possible entering into a detailed account, lest I should communicate to you some of the *ennui* which I have myself experienced. Suffice it to say, that from Vienna to Prague the roads are execrable; that though we were not detained above five minutes at each posthouse in changing horses, and had no reason to complain of any want of zeal in the postillions, we proceeded so slowly that we spent fourteen or fifteen hours every day in our carriage, while the distance traversed in that time seldom exceeded four posts: that the inns were uniformly bad, and the landlords uncivil; while our bed at every place consisted of a truss of straw, on which we laid our own linen and blankets.

Bohemia, through great part of which kingdom we traveled, is a fine rich open country. Agriculture seems to flourish; and we remarked in what abundance the wheat and other corn were growing. The fields are well watered: and every thing bears a smiling appearance. It is somewhat singular, that, notwithstanding these favorable circumstances, few gentlemen's seats are seen on this road, though passing through one of the most beautiful districts of the imperial territory.

A little beyond the town of Collin we were shown the plain where general Daun, at the head of the Austrian army, gained his famous victory over the Prussians commanded in person by the great Frederic. In a little inn near the place of combat, where the king was seated during the action, marks of balls are still visible.

Prague, the capital of Bohemia, is a fine large city on the banks of the river Moldau; which is traversed by a handsome stone bridge seven hundred and forty-two feet long, loaded with innumerable statues of saints; to all of which the inhabitants, however hurried, never fail to take off their hats every time they pass.

There are two little islands in the Moldau, very beautifully situated, and at no great distance from the bridge: they are called Great and Little Venice, and form a favorite prome-

nade of the inhabitants of this town. We wished to have visited them; but, in consequence of the heavy rains which had fallen, the river had risen to so unusual a height the day we were at Prague, that, by an order of the police, no person was allowed to embark. We were therefore obliged to content ourselves with viewing the curiosities of the town.

We first directed our steps to the imperial palace, which stands on a lofty eminence, and commands a very extensive view of the city, the river, and the environs. The hall in which the emperor dines at his coronation, is a vast room of immense length. The private apartments, though low, and not very splendidly furnished, are comfortable, and ornamented with some good pictures by Bassano, besides several portraits of the royal family of Austria. The Spanish hall is sixty feet long by thirty wide. To this fine room another is attached, also of large dimensions: in which latter the supper tables are placed, when balls are given in the former.—The palace altogether is a vast and princely edifice. It is approached by a handsome entrance; it has several large and spacious courts; and contains no less than three hundred and fifty rooms.

The cathedral of John Nepomuc, which adjoins, and in which the emperors are crowned, though not a large building, affords a curious

specimen of ancient Gothic architecture. The principal altar, or tomb of the saint to which the church is dedicated (a saint held in high veneration here, though probably you now hear his name for the first time), is extremely splendid, being entirely formed of solid silver. The chapel of St. Winceslas (another catholic hero to whose acquaintance I beg leave to introduce you) possesses some decorations of curious and precious stones; but the ornaments for which it is most esteemed by the pious, consist of the beads, the frock, and other old clothes of this much-loved martyr, which are here preserved with becoming respect. The *sacristain*, with a look which seemed to speak how much he expected me to be gratified, began to open the chest which contained these precious relics; when, to his great surprise, and no little disappointment, I assured him I had no curiosity whatever on the subject. "What! not see the real, the identical dress of the holy saint!" He lifted up his eyes in mute astonishment: then fixed them on me with apparent horror, and walked away,—fully satisfied that he who would not adore the moth-eaten wardrobe of St. Winceslas could not possibly escape damnation.

I forgot to mention, that over the altar there is a fine picture by Hans Holbein.

The archbishop of Prague, the elector of

Saltzbourg (formerly grand-duke of Tuscany), and count Schwarenberg, have each a palace on the same hill on which stand the cathedral and the imperial residence. The exterior of these mansions is extremely grand. I did not go into any of them, as I was assured that they possessed nothing within deserving notice.

There is a gallery of pictures lately formed by a body of gentlemen in this town called the Patriotic Society of Arts, which I was recommended to see, and which amply repaid the trouble of my visit. One of the members, with that hospitality and politeness which universally characterise the Austrian and Bohemian nobility, finding we were strangers, offered us his assistance, and not only took the greatest pains in pointing out to us the best works in the collection, but also, when we took our leave, wrote down for us whatever other objects he thought most worthy of notice in the city of Prague.

The gallery in question forms part of the palace of count Czernin, which has been hired for the purpose, and possesses some valuable pictures by Carlo Dolce, Espanoletto, Rubens, Parmaganeno, and Carlo Maratti; besides various specimens of the skill of the Bohemian artists; among which I particularly admired the portrait of an Old Man, and that of an Old Woman.

We visited two private gardens. In that of count Lobkowitz there is a hill, from the summit of which the town and neighbourhood are seen to much advantage: and that of countess Walstein, shaded from the heat of the sun by lofty trees, is prettily laid out, and possesses an aviary filled with various kinds of the winged tribe.

Many of the streets of the old and new town of Prague, particularly those of the latter, are handsome.

After viewing the church of Tien, and the town hall, both of which are ancient buildings of venerable appearance, we were conducted to a promenade much frequented by the inhabitants, called the Alleys; the beauty of which I could not discover: a row of trees, placed in the centre of a street, constitutes the charms of this walk. We then passed the gates, and found ourselves in a road newly planted with trees; which, running round some corn-fields, is intended to form a space in which persons in carriages and on horseback may take the air. This place is evidently made in imitation of the Prater of Vienna; but at present it has no shade; and it will be long before it can hope to bear any resemblance to that charming spot.

Some pleasure-grounds immediately adjoin, the free use of which the proprietors very

kindly allow the public to enjoy. In the garden of colonel Vimer are gravel walks, *parterres* of various flowers, and some valuable hothouses: but as nature is not taken for the model on which it is laid out, and there are no trees, I cannot join in the praises which my *laquais de place* lavished on this spot. The neighbouring garden of count Canal is neither very large nor very pretty; yet it was thronged with persons of all ranks, occupied in drinking beer or coffee,—refreshments which the proprietor allows his butler to sell to those who visit his grounds.

We concluded our day at Prague by going to the theatre. The building is large and handsome; but it was ill lighted, and the company far from numerous. The play was German, and, like the generality of the favorite pieces of this country, seemed to be of a sentimental kind: the ladies were in tears during the greater part of the performance. The principal actor gave so much satisfaction, that, besides being loudly applauded in several passages, he was at the conclusion called for by name,—an honor only conferred on those who have greatly distinguished themselves.

In traveling from Prague to Dresden, we went a little out of our way, to visit Toeplitz, a watering-place of much celebrity. We had been told that we might reach the latter place

with ease in one day: we were disappointed in this hope, by the insolent obstinacy of the post-mistress at Laun, a little village. The horses being engaged in getting in the hay of her own farm, she refused, either to let us have any fresh ones, or to proceed with those which had brought us. We were consequently compelled to wait three hours, while the business of her harvest was dispatched and the cattle rested.—I mention this little occurrence as characteristic of the trials to which one's patience is exposed in this country.

This unexpected delay, and the abominable state of the roads through which we afterwards passed, compelled us to stop for the night at a kind of farm-house, where our fare was but indifferent, and our bed, as usual, a truss of straw. The roads proved the next day even worse than those which we had traversed the preceding evening; and though the distance was not more than twelve English miles, setting out at seven o'clock in the morning we did not arrive at Toeplitz till eleven in the forenoon.

We remarked a singular object this day,—a lofty rock, standing by itself in the centre of a plain.

Toeplitz is a pretty little town; and its environs are picturesque. The garden of the prince de Clery is constantly open to the pub-

lic; and all the amusements of the place are centred here. It is laid out completely in the English style; and the arrangement displays considerable taste. There are lofty trees, lawns, and gravel-walks winding irregularly through different parts of the grounds, which are watered by a very pretty river. On one side of the prince's *château* there is a building, erected for the convenience of those who frequent this place, and, under the name of *la salle de danse*, devoted to balls, cards, and other amusements; while on the other stands a theatre, where plays are acted every night. There is likewise a tennis-ground, in another part of the garden.—I met several parties of ladies and gentlemen strolling about, while others were playing cards in the open air.

The chalybeate waters of Toeplitz are recommended as salutary in various complaints; and their source is situated in another garden, also belonging to the prince of Clery. Besides this spring, there are baths of naturally hot water; some of which are appropriated to the use of the military, and others to that of the poor; while the same conveniences are found, but arranged with greater neatness, for those who can afford to pay the fee of admittance, in an elegant building, which stands about a quarter of a mile from the town, and is ap-

proached by a walk made for the purpose through some corn-fields.

The *château*, or palace, of the prince of Clery is a large and spacious building, of handsome architecture; and the town of Toeplitz is uncommonly neat and pretty, though of small extent. The inn is comfortable; and being placed on a gentle eminence, commands a delightful view. I hear that the lodgings are convenient; and the rides which the vicinity affords are diversified and pleasant.—In short, I should suppose that few public places possess greater advantages than this; which is frequented by families from all parts of Germany, but more particularly from Berlin and Dresden.

After passing a day at Toeplitz, we set out at an early hour the next morning; and though we took a longer way, in order to find a better road, we got into such deep ruts that the carriage was every moment in danger of falling to pieces. We also traversed an immense mountain, the ascent of which was so difficult, that, to our usual four post horses, we were under the necessity of adding an equal number of oxen. The view from the summit of this vast hill was wild and romantic.

After being most dreadfully shaken, and having one of the wheels of the carriage much injured, we at last came into a better road and

a finer country. We soon entered the territories of Saxony. In leaving those of the emperor, we were desired to show our passports; but were not asked any questions on the electoral frontiers. At the first Saxon town our patience was again tried by a delay of more than an hour in changing horses.

In approaching Dresden we were much pleased with the appearance of the country. Nothing could be prettier: the shade of various trees, the beautiful river Elbe, and the fields yellow with an abundant harvest, presented the most smiling and agreeable objects. —Before we entered the city, we drove through one of the elector's gardens, in which he has also a palace. At the gates of the town we were civilly asked for our names; and, instead of being dragged to the custom-house, were followed to the inn by an officer of that department, who, on receiving the customary fee, gave us no further trouble.

Our last day's journey, consisting only of four posts (equal to about forty English miles), consumed fifteen hours! Such is the rate at which travelers proceed in this country. An impatient man ought to be sent to Germany, to learn a lesson of resignation.

As soon as I have seen the curiosities of Dresden you shall hear from me again: in the mean time I must observe, that this city ap-

pears to be a delightful place.—We have procured very comfortable lodgings at the Golden Eagle, kept by a person who was for many years butler to sir Morton Eden. Our civil landlord assures us he will give us every thing *à l'Anglaise*, if we will only submit to dine at two o'clock; "for," added he, "I cannot get my cooks to dress a dinner at a later hour."—I mention this as illustrative of the German obstinacy.—I remember, a lady at Vienna told me, that, arriving at her town-house from the country after the usual dinner-hour, she could not persuade her servants to prepare any food till supper-time. Such is the impertinent rigidity of these people in the observance of all their old customs; from which it is impossible to make them recede, either by the hope of reward or the fear of punishment.

I am, &c.

LETTER XXXIX.

Remarks on Dresden — Catholic church — The elector and the electoral family of Saxony — Pictures by Mengs — Bridge over the Elbe — Palais Japannois — Cabinet of antiquities and public library there — Le Tresor, or collection of jewels — Glass and porcelain manufactories — Carousel, or court where tournaments were formerly exhibited — Walks in and about Dresden — Count Bruhl's garden — The Little Forest — Prince Maximilian's house — Fashionable promenade of the inhabitants — Wooden theatre used in summer — Mr. Grey, the British chargé-d'affaires — Dresden an agreeable residence — Army and political situation of the elector — The gallery of Dresden — Expedition to Planen, a beautiful valley in the vicinity of Dresden — POSTSCRIPT, *containing a catalogue of the most admired pictures in the gallery of Dresden.*

Dresden, July 9, 1803.

My dear sir,

THOUGH Dresden is not one of the largest, the most populous, or the most lively capitals of Europe, it yields to few in beauty of situation, in regularity and magnificence of architecture, and above all in interesting objects. Standing on the banks of the river Elbe, almost in the centre of Germany, and surrounded by a rich and fertile country, it enjoys very singular advantages. Nothing can be prettier than the landscape which the

town presents on every side. The streets are long, wide, and clean; and there are some edifices of peculiar beauty; while the houses in general are high, well built, and commodious. The inns and hotels are particularly good; the market is well supplied; the inhabitants appear contented and happy; the government is said to be mild, and attentive to the interest of the people; and, in common with the rest of the electoral territories, this city had the good fortune of escaping the horrors of war during the last contest, in which so many neighbouring states were involved.

It is somewhat singular, that, though the protestant faith is the received and reigning doctrine of the country, the elector is himself a catholic, and the building which attracts the greatest notice in his capital is a church dedicated to the uses of that religion. I went thither the morning after my arrival. As it was Sunday, high mass was chaunted; and his serene highness, accompanied by all his family, was present.

The catholic church stands in a delightful position, on elevated ground, nearly fronting the bridge by which the Elbe is passed, and presents a most striking appearance. It is decorated within with several excellent paintings by Mengs; among which is distinguished the Ascension, considered his *chef-d'œuvre.* This

painter, born at Dresden, exerted his talents, with equal zeal and success, in ornamenting the principal edifices of his native city.

The music of the mass was performed by soprano voices. The elector, a well-looking man, about fifty years of age, sat, with the electress and his daughter, in a gallery on one side of the altar; and prince Albert, his next brother, and his princess (a sister of the emperor), occupied a similar place on the other.

When the service was over, we were led into a room through which the court passes from the church to the palace; and we here found assembled several respectable foreigners, of various nations, who were desirous of taking this opportunity of seeing the electoral family.—There is nothing at all remarkable in the appearance of these princes; and the persons of their *suite*, though in full dress, were neither very elegantly nor very magnificently clad. The only peculiarity which I observed consisted in the dresses of two of the attendants, very tall men, who wore the Turkish costume,—having each a long gown of yellow cloth, yellow slippers, and a white turban. I am told it has been an ancient custom at this court to have two servants so accoutred, who follow the elector on all public occasions, and are at other times the porters of his palace. Notwithstanding their

Mohammedan apparel, these nominal Turks are good catholics; and I saw them piously cross themselves whenever the host was elevated.

In going away from this church we crossed the elegant bridge by which the Elbe is traversed, and visited the *Palais Japannois*, which stands immediately on the other side, in a most picturesque situation. The garden is small, and not laid out with much taste; but it possesses a vast variety of rose trees, of various hues and of unusual height. Several are six feet high: and among them I remarked one of a deep orange color, nearly resembling that of the wall-flower,—a kind which I never saw before. At the end of the garden, near the water, is a terrace commanding a most delightful view of the city, the river, and the environs.

The palace itself is filled with interesting objects. The ground floor is devoted to the cabinet of antiquities; and a long suite of rooms receives these precious monuments.—The collection was formed by Augustus III., king of Poland and elector of Saxony, between the years 1720 and 1730. He bought at Rome many treasures of antiquity; the greater part of which came from the gallery of prince Chigi, its whole contents having been purchased by his majesty, and conveyed to this place.

The cabinet is shown and explained by a learned professor, who is a man of much intelligence and politeness. It is, however, to be regretted, both on account of those who visit Dresden (some of whom may not be able to pay the required fees), and on that of the gentleman who is deputed to fill this office, that the custom of giving money here should still exist. The elector ought to follow the example set him by the Austrian and French governments; and, by allowing handsome salaries to the guardians of such museums, to enable the poorest artists to view these monuments of skill, and at the same time to relieve men of knowledge and superior education from the painful necessity of receiving gratuities from individuals. A ducat (answering in value to half a guinea English) is the fee usually given at the cabinet, at the gallery of pictures, and at the cabinet of treasures; besides a florin to each of the porters.

One of the first objects of curiosity in the cabinet of antiquities, is a stand for an altar, the bas-relief of which bears the marks of having been made when the arts at Rome began to approach perfection. The arms of the figures are imitated from the Egyptian models, and are ridiculously long; while the legs, and the rest of the form, are in excellent taste, and completely Grecian.

Among many other rare and beautiful things, we saw three female figures found in the first excavations made at Herculaneum. These statues are Grecian, and of admirable symmetry. The drapery of one of them is incomparable: the muslin and cotton of the dress is so exactly imitated, that an inclination is felt to remove them, in order to view the shape which they partly conceal.

Two hermaphrodites, with fawns in different attitudes, are beautiful, and well preserved. A figure of Hadrian, and a copy of this original, also ancient, in the attitude of a gladiator; a dying Gladiator; a Pallas, whose dress is ornamented with bas-relieves (extremely rare) representing various combats; and a Pugilist, made of a singularly scarce kind of marble, were in the number of those things which excited our admiration. The last of them probably suggested to Canova the idea of his Pugilist, which I had occasion to mention in speaking of the Vatican, and which greatly resembles the original I have just named. I am apt, also, to suspect, that the drapery of his Hebe, which has been so much commended, was copied from one of the figures in this collection which I have already said were found at Herculaneum. I hear he spent several hours in contemplating it.

The next object of singular beauty is a noble

Fawn, of which there are three copies. The figure is graceful, and the head elegantly little. An original statue of Antinous next drew our notice. A Combatant, supposed to be in the act of pouring oil upon his back, is admired for the extraordinary perfection with which the muscles and anatomy of the body are represented, as well as for the smoothness of the marble of which it is made; but the head is wanting. A Diana, quite perfect, with innumerable ancient busts, vases, and other curiosities, were next pointed out.

There is likewise here a celebrated Venus, which, though much injured and mutilated, is still beautiful. The professor who showed the gallery said he preferred it even to that of the Venus de Medicis. I acknowledge its merits, but must say of his compliment, *c'est un peu fort.*

There is, among other curiosities here, a room fitted up in imitation of the sepulchral chambers in which the ancients were wont to deposit their dead, and of which I saw specimens at Rome and in the neighbourhood of Naples.

Some Egyptian mummies were shown us; and besides one of a woman, and one of a man, we saw that of a child, which is considered as a great curiosity. A mummy pulled to pieces is also exhibited. Of the latter I took into my

hand a thigh, which still retained a smell of the aromatics in which it had been preserved. In the same room is a skull made of marble, from the chisel of Bernini; and it should be examined, both as a specimen of his skill and of his patience.

Besides many ancient statues; busts of emperors, philosophers, &c.; precious marbles, vases, &c.; there are some modern works by John of Bologna, and a curious Gothic group of Romulus and Remus: which latter has evident marks of having been made in a barbarous age.

I forgot to mention Cupid presenting Psyche to his mother. The heads are modern, and in Gothic taste, but the figures are beautiful.—Another group of Cupid and Psyche deserves attention.

My memory does not allow me to give a more particular account. I can only say, that, next to the collection of antiquities at Paris, this is the finest and most valuable which I have yet seen.

The two higher floors of the Palais Japannois, which are approached by a spacious staircase, are appropriated to the public library; which is arranged with excellent taste, and lighted by windows affording a prospect of singular beauty.—Nothing can be more admirable than the order in which these books

are kept. Every science, every language, and every kind of literature, has its allotted department; and each possesses a valuable collection of corresponding works.—This establishment, which does the highest honor to the present elector, by whom it was founded, must be particularly useful to the inhabitants of Dresden, as they are not only allowed to peruse the books at the library, but likewise to have the use of them at their respective homes.

Le Tresor, or the collection of jewels belonging to the elector, constitutes one of the sights of the place, and well deserves the attention of strangers: it contains a vast assemblage of diamonds and other valuable stones of various sorts. Beside innumerable curiosities in ivory, enamel, coral, and jasper, we saw a topaz of an immense size, esteemed the largest in the known world; and an assortment of brilliants, set in necklaces, swords, buttons, and other ornaments, which may be equaled, but can certainly not be exceeded, by those of any other sovereign in Europe. There are also some clocks, and other mechanical instruments, richly decorated.

Of the manufactories here, the most interesting are those of glass and of porcelain; both of which I have visited. At the latter, we saw various cups and dishes of extreme beauty, de-

corated with paintings copied from the finest pictures in the gallery.

Among the places of worship, next to the catholic church that of Nôtre Dame is the most remarkable. It is a fine building, possessing a rotundo, in the style of the Pantheon at Rome, which may be viewed with pleasure even by those who have seen that wonderful original.

The palace of the elector contains nothing very deserving of notice.

The *Carousel*, or court where tournaments and combats with wild beasts were formerly exhibited, bears the remains of having once been a fine edifice; but it has been neglected, and is rapidly falling to decay.

The walks and points of view in and near Dresden are remarkably pretty. The former palace of count Bruhl is employed as a *depôt* for the porcelain manufactures, but the garden is open to the public,—affording a delightful promenade on the banks of the Elbe. From a terrace in these grounds the prospect of the bridge, the river, and the new town, forms a landscape of singular beauty.

I was also much pleased with what is called the Little Forest,—that is to say, the plain beyond the palace of prince Maximilian (the elector's younger brother), which runs by the bank of the river on the other side of the

bridge. Though this spot is delightful, and planted with lofty trees, affording at this season of the year an agreeable shade from the heat of the sun, it is but little frequented. The palace of prince Maximilian is a light elegant building; small in its dimensions, but of excellent architecture.

The inhabitants, I hear, prefer, to either of the promenades which I have just mentioned, a garden to which I was conducted by my *laquais de place* the day after my arrival, though I have forgotten the name. It consists of a small piece of ground, about a mile and a half from the gates. There I found assembled crowds of vulgar people drinking ale and smoking tobacco.—At one end of this favorite retreat is a wooden building, which serves for the summer theatre of Dresden. As the evening was remarkably fine, and the weather intensely hot, I felt no inclination to increase the number which I saw flocking into this wretched playhouse.

Of the society at Dresden I have had no opportunity of forming any judgement,—as, in the first place, my stay has been too short to enable me to gain admittance into the best circles of the place; and, in the next, the principal families are at this season of the year absent, at their country-seats. Indeed, nothing can be duller than the appearance of the town

at present,—though I am assured that in winter few capitals afford a pleasanter residence. Scarcely any carriages now roll about; there is no bustle in the streets, nor any vestige of that gaiety which is said to prevail at the more fashionable periods of the year. Mr. Elliot, our late minister at this court, having been named envoy at Naples, left Dresden before my arrival. Mr. Grey, the secretary of legation, is for the present *chargé d'affaires*, and seems anxious to show every possible civility to his countrymen. We have been hospitably received at his house; where, besides some Englishmen, we met a few of the Saxon *noblesse* who happen still to be in town.

This gentleman (Mr. Grey), who has been fifteen or sixteen years in the diplomatic world, is a sensible, well-informed, and unaffected man. His salary will not allow him to live with magnificence; but both he and Mrs. Grey receive English travelers with hospitality, and take every means in their power in order to render their stay here as agreeable as possible. They have had the goodness to propose presenting us to the electoral family; but as we have seen their highnesses at church, and have no idea of lengthening our residence at Dresden, we have declined the honor.

Several British families are settled here: and indeed, if I may believe the reports of persons

of various descriptions, no city on the continent is better calculated for affording at a moderate expense society, education, and amusement.

The elector is said to be particularly civil, and even partial, to the English who frequent his court. He frequently invites them to dinner, and shows them other marks of his kindness. I hear he is a very well informed as well as a very good man, and has a decided taste for the cultivation of letters. His army has a respectable appearance,—though their uniforms and hats, being still cut in the style of former times, seem grotesque to an English eye. He keeps from fifteen to twenty thousand men in his pay, who are well disciplined, and in good order. His treasury is also reported to be in a flourishing condition.—Such are the happy effects of a long continuance of peace,—a blessing which the elector owes to the fortunate position of his territories: with Austria on one side, and Prussia on the other, his possessions are secured from the dangerous compliment of a visit from France: and Dresden in the late contest was indemnified for her sufferings in the seven years' war.

You will be surprised that I have already said so much about this city without naming the celebrated gallery, its principal ornament and distinguishing feature. I have purposely

avoided touching on that point till I had discussed every other, because, as it has occupied no small part of my attention, and has been the source of all my pleasure during the few days I have passed here, I wished to reserve my remarks till the last moment, that they might be the result of the whole of my visits to that place.

The gallery of Dresden does indeed deserve the sanguine praises which have been lavished on it by travelers of different nations, and by our countrymen in particular. I cannot in stronger terms express to you how gratefully my expectations have been equaled, and indeed exceeded, than by telling you, that, after viewing the collection of the Louvre, and the finest pictures left in Italy, I have been astonished at the number and beauty of those contained in this gallery. They are all originals, have been admirably preserved, and scarcely any are of ordinary merit. Besides some curious pieces by German, Flemish, and Dutch painters (whose names you will pardon me for omitting, as each contains at least fifteen consonants to one vowel), I have seen here many of the best works of Hannibal Caracci, Raphael, Guido, Albani, Leonardo da Vinci, Vandyck, Titian, Andrea del Sarto, Rembrandt, Caravaggio, Tintoretto, Nicolas Poussin, Luca Giordano, Corregio, and Battoni; while those by Rubens in

this collection are unequaled both in number and in value. I have spent five or six hours every day in examining these precious monuments of human art; and, though I cannot pretend to be a connoisseur, I may say with great truth, that I have received infinite satisfaction from the contemplation of their various merits. I have marked down in a pocket-book the pictures which appeared to me most deserving of notice, and in a postscript to this letter I will send you a copy of the catalogue so formed.

The gallery consists of several rooms, communicating with one another in a circular form. It has not, therefore, the advantage, which that of the Louvre possesses, of presenting one long front. But this is a slight defect, amply compensated for by the treasures here accumulated.

As I have stated my opinion of the different works in the annexed list, I shall say no more on the subject at present; but shall conclude this letter with an account of a little expedition, which we made yesterday, to the valley of Planen, esteemed the most romantic spot in the vicinity of Dresden.—A road runs for some miles between a chain of lofty rocks on one side and a fine wood on the other; at the foot of which latter meanders a beautiful river. We saw cows, and other cattle, standing in the water; while others were wandering on the

craggy mountains;—presenting altogether a landscape truly picturesque, and a retired scene singularly pleasing at so small a distance from the capital. Two Russian gentlemen have built cassinos (or small villas) in this romantic spot; and their houses, almost embosomed in trees and rocks, add another object to this delightful view.—This promenade should not be omitted by those who have any taste for the grand features of untutored Nature.

Adieu!—I regret that I cannot lengthen my stay at Dresden. It is certainly a very pleasant place: all the conveniences of life are enjoyed at an easy expense; and the gallery alone insures an interesting and never-failing source of elegant amusement.

I am, &c.

Postscript to Letter XXXIX.

PICTURES MOST ADMIRED IN THE DRESDEN GALLERY.

By Rubens.

Two pieces representing the return of Bacchus from a hunting party.

The Roman virgins flying from the Etrurians and hazarding the passage of the river Tiber.

The Judgement of Paris: a small picture much esteemed. I thought the ladies not very handsome, and Paris extremely awkward.—In this work the artist is supposed to have given the portraits of his three wives.

Lion-hunting: a beautiful picture, and rich in coloring.

Pluto ravishing Proserpine.

A Hero crowned by Virtue; the latter represented by a young woman naked and winged.

Landscape, in which is introduced a gentleman on horseback, preceded by his huntsman holding dogs.

Boar-hunting. The figures only are by Rubens, and the scenery is by Fr. Smyders.

Sons of Rubens: a delightful picture.

A work commonly called "Quos ego," alluding to the line in Virgil beginning with those

words. The subject is of course Neptune appeasing the angry waves.—A very fine picture.

The Last Judgement; in which the artist has introduced himself and his wives. The first (for whose memory he seems not to have entertained much respect) is placed in the hands of devils, who are conveying her to the infernal regions.

Bust of an Old Woman, with a companion representing

The bust of an Old Man.

Landscape, with figures of lions.

Landscape, with mountain scenery, and a horseman in front, preceded by a man holding dogs.

Meleager presenting to Atalanta the head of a boar.

Silenus drunk, supported by Bacchanalians.

Bathsheba leaving the bath.

Besides several portraits of various persons.

By Caravaggio.

Two men and two women playing at cards: very like his celebrated picture of the Gamesters, which I saw, and had occasion to commend, in the Barberini Palace at Rome.

The Denial of Christ by St. Peter.

St. Sebastian tied to a tree and pierced with darts.

Two persons playing at cards.

Soldiers gaming; some with cards and others with dice.

By Corregio.

The Virgin, seated on a throne, holding the infant Christ on her knee, attended by St. John the Baptist, St. Catherine, St. Antony of Padua, and St. Francis of Assissum: a wonderful performance; the coloring of which is still striking and uninjured, though two hundred and fifty years have elapsed since it was painted.

The Virgin seated on a throne, with the infant Christ, accompanied by St. George, St. John the Baptist, and St. Peter the Martyr: admirably executed in his last manner.

The Magdalen, lying in a grotto and meditating on the Scriptures: an admirable picture, and esteemed one of the finest in the world.

The Nativity, or Adoration of the Shepherds, called (I know not why) the Night of Corregio. This is a charming work, and reckoned his masterpiece.

Virgin and Christ, attended by angels. This picture is called the St. Sebastian.

A charming portrait of the artist's Physician.

By Rembrandt.

An Old Man, with a great beard, large bonnet, gold chain, and gold-headed cane.

Portrait of Himself.

The Rape of Ganymede: a celebrated picture, but in very bad taste. Ganymede is represented as a boy of five or six years of age, crying, and giving certain proofs of fear; which, however natural they may be, it is neither pleasant to see nor decent to name.

And Old Woman weighing a piece of money.

The Parents of Solomon offering up sacrifice, while the angel who had announced his birth wings his flight to heaven.

The Feast of Ahasuerus, with Esther by his side wearing a royal crown.

By Carlo Dolce.

The Sanctification of Bread.

By Spagnoletto.

St. Peter, led by an angel, leaving his prison.

St. Francis of Assissum in a state of penitence.

St. Mary the Egyptian in an attitude of supplication.

The Martyrdom of St. Bartholomew.

By Andrea del Sarto.

The Virgin on a throne, with the infant Christ

on her knee, who puts a ring on the finger of St. Catherine.
Sacrifice of Abraham.
The bust of Paul the Hermit.
A Holy Family.

By Claude Lorraine.

View near Naples, with Istria and the adjoining country.

By Salvator Rosa.

Portrait of himself showing a bird's nest, while a monkey is behind him.

By Guido.

Venus lying down.
Infant Christ sleeping on a cushion.
St. Jerome penitent.
The Virgin seated, with Christ on her knee.
Christ appearing to his mother.
Young Bacchus, in a state of nature, leaning on a barrel and drinking.
Reception of Semiramis.
Ecce Homo.

By Hannibal Caracci.

Head of our Saviour.
The infant Christ held by his mother on a table.
La Pieta, or Christ crowned with thorns.
The Assumption of the Virgin.

Head of St. Francis.
Virgin and Christ, accompanied by St. Matthew and other saints.
Head of Christ.
Christ on his mother's knee.
Portrait of Mascaroni.
The Genius of Glory and Honor, represented by a young man winged and crowned with laurel.

By Titian.

Tribute to Cæsar.
Portrait of a Man with a bonnet sitting on a high-backed chair.
Portrait of a Lady in a red dress.
Portrait of Catherine Cornora, queen of Cyprus,
Portrait of Lavinia, the artist's daughter.
The Virgin and Child.

By David Teniers.

An Alehouse Scene, with persons playing cards, peasants resting, some drinking, and some dancing.
A Guardhouse Scene, with a boy carrying a red cloak, and soldiers playing cards.
Family of Alphonso duke of Ferrara.

By Hans Holbein.

Portrait of Martin Luther: a very beautiful picture.

Portrait of Luther's wife, meant as a companion to the former. It is equally praiseworthy.
Portrait of Henry VIII. of England.
Portraits of two Young Girls.
Portrait of an Old Man with a white beard and a little cross.
Portrait of a Man with a box in one hand and a paper in the other.

By Dosso Dossi.

Judith holding the head of Holofernes.

By Leonardo da Vinci.

Herodias holding the head of St. John the Baptist in a basin: one of the best pictures in the whole collection.

By Palma the younger.

The Embarkation of the emperor Frederic Barbarossa, accompanied by the patriarch and doge of Venice.
Presentation of the Virgin in the Temple by her parents.
Martyrdom of St. Andrew.
St. Sebastian tied to a tree.

By Paul Veronese.

The Family of a Noble Venetian led by the Christian Virtues to the feet of the Virgin, who carries a cross.

Christ crucified between Thieves.
Christ at table with his Disciples at Emaus.
Portrait of Daniel Barbaro, a noble Venetian and patriarch of Aquelia.
Resurrection of Christ.
Adoration of the Magi.
Wedding in Cana.
Presentation in the Temple.
Christ granting the centurion's prayer for the cure of his servant.
Another Christ crucified.
Moses found and saved by Pharaoh's daughter.

By Albani.

The Virgin holding in her arms the infant Jesus, and caressing at the same time the infant St. John the Baptist.
The Repose in Egypt.
The Bath of Diana.
Christ in his cradle worshipped by angels.
Loves dancing.
Adam and Eve banished from Paradise.
Galatea on her car, attended by Cupids.

By Raphael.

St. George on horseback killing the dragon.
The Virgin and Christ, to whom pope Sixtus the Fifth and a saint are kneeling: justly esteemed one of the finest pictures in the world.

By Guercino.

Lot and his Daughters.
A scene taken from the Pastor Fido.
Birth of Adonis.
Death of Adonis.
Venus deploring the death of Adonis.

By Vandyck.

Charles I. of England: an admirable portrait.
Henrietta, his queen: companion to the former.
The Children of the above.
Danaë. This is from the school but not from the pencil of Vandyck.
Silenus drunk.
Portrait of a Man with whiskers and a rough beard.
Portrait of a Woman: companion to the former.
The Virgin and Child.

By Nicholas Poussin.

Noah and his Family sacrificing after leaving the ark.
A Landscape, with nymphs seated, and Narcissus admiring himself in the water.
The Martyrdom of St. Erasmus.
Moses saved from the bulrushes.
A Nymph sleeping at the foot of a tree, and two men looking at her.

Pietro di Cortona.

A large landscape, in which Æneas and Dido are represented as sitting under a tree, comes from the school of this artist.

By Tintoretto.

Mount Parnassus, on which are seated Apollo and the Muses.

A Concert.

The Virgin, with the infant Christ crowned with glory.

By Albert Durer.

A Hermit holding a skull.

Portrait of a Man in a gown edged with fur.

A little Altar, with the Virgin at the feet of Christ.

A young Hare.

Adoration of the Magi.

The Virgin dying, attended by the Apostles.

By Brughel.

A Sea-Port.

A Landscape, with a Windmill.

By Jacques Jordaens.

Silenus drunk, supported by Bacchanalians and Satyrs.

Bacchus drunk, accompanied and served by Bacchantes and Satyrs.

A Concert after supper.
Presentation in the Temple.
Diogènes with his lantern.

By Francis Smyders.

Dogs fighting with Bears.
Bear-hunting.

By Francis Megliori.

Europa seated on a Bull, while his companions crown him with flowers.
Lot and his Daughters.

By Gerard Gown.

Various inanimate objects: a Pipe, Wax Candle, Watch, &c.

By Chr. Seybold.

Portrait of an Old Woman with a green head-dress.
Portrait of an Old Man with a fur cap.
Portrait of an Old Woman with a red veil.
These pictures are painted in exact representation of real life: every wrinkle and every hair is accurately delineated: and it may be said of all three, with perfect truth, that they are dreadfully fine.
Portrait of an Old Man with a hat and feathers.

By Luca Giordano.

Jacob removing the stone from the well at the approach of Rachel and her flock.

The Rape of the Sabines.

Lot and his Daughters, with a distant view of Sodom in flames.

Seneca dying.

The chaste Susannah.

Ariadne asleep.

St. Sebastian with his hands tied to a tree.

Rebecca receiving the presents.

Hercules, with Omphale. The former has the distaff of the latter in his hand.

Abraham sending away Hagar and Ishmael.

By Carlo Maratti.

Infant Christ worshipped in his cradle by his mother.

By Benvenuto Garofalo.

Infant Christ sleeping, and worshipped, on one side by his mother, and on the other by the guardian angel, who holds the crown of thorns and other emblems of his destined sufferings.

By Pietro Liberi.

Psyche trying to detain Cupid.

By Pompey Jerome Battoni.

The Magdalen lying on the ground in a grotto. This is one of the finest pictures in the whole collection. The coloring is rich, and the drapery graceful; while the countenance of the Magdalen expresses mildness, contrition, and resignation: and the human skull which lies by her is horribly natural.

When Frederic the Great, of Prussia, became master of Dresden, the only contribution which he levied on the gallery was a copy of this picture; which does indeed deserve the preference shown it by this extraordinary man: while his moderation forms a curious contrast with the rapine and devastation which have followed the steps of more recent conquerors.

LETTER XL.

Journey to Berlin—First appearance of Berlin—Principal street—Great square—Buildings there—Two churches, and the theatre between them—Opera-house—Streets of Berlin—The Tilleuil—The triumphal arch leading into the Park—The Park—Reason of the author's departure from Berlin—Mr. Jackson, the British minister—Château, or royal palace: apartment of the great Frederic—Balls given by the queen—Anecdote of a scene which occurred at one of these entertainments—The king's private house—The queen justly celebrated for her beauty—Royal manufactory of porcelain—The only surviving brother of Frederic the Second, and his son—Places adorned with statues; particularly one with those of Frederic's generals—The armoury—The army—Manner of living at the court—Hospitality to strangers—The king and queen—Visit to one of the theatres—State of literature—Determination to leave Berlin—Alarming report.

Berlin, July 13, 1803.

My dear sir,

I SHALL not detail to you the particulars of our journey from Dresden to Berlin, for the same reason which prevented my giving a minute account of the road between Vienna and Dresden: I mean, the fear of subjecting you to some portion of that fatigue which I experienced in traversing the given space of ground. If I complained of the

badness of the roads, of the slowness of the postboys, and the insolent apathy of the landlords, while traveling in the territories of the emperor; in what words shall I convey to you the much greater inconveniences to which we have been exposed in the dominions of the elector of Saxony and in those of the king of Prussia?

Soon after leaving Dresden, we found ourselves in a country of deep sands, through which we waded at the rate of two English miles an hour. We did not arrive at Berlin till two o'clock the third afternoon, — having been in the carriage fourteen hours the first day, seventeen the second, and six the last. It is difficult to calculate the exact distance of this journey, as a post sometimes consists of one German mile and sometimes of two. The German mile is estimated as equal to five English miles. There are ten posts between Dresden and Berlin. Taking therefore the medium, and supposing each of these to contain a German mile and a half, the whole cannot have exceeded seventy-five miles of our mensuration.

Nothing could be more gloomy than the country through which we passed, as it consisted of an uninterrupted succession of vast woods, unenlivened either by villages or inhabitants. We scarcely met a single person in the course of each day's hard labour (for such

this journey might fairly be called); and I could not help thinking of the descriptions given by travelers of their route through distant parts of North America. We were certainly in no danger of being devoured by wild beasts, nor were we compelled to seek our road by the assistance of the compass; but, like persons wandering in those desert regions, we heard not the voice nor the footsteps of man; and as our carriage moved slowly on, we saw nothing but trees heaped upon trees; among which, in the words of Pope,

> "Black Melancholy sits, and round her throws
> A death-like silence and a dread repose.
> Her gloomy presence saddens all the scene,
> Shades ev'ry flow'r, and darkens ev'ry green,
> Deepens the murmur of the falling floods,
> And breathes a browner horror o'er the woods."

As to the places where we stopped.—We found a decent inn the first night, where we were permitted to dress the victuals which we had brought with us, to drink our own wine, and to lie down on clean straw,—privileges which the obstinacy of the German landlords will not always allow us.—We entered the Prussian territories late the second night. The only inn at Mittenwalde was said to be so very bad, that we requested the postmaster to permit us to sleep at his house. Our petition was granted; but though his mansion had a com-

fortable, and even handsome appearance, we could get nothing to eat but a few eggs and one little roll,—slender food after the fatigues of a long and tiresome journey: nor was our usual bed stretched on the ground without some previous remonstrances from our host, who did not like that the economy of his apartment should be deranged in this manner.

Our carriage and luggage were strictly examined at this little frontier town; yet when we arrived at the gates of Berlin, we were again obliged to undergo the same ceremony; while an officer in uniform, addressing me in French, requested I would follow him to the guard-room; where having taken down our names, country, and quality, and seen our passports, he allowed us to proceed.

I had heard much of the magnificence of Berlin, and came prepared to see a beautiful city: yet my expectations have been much exceeded by the reality. After wasting three days in a region of sands and immense woods, which recalled the ideas of savage life, I seemed by magic to have been transported into a spot on which art has lavished all the elegancies of refinement. The transition has been great indeed; and in entering this town I fancied that it was one of those described in the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments." The length and

breadth of the streets, the regularity of the architecture, the grandeur of the houses, and the number of statues and other decorations seen in different parts of the city—all contribute to support the idea; and I have had some difficulty in persuading myself that the scene before me is the work of man, and not of enchantment.

Berlin is in some respects superior either to London or Paris: the principal street is, I believe, longer, wider, and formed of houses more regularly built, than any one in either of those great capitals. There are also here some public edifices, which (with the single exception of the church of St. Paul) are unequaled by those of any town in Europe on this side of the Alps. In the great square are two churches of singular magnificence, built after the best models of antiquity, and decorated with pillars of corresponding beauty.—It is to be lamented, that between these churches stands a theatre, the flat and whimsical roof of which, made of red tiles, destroys the effect which the adjoining temples would otherwise produce.—The opera-house is a splendid pile of building; and the catholic church, imitated from the Pantheon of Rome, presents a very fine rotundo. The houses are lofty, handsome, and constructed of white stone. But, from the

want of a population suited to the size of the town, the whole place has an appearance of dulness and inactivity.

The richer *noblesse*, and many of the foreign ministers, including Mr. Jackson the British envoy, inhabit houses in the Tilleuil,—a long and delightful street, planted on each side with trees, and resembling the Boulevards at Paris.

At the end of this street appears a triumphal arch, admirably executed, in imitation of those used by the Romans, and in the best style of Grecian architecture. A figure of Victory seated on a car drawn by three bronze horses skilfully modeled, forms the ornament of this splendid porch; and on the other side is an extensive park; the use of which is permitted to the inhabitants at large, for exercise on foot, on horseback, and in carriages. Besides many handsome and well-appointed equipages, I have seen here crowds of pedestrians; some strolling about, and others staring at a party of tumblers, who frequently exhibit for their amusement. It seems, indeed, that as the Roman emperors used to order combats of wild beasts and gladiators for the entertainment of the populace of their city, and as in modern France spectacles or theatrical performances are in the same manner exhibited gratuitously before the same class of persons; so in Germany promenades, with various sports in the open air (not

forgetting the important luxuries of eating, drinking, and smoking), are the pleasures which the people require and the government takes care to provide.

Nothing would have given me more pleasure than to have passed some time at Berlin, with the appearance of which I have every reason to be satisfied; but having consulted Mr. Jackson on the expediency of an immediate return to England, I find he is so decidedly of opinion that any delay may be dangerous, that I have determined to set off to-morrow morning.—That gentleman, to whom I first became known at Paris, has received me with much kindness, and has taken the trouble of pointing out on the map the route which he considers as the least hazardous which a British subject can pursue in the present extraordinary state of the continent. He informs me, that the road from Berlin to Tonningen, on the coast of Holstein, where our government has established packet-boats, is at present open; but as the French have threatened Lubec, through the territories of which it is necessary to pass, he cannot say how long we may retain this opportunity of an immediate communication with England. Relying on his information, and unwilling to hazard the loss of a safe and direct passage to Great Britain, we have abandoned all the projects we had formed for seeing the

curiosities, the society, and the court of Berlin. —The same reason puts it out of our power to pay a visit to Potsdam.

I need not tell you how much I am disappointed at losing the occasion of becoming acquainted with this capital, and of viewing the Prussian army. My regret is increased by recollecting how unable I am to answer the inquiries you will necessarily make, about a kingdom whose rapid rise and increasing power have so particularly rendered it an object of attention to all men of intelligence. I have not been idle in the three days which I have spent here: but in three days what is it possible to see?—I send you the result of this cursory visit: and if you feel inclined to censure me for sending you so imperfect an account, I must beg you to recollect, that the fault originates in a feeling which you will scarcely censure,—my impatience to return home, in order to share the dangers (if indeed any exist) with which our common country is menaced. Nothing, in my opinion, is more improbable, than that the enemy should ever reach our shores: yet I cannot remain on the continent, with any degree of satisfaction, while a possibility exists, however distant, of Britain becoming the theatre of war.

Having, I hope, satisfactorily exculpated myself for hurrying away from this beautiful

city, I proceed to mention the few sights which in my limited stay I have had the opportunity of viewing.

The morning after our arrival I went, with an English party, to see the Château, or royal palace; where the king does not actually live, but where he holds his court and gives public entertainments: his majesty commonly resides in a small house which immediately adjoins.

The Château contains several spacious courts, and the principal apartments are approached by a very handsome staircase. We walked through a long suite of rooms, which occupy two floors, and are decorated with a great number of pictures, many of which come from the pencils of Rubens, Guido, Giulio Romano, and other eminent artists: but among several originals and excellent pieces of these masters, copies and indifferent works are mixed in strange disorder. There are also here some statues of great beauty.

I was of course anxious to see the apartment which the great Frederic once inhabited. The furniture, I was very sorry to find, had been changed. The drawing-room, however, still contains the portraits of his four favorite generals: and in another room is an al-fresco painting of a lady to whom he was attached. The chamber in which he slept is very small, and is only lighted by one window. A belvi-

dere, or closet with a balcony, was shown us, commanding a fine view of the river,—the favorite retreat of this extraordinary man, where he passed the greater part of his time when at Berlin.

Some of the great rooms of the palace are extremely handsome,—though the decorations are rather ancient; among which I remarked some heavy chandeliers of massy silver.

The queen is in the habit of giving balls in these apartments, which are conducted with much ease (all ceremony being entirely aside), and are said to be uncommonly gay. The king never sits down at supper, but walks about, seeing that every thing is properly arranged. An English gentleman who was present at one of these entertainments has just told me a ridiculous incident which he witnessed:—His majesty is always dressed in a plain uniform, and seldom wears an order or other distinguishing badge. Thus accoutred, he was taken by a foreigner for one of the attendants; and seeing him pass, he handed him his dirty plate. The king received with the most perfect good-humor the offered dish, and having given a clean one in return, walked quietly away. The poor foreigner soon discovered the blunder which he had committed; and in an agony of despair showed such distorted marks of contrition, that he became the

object of general observation and of general laughter. No person enjoyed the joke more heartily than his majesty; who, in answer to the humble and reiterated apologies of the distressed stranger, assured him, that he never wished for a better office at his own house than that of waiting on his guests.

From the Château we drove to the king's private house, the modest simplicity of which forms a striking contrast with the magnificence of the former. The royal family reside here during the months of winter; but as they are at present settled in the country, I expected to be able to see their apartments. It happened that the king had just come to town on particular business; and on this account we were refused admittance. Having inquired whether the queen (of whose beauty I had heard such favorable accounts that I was anxious to see her) had accompanied his majesty, I was answered in the negative,—learning at the same time that she was expected every moment. By the advice of my *laquais de place*, I ordered the coachman to drive along the Tilleuil, and to go into the Park,—hoping to meet the queen, who would necessarily enter the town by that road. We had not proceeded an hundred yards beyond the beautiful gate which I have had already occasion to mention, when her majesty passed, in a plain post-

chaise drawn by four horses, unaccompanied by guards, and with only one footman, who was seated on a little chair behind the carriage. I could not examine her countenance as well as I could have wished, for she held a handkerchief to her face; but notwithstanding this imperfect view of her features, I saw enough to convince me that the queen possesses charms by no means undeserving the celebrity which they have obtained in every part of Europe. She appears indeed to be a lovely woman: her complexion is uncommonly fair, her hair auburn, and the expression of her face mild and pleasing.—She is daughter of the reigning duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, sister to the young prince of that house whom I met in Italy, and niece of our queen.

The royal manufactory of porcelain, one of the favorite foundations of the great Frederic, and to establish which he forced several inhabitants of Dresden to leave their native city, next attracted our notice. We here saw several services of china, admirably white and beautifully painted: yet I cannot say that the specimens were equal to the porcelain I had seen at Sevé and at Dresden.—In going into this depôt, it happened singularly enough that prince Ferdinand, the only surviving brother of Frederic the Second, passed in his carriage, accompanied by his son on horseback, a handsome young man

about twenty-years of age. They were both dressed in the Prussian uniform.

Our stay at Berlin has been so short, that we have had no opportunity of forming an estimate of the state of society. The only person we knew was baroness Kloest, the daughter of baron Jacobi, the Prussian minister in London. This lady, with whom we had been well acquainted in London, had the politeness to call on Mrs. Lemaistre immediately on our arrival, and showed us every attention of which the limited term of our residence here would admit. She accompanied us to the Park, and pointed out to us the equipages of the most remarkable persons; and afterwards directed us to those parts of the town which most deserved our notice. Among the former we remarked some handsome carriages, in which were seated elegant women fashionably dressed. With regard to the latter, I have already said so much about the streets of Berlin, that I shall only add, that one of the places, or squares, is ornamented with statues which the gratitude of Frederic erected to the memory of his most distinguished generals; and that scarcely any part of this town has not something, either in architecture or sculpture, which a stranger would wish to see, and which amply repays the trouble of visiting it.

Among other curiosities which I have seen

here, I must not forget the armoury. This establishment, which from the attention paid to all military affairs in Prussia I expected to find in a high state of order, I must say disappointed me. In arrangement, and every other respect, it is by no means equal to our armoury in the Tower of London, or to that of Austria, which I visited at Vienna. There is, indeed, in this collection, a vast accumulation of various kinds of arms, saddles, and other implements; but all the articles were in bad condition, dirty, and covered with dust.

Of the army I have been able to form no opinion, as the greater part of it is at Potsdam. The regiments performing duty at Berlin do not answer the ideas I had formed of Prussian soldiers: the men are neither very handsome in their persons nor very smart in their dress. In exterior, the Austrian troops are greatly superior.

I have of course been anxious to make some inquiries about the court. I learn that the king and queen live with the greatest simplicity, and receive both their own subjects and strangers on terms of perfect equality. Excepting on particular days, when the sovereign appears *en gala*, all parade and ceremony are laid aside. Their majesties drive about the streets of their capital without guards or attendants; go to assemblies given by indi-

viduals; and receive company at their own house, where they are particularly civil to foreigners *, and do the honors with much affability, refusing and forbidding those marks of respect usually offered to crowned heads, but which would destroy the sociability of convivial life.

The king is a tall handsome young man; rather stiff in his appearance; and uniformly dressed in a regimental coat. The queen is well spoken of by all classes of her subjects, and is admired for her beauty, her grace, and her accomplishments, and still more for the many virtues which she possesses.

Of the theatres here I have only seen one. The building was small, but elegant, and extremely well lighted by a patent lamp of vast dimensions, which was suspended from the top.

* Some English friends of mine, returning from a tour of the continent, passed very lately through Berlin. While they were there they went to a public garden, to see the ascension of a balloon. Their majesties were present, and were much struck with the beauty, modesty, and elegance of one of the ladies belonging to the party. They immediately sent a message, requesting to see the travelers at the palace. They declined accepting this honor, as the wardrobe of lady —— (whom the king and queen had so much admired) had already left Berlin. "Tell the English lady," rejoined their majesties, "that we shall be happy to see her in any dress: such beauty requires no other ornament than that which Nature has bestowed."

The audience was numerous; and the piece represented was acted for the first time. The play was well received by the company, who were lavish of their plaudits to an elderly man, who, I am told, is the first actor at Berlin. As I do not understand the German language I can only say, that if either the author or the performers deserved half the applauses which they received, both the arts of writing and acting must be brought to great perfection in this capital.

I have had no opportunity of investigating the state of literature, but I am told that the number of books published annually in this town is immense. The merit of these books is quite another question. How many of these voluminous works will make their way beyond the sands which surround their native city, is a calculation into which I feel no inclination to enter.

But my letter has already exceeded its proper bounds: I shall therefore conclude, without adding to my fault by long and useless apologies.

Adieu!—I persevere in my intention of leaving Berlin to-morrow on my road to England, though we have just been thrown into considerable alarm by the report of a courier arrived at Mr. Jackson's with dispatches, who pretends that the French are actually in posses-

sion of Lubec. This rumor must either be confirmed or contradicted long before I can reach the territories of that town. I shall therefore set out; and if I find there is no other way of avoiding the "lion's den," I will change my route, embark at Stralsund, traverse Sweden, and return home by Gottenburg: but I still hope that I shall make my way to Tonningen.

I am, &c.

LETTER XLI.

Departure from Berlin—Grabo—Mecklenburg-Schwerin—Country-seat, capital, and history of the duke of that name—Mecklenburg-Strelitz, belonging to our queen's brother—Alarm about the French—Lubec—Town and government of the same—Appearance of the inhabitants—Russian fleet—English merchantmen—Territory of Holstein—Account of the same—Rensburg—Danish posting—Frederickstadt—Conduct of its inhabitants—Laughable scene there—Arrival at Tonningen—English packet-boats—Bye boats—Account of Tonningen—Inhabitants of Holstein—Their independence, and hatred against the English—Bad accommodations and extravagant prices of this place—The river Eyder---Bad navigation, and difficulty of reaching this port---Thoughts of removing the packets to Husum---Mr. Howard, the British agent for packets---Anxiety to reach England---Arrival of English families.

Tonningen, on the coast of Holstein,
July 19, 1803.

My dear sir,

My last letter, written on the eve of our departure from Berlin, informed you how much we had been alarmed by the report of the French being actually in possession of Lubec.—Commencing our journey under this apprehension, I need scarcely tell you how happy we were made by discovering the falsehood of the story. We stopped the diligence coming from Hamburg, which we met about

five miles from Berlin, and, in answer to our inquiries on this subject, learned, both from the driver and the passengers, that there was not the least truth in this rumor; and at every posthouse where we changed horses we uniformly received the same assurances. I determined, however, to proceed with the utmost celerity, as the propagation of the report proved the possibility of such a measure being in contemplation. We therefore traveled with as much haste as the state of the roads and the phlegm of the postillions would permit. You will smile when I add, that, with all this exertion, we seldom traversed above two English miles in the course of an hour, though we were always drawn by four, and frequently by six horses.

After moving over bad and heavy roads, from sun-rise till seven in the evening, the first day of our departure from Berlin, we found a tolerably decent inn, where we accordingly thought it prudent to pass the night. After a few hours' rest, we set out again, at four o'clock in the morning, and determined not to stop till we had passed the territories of Lubec. Having traveled twenty-two hours without leaving the carriage, we came into the little town of Grabo two hours after midnight, and here entered the dominions of the duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin. We called up the postmaster, and or-

dered horses immediately; but this order was not executed with a degree of zeal by any means suited to our impatience: the clock had struck four ere we were allowed to proceed: and our patience was soon put to a still greater trial, by the sulkiness of the postillion and the extreme heaviness of the deep sands through which we were dragged. I am sure that a snail might have kept pace with us: and you will scarcely believe me when I say, that we did not reach the town of Mecklenburg-Schwerin (distant from Grabo about fifteen English miles) till eleven o'clock, having been nine hours performing this one stage!

The territory of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, of which this old town, prettily situated on the banks of a small lake, forms the capital, was originally a bishop's see; and having been secularised, and converted into a principality, by the treaty of Osnaburg, in the year 1062, was granted to Adolphus-Frederic, the first duke, who received the same in exchange for Weismar. The sovereign has a country-seat, which we passed in coming hither, consisting of a good house and extensive gardens. The village adjoining is clean, and neatly built; but the country around is barren, sandy, and disagreeable.

The old palace in which the duke resides during the winter months, has a respectable ap-

pearance, and stands on an eminence just above the town and lake of Schwerin. The immediate environs of this little capital are pretty, and well cultivated.

Mecklenburg-Strelitz formed originally a part of this territory; but was afterwards converted into a separate government, and given to Adolphus-Frederic the Fourth, younger brother of the then reigning duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, and grandfather of him who is now sovereign of Strelitz. The latter is brother to our queen, and uncle to the queen of Prussia.

We only changed horses at Schwerin, and, continuing our route, hoped to have arrived at Lubec the same night. When we came within twelve English miles of that town we learnt that this intention was impracticable, as it was then ten o'clock, and we were assured that the gates of Lubec were shut every night at nine. We therefore lay down in our clothes for a few hours, in a wretched hovel dignified with the name of an inn; and recommencing our journey at two o'clock in the morning, soon left the territories of Mecklenburg-Schwerin.

We were shortly afterwards exposed to no little alarm, on reading the following words, in the French language, on a board newly erected: "Territoire du duc de Mecklenburg-Strelitz, pays neutre." As these words were evidently but just written, and the ground so designated

immediately adjoined a small town belonging to Lubec (which we were about to enter), we suspected, and certainly not without some probability, that the French had taken possession of the dominions of that city, and that the notice which we now saw was put up by the neighbouring prince to mark his limits. I ought to mention, that the army of the enemy was known to be quartered within five or six miles of this spot,—a circumstance which increased the danger. We ventured, however, to proceed; and, passing the gates of this little place, learned there, to our great joy, that our fears were groundless.

We reached Lubec about seven o'clock the same morning; and though the inhabitants assured us they had no apprehension of a visit from the French, we thought it prudent to hasten forward without loss of time. We therefore only stopped to breakfast; after which we recommenced our journey as soon as horses could be procured.

Lubec, situated on the confluence of several rivers, the largest of which is the Trave, twelve miles from the Baltic, twenty-five from Lunenburg, forty north-east of Hamburg, and one hundred and seventeen west of Copenhagen, is an imperial city, and one of the Hanse towns. It is governed by its own laws; which are administered by a consistory; whence there is an

appeal to the senate, formed of four burgomasters and two syndics (who must be either civilians or private gentlemen); and sixteen common-councilmen, who are necessarily chosen from the classes of lawyers and merchants. The river enables ships of a certain burden to reach the centre of the town, though ten miles distant from the sea; but those of larger dimensions unload at Travermund, a port in the bay of Lubec. A fleet of five Russian frigates had just anchored near this port previously to my arrival; and I saw some officers belonging to them walking about the streets of the town. The cause of this expedition is not exactly ascertained; but it is conjectured to have been undertaken as a voyage of exercise, for the instruction of the midshipmen and the employment of the sailors. We also learned, that, with that activity which distinguishes the character of English merchants, three trading vessels had already arrived from London, though so short a time had elapsed since the communication by Hamburg had been interrupted.

Our stay at Lubec did not exceed two hours, yet I had ample cause to remark the happy effects of commerce* carried on under the protection of a free government. It was Sunday when we entered the territories of this

* This town carries on a considerable trade with Riga, Revel, Narva, and Petersburg.

little state; and long before we came into the city we met numerous parties of well-dressed persons, of both sexes, seated in open carriages which held ten or twelve together, who with lively and contented faces were going into the country to pass the day, which happened to be remarkably fine. Within the walls of the town every thing had the same respectable appearance: the citizens, clad in their best apparel, were walking to and from the church with their families; and every thing bore the marks of active industry, and its concomitant, prosperity.

We heard that several of the buildings here deserved notice; but we were so anxious to get into the Danish dominions that we did not stop to see them.

We left the territory of Lubec and entered that of Holstein at Segonberg,—a small but neat town, where we dined, at an inn much resembling an English farm-house.

The duchy of Holstein, situated on the north-east side of the river Elbe, bounded on the north by Sleswick and the Baltic, on the east by the Baltic chiefly, on the west by the German Ocean, and on the south by Lunenburg, Lubec, Hamburg, and the Elbe, is about 70 miles long by 40 broad, and contains thirty cities and towns, divided into 600 parishes. The inhabitants are rigid Lutherans; and, enriched by the fine breed of horses and other cattle

which their plains, watered by the Eyder, the Stor, and the Trave, produce, enjoy a degree of wealth and comfort rarely met with in the northern parts of Europe.—This duchy, once affording an independent title to its sovereign, became in the beginning of the last century the seat of war, and was long disputed by the rival powers of Sweden and Denmark; to the latter of which it now belongs.

We slept at the second posthouse in Holstein, having in one day inhabited four different dominions,—*viz.*, those of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, Mecklenburg-Strelitz, Lubec, and Denmark.

We set out at four o'clock the following morning; and dined at Rensburg, a very well looking town, where we found at the posthouse an inn which would not be called indifferent even in England. We had equal reason to praise the manner in which we were driven by the Danish postboys: but this advantage was counterbalanced by the time we lost in changing horses,—having been detained two hours at one place and one at another.

Frederickstadt, which we reached about nine at night, is a pretty small place; the houses of which are neat, and regularly built, but extremely low; and as the river runs through the streets, it has much the appearance of a Dutch town. Though it has a considerable portion of trade (ships of all nations being con-

veyed down the Eyder to its port), it is a very sequestered spot, and as yet has been but little frequented by travelers. Here, therefore, we became the objects of no small attention: and we no sooner stopped at the posthouse, than a crowd, consisting of persons of all ages and all conditions, collected around our carriage. They seemed never to have seen an English chariot before; and the attentive accuracy with which they examined every part was not a little entertaining.

I found we had no probability of getting horses for some time; and as neither Mrs. L. nor I were very anxious to remain the passive objects of gaping curiosity (for, not satisfied with staring at the carriage, the crowd began to climb up the wheels, that they might also view those whom it contained), we went into the inn, and ordered tea. While this was preparing, the landlord, by way of doing the honors of his house in what he thought the most agreeable manner, came into the room, and, making me a profound bow, laid on the table a new pipe and a paper of fresh segars. He seemed equally hurt and surprised at my not partaking of this first of all luxuries in the estimation of a German, and, retiring, sent his wife, to enforce his hospitality by all those powers of eloquence with the effect of which

he was probably well acquainted. The good lady began a long speech in Danish; and as she perceived I did not comprehend her meaning, she elevated her voice, supposing by dint of screaming to make me understand. It never occurred that the person to whom she addressed herself might be ignorant of the language in which she spoke: she therefore roared still louder and louder; and after risking the fracture of a blood-vessel, in her efforts to render herself intelligible, she went away at last in despair, fully satisfied, I have no doubt, that the unfortunate Englishman was incurably deaf.

We had scarcely ceased laughing at this curious scene, when the waiter appeared, making signs (for signs were now resorted to, as a last attempt); and I found I was wanted in an adjoining room. I followed, supposing that some person from the police or the custom-house wished to make the usual inquiries. Instead of one of these officers, an old, tall, athletic North-Briton presented himself, and, addressing me in English spoken with a broad Scottish accent, acquainted me that he came to tell me the news of Frederickstadt. When I had recovered from the surprise which so singular a visit had occasioned, I entered into conversation with him, and found he was a sensible and well-informed man. I did not inquire what

had induced him to come hither, in the words of Dr. Johnson—

> " For who unbrib'd would leave Hibernia's land,
> Or change the rocks of Scotland for the Strand?"

Pecuniary reasons alone could have persuaded him to settle in this fertile but little frequented country. He had lived sixteen years in Holstein, and was therefore well acquainted with the customs and sentiments of the people. I learned with regret, that the inhabitants, remembering the affair of Copenhagen, view the English with a jealous eye; and that their hatred is increased by the blockade of the Elbe; for though this measure may ultimately prove favorable to the towns on the Eyder, they are at present greatly the sufferers, as the trade between them and Hamburg, on which they principally depended, is entirely stopped.

My conference with the good old man, who was of course anxious to repay himself for the information he communicated by asking at least as many questions about England, lasted so long, that I had scarcely time to drink my tea (which, *en passant,* was served as comfortably as it would have been in an English inn) when I was informed that my horses were ready. We got into our carriage; and reached Tonningen between one and two o'clock in the morning.

In performing this last stage we discovered that the Danish postboys are not deficient in those traits of character which distinguish the German: about half way between Frederickstadt and Tonningen our postillions stopped at the door of a little inn, and, in spite of all our remonstrances, though it was nearly midnight, obliged the family to get up. And what do you suppose was the cause of this proceeding, which called several persons from their beds, and lost us more than an hour?—to enable our drivers to light their pipes, which had been extinguished by the wind!—I mention this incident as a concluding example of the degree of patience which those who mean to visit the continent ought to teach themselves before they leave the shores of Great Britain. I need not express the happiness we feel at having conquered all these little difficulties, and at being now only separated by the sea from our native country, after a journey of great fatigue, accompanied by some apprehension of being taking prisoners by the French army, from which at one time we were only four miles distant.

"Juvat evasisse tot urbes
"Argolicas, mediosque fugam tenuisse per hostes."

The voyage which remains might at any other time have appeared a serious evil; but after the risks we have run, and the roads over which

we have passed, even Mrs. L. thinks lightly of the perils of the sea.

My first inquiry on arriving here was about the packets. I learn, with much disappointment, that there is no vessel of that kind now in the harbour, and that it is uncertain when one may come from England. The mails in the mean time are dispatched by bye-boats; but as the latter are not fitted up with beds, or other conveniences suited to a passage which may consume several days, and are not large enough to receive carriages, I find myself under the necessity of awaiting the arrival and departure of a regular packet-boat. Government, it seems, has not as yet made the final arrangements for a supply of these vessels. Their number has lately been much diminished, by the seizure of several in Holland; and as those which remain are sometimes sent to Gottenburg, and sometimes to Tonningen, I know not when we shall be able to embark. In the mean time I have secured the after-cabin of the first which shall enter this port, for the exclusive use of Mrs. L. and myself,—a precaution which it was necessary to take, as the town is crowded with English, waiting, like ourselves, for an opportunity of returning home.

You will expect me to say something of this place, the very name of which is new in our country, and which, should the passage by

Cuxhaven continue to be interrupted, may become of some importance.

Tonningen, situated on the river Eyder, and communicating by its means with the German Ocean, has on former occasions been the theatre of important events, and is one of the most flourishing towns in the duchy of Holstein. When count Steinbock, in the year 1712, at the head of a Swedish army, after conquering the forces of the confederate powers and setting fire to Altona, was in his turn compelled to fly, he took refuge in this place. Here he suffered a rigorous siege, and was at last taken prisoner with all his troops. The king of Denmark, alleging as a pretext that the duke of Holstein (though at that time a child of twelve years old) had afforded an asylum to count Steinbock in Tonningen, took possession of his dominions. Remonstrances were in vain urged on the subject: the king of Sweden made several ineffectual attempts for the liberation of Holstein, and was at last compelled, by the united influence of France and England, to sign the treaty of 1720, by which the possession of this duchy is confirmed to Denmark. The inhabitants of Holstein, though thus converted into Danish subjects, still enjoy many particular privileges, and are said to be very energetic in supporting what they call their rights. There is here at present a regiment of dragoons; the

business of whom is to prevent contraband practices, and to collect the taxes, in the payment of which the people are said to be not a little relax.

Tonningen, regularly built and happily situated, is a small neat town, surrounded by a fertile and well-wooded country, presenting a very pretty landscape when seen from the side of the river. The inhabitants have the reputation of being wealthy; and if I may judge of their riches from the indifference with which they receive the money of strangers, the rumor is well founded. I know not, indeed, whether this behaviour is to be attributed to the independent circumstances of the people, to the prejudices which they have contracted against the English character, or to both these causes combined; but, certainly, in no place on the continent which I have yet visited are our countrymen so ill received. Some friends who arrived before us had the goodness to secure apartments for us, or we should have experienced much difficulty in getting accommodated: and though we inhabit a wretched room, and sleep on straw stretched on a niche in the wall, we pay a more extravagant price for this hovel than is demanded for the most elegant lodging in a French or English hotel. Comparatively with others, we are fortunate; as three families,

who preceded us at this house, paid a still larger sum; and were so imposed on in other particulars, that they were under the necessity of going before the magistrate; who, from partiality to his fellow-citizens, decided every point against the English travelers. — Our provisions are bad, and ill dressed; we are surrounded with noise and dirt; and we have no attendance but from our own servants.

Nor is this treatment peculiar to the inn where we are lodged: I have already seen many English persons, who all make the same complaints: and in several houses, where I called in the hope of procuring better apartments, I have been received with the utmost coolness and incivility. The inhabitants, indeed, seem to have so violent an antipathy against us, that even on the most exorbitant terms they admit us very unwillingly within their walls.

I should have imagined, that the establishment of our packet-boats at this port would have excited such a hope of gain, that even the most prejudiced would, from motives of interest, have by every means in their power attempted to conciliate the favor of the English. Experience on this occasion, as on many others, proves the fallacy of all calculation: and if, instead of putting money into

the pockets of the inhabitants, we came to levy contributions on them, we could not be less welcome guests.

The Eyder is by no means favorable to navigation: and in walking on its banks this morning, I have seen no less than six ships grounded at the same time. I hear, indeed, from the sailors, that the river is so very shallow that it requires the utmost nicety to arrive exactly at the moment of high water, and that altogether the port is bad and difficult. I understand that thoughts are entertained of removing the packets to Husum, about ten miles from Tonningen: but those who have been there assure me that that situation is not more favorable for our purpose.—Mr. Howard, the same gentleman who had the direction of the packets at Cuxhaven, is already settled here in the same capacity. He is extremely civil, and anxious to show every attention to his countrymen.

I have as yet been but a few hours at Tonningen; but the thoughts of home, contrasted with the wretched accommodations of this inhospitable place, have made them appear as many weeks. Several families have arrived this morning; and if it were any consolation to know that others share the same evil, that consolation would not be wanting: but I confess I never found that I was at all happier in hearing of the misery of my neighbours.

Adieu!—I put down my pen, to wander on the shore and look for ships. I know they will not come the sooner for my watching; yet I cannot resist the inclination of courting their arrival.

I am, &c.

LETTER XLII.

Reflexions on the first sight of England—Manner of living at Tonningen—Voyage thence to Yarmouth—Observations on the pleasure which the author has enjoyed in his tour—Paris—Switzerland—Italy—Germany—Happiness of England compared with that of other countries.

Yarmouth, August 1, 1803.

My dear sir,

We landed in safety at this place yesterday evening. The sight of my native country, after an absence of nearly two years, during which time, when depressed by sickness, I had often despaired of seeing it again, afforded me a moment of exquisite happiness, which no words can describe, and which those only can imagine who have been separated, as I have been, from the seat of their birth and early days, and have stood on the brink of the grave in a foreign land. That the horrors of death are increased by a distance from home, is a natural feeling, certified by those who were best acquainted with the human heart: and all travelers have on a bed of sickness been inclined to exclaim, in the beautiful words of Virgil,

"O terque quaterque beati,
Queis ante ora patrum Trojæ sub mœnibus altis
Contigit oppetere."

Such were my feelings. Even at Tonningen my health was in so delicate a state that I doubted the prudence of embarking. But the voyage and the sea air did wonders: I grew better and better as I approached the chalky cliffs of Britain; and the satisfaction I enjoyed when we at last arrived, was not alloyed by any remaining symptoms of indisposition.

I shall not tire you with attempting to describe these sentiments, but shall resume my narrative where I left it at the conclusion of the last letter.

We passed a week at Tonningen, subject to all the inconveniences already described, augmented by impatience, and in my case by illness. Our sole consolation was the society of two English acquaintance (captain B. of the guards, and Mr. W. of Cambridge); with whom, after wandering half the day on the shore, and looking in vain for the expected vessel, we used to conclude the evening with a party at whist, the only amusement which at Tonningen it was possible to enjoy. No less than three mails arrived and returned by bye-boats, before the long-wished-for packet made its appearance. At length, the Diana, captain Stuart, anchored in this port, and insured the certainty of an immediate passage.

If I had not engaged the after-cabin, Mrs. L. would have been very ill accommodated; for

so many English families arrived during the interval, that several applications had been made for the same convenience: and when at last we set sail, though we had nearly fifty persons on board, we left a large party at Tonningen, for whom, and for their carriages, the vessel had not room.

The packet fell down the river on the morning of the 27th; and in the evening we went on board,—being rowed in a boat to the ship, which lay about two miles from the town. We instantly set sail; and at nine o'clock, being at the mouth of the Eyder, cast anchor, and waited the arrival of the captain, who had been detained at Tonningen, expecting an ambassador's courier, whose dispatches he brought on board about midnight. The anchor was immediately heaved, and, the wind being favorable, we proceeded, with every probability of a prosperous voyage. At nine o'clock the next morning we made Heligoland, and on the following day passed admiral Thornborough's fleet, which blockades the Texel; and on Sunday the 31st landed on the pier at Yarmouth.—Such was our voyage; during which we were repeatedly met and challenged by British ships of war, in different directions; and had we been rowing in an English river, instead of traversing the German Ocean, we could not have been more securely protected from the attacks of an enemy.

The vigilance of one of the captains was indeed somewhat excessive, for, not content with making signals and receiving our answers, he actually fired on the packet; the captain of which had orders from the Post-office not to stop on any account whatever. The cannon-ball passed over our heads, but the report alarmed the ladies not a little.

We were very fortunate in the passengers * who accompanied us. Besides the gentlemen who were with us at Tonningen, we had on

* Among the passengers on deck was an Italian courier, carrying dispatches from one of our ministers to the secretary of state's office in London. This fellow was a complete *scaramouch*, such as we see represented in pantomimes. He spent his whole time in eating, chattering, laughing, and sleeping. He came on board with an immense basket of provisions; and on being reminded that he was to be boarded by the captain for the money he had paid, he observed, that the ordinary fare of the ship might do for the appetite of others, but would not suffice for his. He declared he could devour three pounds of meat at every meal!---and from the specimens he gave us of his talent in this way, I feel no inclination to doubt the truth of the assertion. A whole cheese lasted him only two days; and of all his stock of meat, brandy, wine, and bread, nothing remained on the third. By way of adding to his *accomplishments*, he boasted of having killed no less than six men; but as he was really a good-humored harmless fellow in appearance, I will do him the justice to conclude that he was a liar, and not a murderer. He only meant, with the pride of a modern Roman, to establish his reputation as a hero of the stiletto; as puppies boast of ladies' favors which they never have received.

board Mr. M., lady and miss H., sir E. R., and baron D. a Hanoverian nobleman. As the after-cabin was our exclusive property, Mrs. L. and I invited those whom I have named to join our party. They were kind enough to comply with our request; and as we thus formed a very pleasant and sociable *coterie*, I never remember to have passed three days more to my satisfaction. The weather was fine; the wind favorable, and not too boisterous; and our companions were so lively and well-informed, that we had a constant fund of conversation.

The only inconvenience of which we had reason to complain was (if I may be permitted to use the words of Dr. Johnson on a similar occasion), "that of provisions the negative catalogue was very copious." As the captain seemed a liberal man, we could not at first account for the deficiency; but we discovered at last that it arose from a cause somewhat ridiculous. His steward, a wary Scotchman, calculating that half the passengers would probably be sick, and incapable of eating, had only provided for the remaining moiety: but the weather was so fine, that few, if any, were thus incommoded; and as all became efficient members of the dinner-table, the quantity proved insufficient. A poor sheep, which was tied alive on the deck, was saved two days from execution by the intercession of the ladies;

but on the third hunger conquered even the mercy of the fair, and we dined very heartily on a portion of our *compagnon de voyage.*

On landing in England, what surprised me most was the beauty of the women. It was Sunday; and crowds of well-dressed persons were assembled on the pier. Among them I perceived so many lovely females, that I viewed them with equal pride and delight. That there are many handsome women on the continent it would be absurd to deny; but beauty is there a rare commodity, while in Great Britain it is generally diffused, and, like our liberty, is found both in the cottages of the poor and the mansions of the rich.

In taking my leave of you as a traveler, I must anticipate a question which I am sure you will put to me at our first meeting: I mean, whether the tour I have taken has answered the expectations I had formed, and compensated for the trouble and expense with which it has been attended. I have no hesitation in answering the question in the affirmative; and though I fear the accounts sent you of my peregrinations will have afforded you but little amusement, the scenes I have witnessed have left impressions on my mind which, however incapable I may be of expressing them, must afford me pleasure for the rest of my life. Heartily do I rejoice at having thus spent the

short (alas! much too short) interval of peace. How, indeed, could I have passed two years either so profitably or agreeably? Instead of moving on in the monotonous round of a London life, occasionally enlivened by excursions to Bath and other public places; I have seen many of the great capitals of Europe; traversed regions marked with the most beautiful features of Nature; admired the finest works of art; beheld the seats of ancient magnificence, sublime even in their decay; visited the courts and conversed with the most remarkable characters on the continent of Europe; and viewed mankind in various shapes and various forms, under all the diversities of government and the different degrees of climate.

Think not that I have the presumption to suppose that the improvement derived from my travels has been at all proportioned to the opportunities which have been afforded me. Want of ability in the first place, and want of health in the second, united to the difficulties which I often experienced in endeavouring to gain admittance into the society of the inhabitants, not to mention my slight acquaintance with the Italian and my entire ignorance of the German language, were obstacles which interrupted the success of my best endeavours, and prevented me from acquiring as perfect a knowledge of the countries through which I travel-

ed, as under other circumstances might have been obtained. In looking over the copies of my letters, I should feel ashamed at having troubled you with them, if I did not comfort myself with this reflexion, that, however barren they may be of general information, they yet contain some particulars which cannot fail to interest, notwithstanding the want of skill which the writer has displayed. Europe, after the late political convulsion, has assumed a new character; and the most imperfect sketch of its present appearance, will, from its novelty, attract attention.

Paris* still remains a capital of vast importance: but the objects for which it deserves to be visited, are very different from those which induced strangers a few years ago to flock thither from every part of Europe. It is no longer the seat of refined and polished society; but it still offers all the pleasures and varieties of unbounded luxury, besides the finest specimens of ancient art, and the best-informed teachers of modern science. The

* Though Paris formed the subject of a former publication, no apology is made for these remarks. The letters now offered are only a continuance of the same correspondence; and as the two works united give the whole of the author's tour, he was unavoidably led, in this recapitulation of what he had witnessed, to name a place which constituted a very important scene of his travels.

statuary, the painter, and the man of letters, have each the happiest opportunities of cultivating their favorite pursuits. The elegancies and superior manners of the old court exist no longer; but the present government, created by the arts, the crimes, the talents, and the good-fortune of the extraordinary individual now at its head, points him out as an object of no common curiosity; while the various effects of the late revolution, now rapidly sinking into a new despotism and a new dynasty, excite the observation and astonishment of all persons used to meditate on political affairs. Paris, in short, though at present it presents a less pleasing form than formerly, is more than ever the spot to which all eyes are directed.

Switzerland—virtuous, injured Switzerland—that favorite and admired country, in whose beautiful and variegated scenery English travelers were always fond of wandering—has lost those treasures which assimilated it to Britain, and which formed its happiest characteristics: I mean, its liberty and independence. But with these inestimable blessings it has not lost either its virtue or its respectability. The inhabitants remain the same honest, good, and valiant race of men: and if they are politically degraded, they are the victims, not of their own cowardice, but of the tyranny of usurping power. They did not resign their natural rights without a noble

struggle, which proved them to be worthy of their ancestors and of a better fate. Nor have they yet resigned the hope of freeing themselves from the yoke of France. In contemplating the magnificent scenery of their country, the gift of Nature, which neither revolutions nor conquerors can destroy, I enjoyed the additional happiness of seeing that the spirit of liberty was not extinct in the bosom of this virtuous people; and in walking over the plain of Schwitz, I beheld the genuine descendants of William Tell, led on by the gallant Aloys Reding, prepared to resist, though with only a handful of men, the whole power of their upstart government.

The Glaciers and the Alps, always sights of awful grandeur, received, if possible, a new source of attraction from the recollection of recent events. In traversing these tremendous scenes, the passage of Bonaparte's army over the Mont St. Bernard, and the contests carried on in the plains below by the French and Austrians, naturally occurred to the mind, and increased the interest of every object.

Italy, whose soil History and Poetry have immortalised, must ever, to the classical traveler, present, under all circumstances, a scene of enchantment. I visited it after the heaviest calamities which, since the first eruption of the barbarians, it ever experienced: yet its remain-

ing riches in all the works of art delighted and astonished me; and I only complained of the superabundance of matter, which rendered it impossible to afford to any one object the attention which it deserved. Those who, like myself, saw this country for the first time, would not have discovered the devastations to which it has been exposed, had not the inhabitants and prior travelers pointed out its losses: and it is with pleasure I am able to add, that it yet possesses enough of pictures and statues amply to repay the trouble of a journey, without mentioning the magnificent relics of antiquity, sufficient in themselves to reward the efforts of active curiosity. The events of the last war have also given historical importance to various spots which were formerly seen with indifference: the bridge of Lodi, and the plains of Marengo; those of Novi, and the banks of the Trebia; besides many inferior scenes of action, are thus visited with scrutinising attention; while the beautiful cities of Genoa and Naples, examined in a military point of view, create a new source of interest. But if inanimate objects were thus enhanced by the events which they had witnessed, the actors and victims of those scenes excited a still more lively and important consideration. On the whole, I am of opinion, that, in visiting Italy under these circumstances,

we have been sufficiently indemnified for losing the opportunity of seeing the treasures of which that country has been deprived, by having that of viewing the theatre of those great events on which the fate of Europe so recently depended, and of tracing their effects in the character and condition of the people.

Germany, whither we next went, though it has not nominally been subject to revolution, has been the scene of war, and feels the effects of both calamities. The river of Tagliamento, by which I entered its dominions, the village of Leoben, and the little town of Klakenfurt, give names to events which modern history will record; while the Rhine and the Danube, long familiar in martial story, have gained new importance in the annals of Europe. The empire of Germany and the kingdom of Prussia both geographically exist; but they are no longer the great independent states which former travelers have described. The recollection of what they have suffered, the dread of greater evils, and above all the name of Bonaparte, have reduced the once mighty sovereigns of these countries into a state not far removed from that of his vassals; and the first consul of France may with great truth be said to be feared not less at Vienna and at Berlin, than at Paris, Milan, Amsterdam, and Madrid. —However melancholy may be the fact, it is

curious, and important to have ascertained it; and while I recollect with gratitude the gracious reception which I experienced from their imperial majesties, and the universal hospitality of their subjects, I cannot help feeling an anxious hope, that, when a few years' repose shall have recruited the finances and restored the confidence of the people, the brave Austrians, headed by their gallant prince (the archduke Charles), may restore the sovereign, whose paternal government they have every day fresh reason to commend, to that state of independence and dignity which the high rank he holds in Europe, the number of his subjects, the fertility and extent of his dominions, not to mention his various virtues, so well entitle him to assume. I fear, however, that the period is very distant when these hopes can be realised; and in the mean time all the continent of Europe, with the exception only of the three northern powers (if indeed they form an exception), may be considered as completely obedient to the nod of Bonaparte.

However grateful may be the pleasures which an Englishman receives in foreign travel, his greatest satisfaction is undoubtedly derived from comparing other countries with his own, and being convinced that the preference with which he views the latter is not the result of prejudice, but of fair and deliberate examination,

—If such have been the most agreeable reflexions of prior tourists, I have had double reason to make them in the journey which I have just finished. After seeing all the nations of the continent suffering in a greater or a less degree from the effects of the late political convulsion, and witnessing their result, pictured in the misery of some countries, in the devastation and losses of others, and the slavery of all; I return, and find my native land unhurt, uninjured, and proudly defying the threats of him who dares to style himself the universal conqueror. Instead of despotic governments, trembling in their turns at the name of France; of nobles at once tyrants, sycophants, and paupers; and of abject commons, obedient to their masters from fear, and not from love, slothful, miserable, and depressed: I see a government rendered impregnable, because founded on the basis of enlightened freedom and guarded by the choice and affection of the people; I see an affluent, small, and respectable body of aristocracy, highly useful to the state, but enjoying no privileges insulting or dangerous to the community; and a great nation blessed with liberty, independence, commerce, and their concomitants, wealth and happiness.

Such is the delightful picture which England, contrasted with other countries, presents to the

returned traveler: and the scene, though no longer gladdened by the smiles of Peace, receives a grand and dignified appearance, displayed in the courage, zeal, spirit, and unanimity with which all ranks and classes of the people are now flocking to the standard of their country, in defence of that independence without which existence were disgraceful, and of a constitution which has no rival in the history of man.

I fear you will think me somewhat enthusiastic in these praises; but in arriving from the continent, particularly at this moment, it is impossible not to be forcibly struck with the wonderful advantages which Great Britain enjoys. The general comfort, ease, and plenty which prevail; the neat and handsome dresses of the people; the high state of cultivation which the face of the country presents; the smooth and level roads; the elegant carriages; the fine race of horses; the cleanliness of the houses; the beauty of the women; the forest of ships which crowd the ports, and the rich variety of merchandise exhibited in the shops; and last, not least, the spirit and manly freedom with which political subjects are discussed, in writing and in conversation, afford such evident and glorious marks of national prosperity, that he must be blind indeed who should not remark them: and in remarking them, who can help

feeling a considerable degree of pride and satisfaction in remembering he was born a Briton?

With this pleasing idea I take my leave: and though I am satisfied that a few years cannot be more profitably or more agreeably employed than in visiting the principal states of Europe, yet I sincerely hope that the greater part of my life may be spent in that country where Freedom reigns, accompanied by every convenience, every elegance, and all the refinements of polished society.

I am, &c.

END OF VOL. II.

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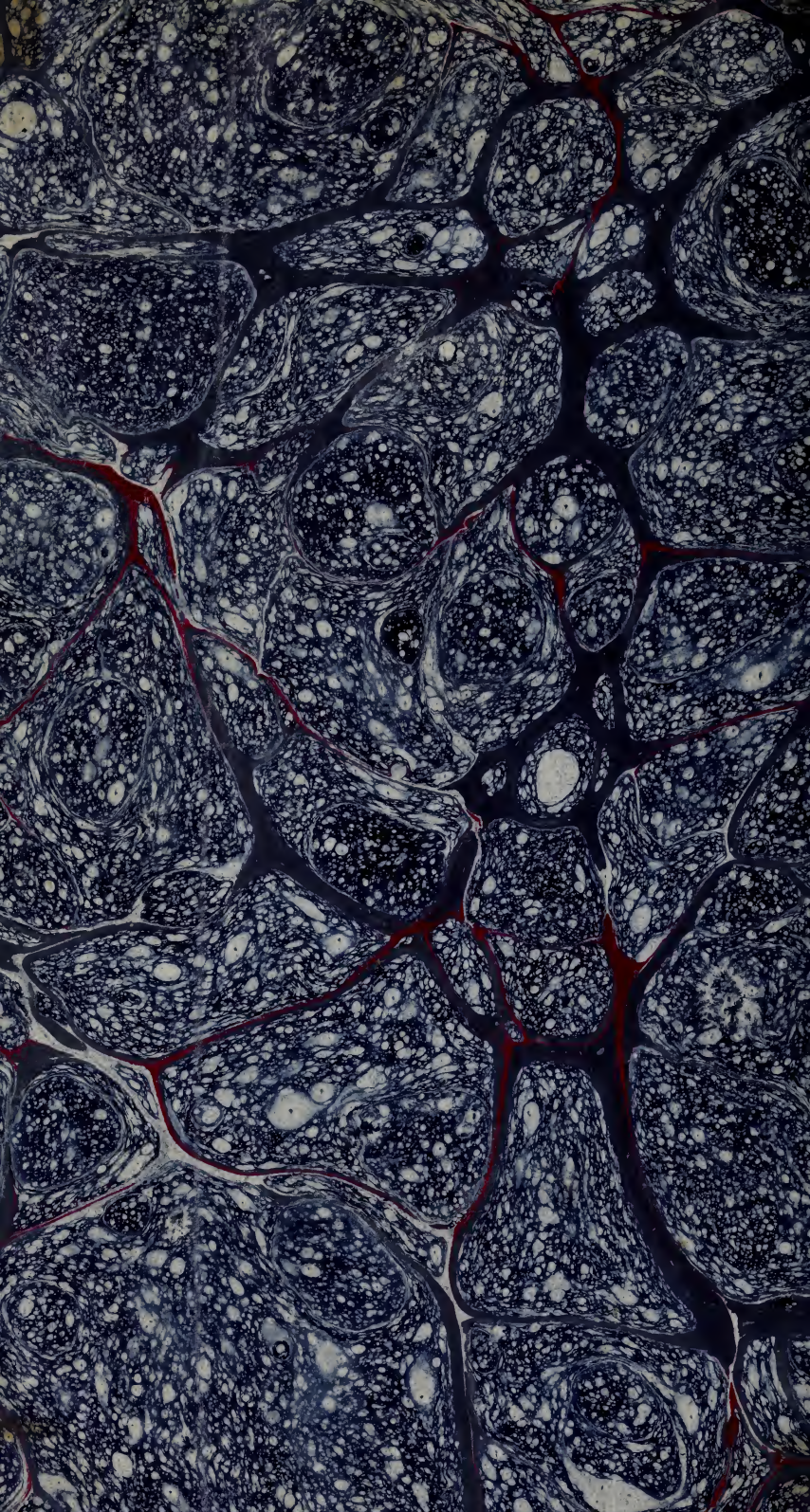

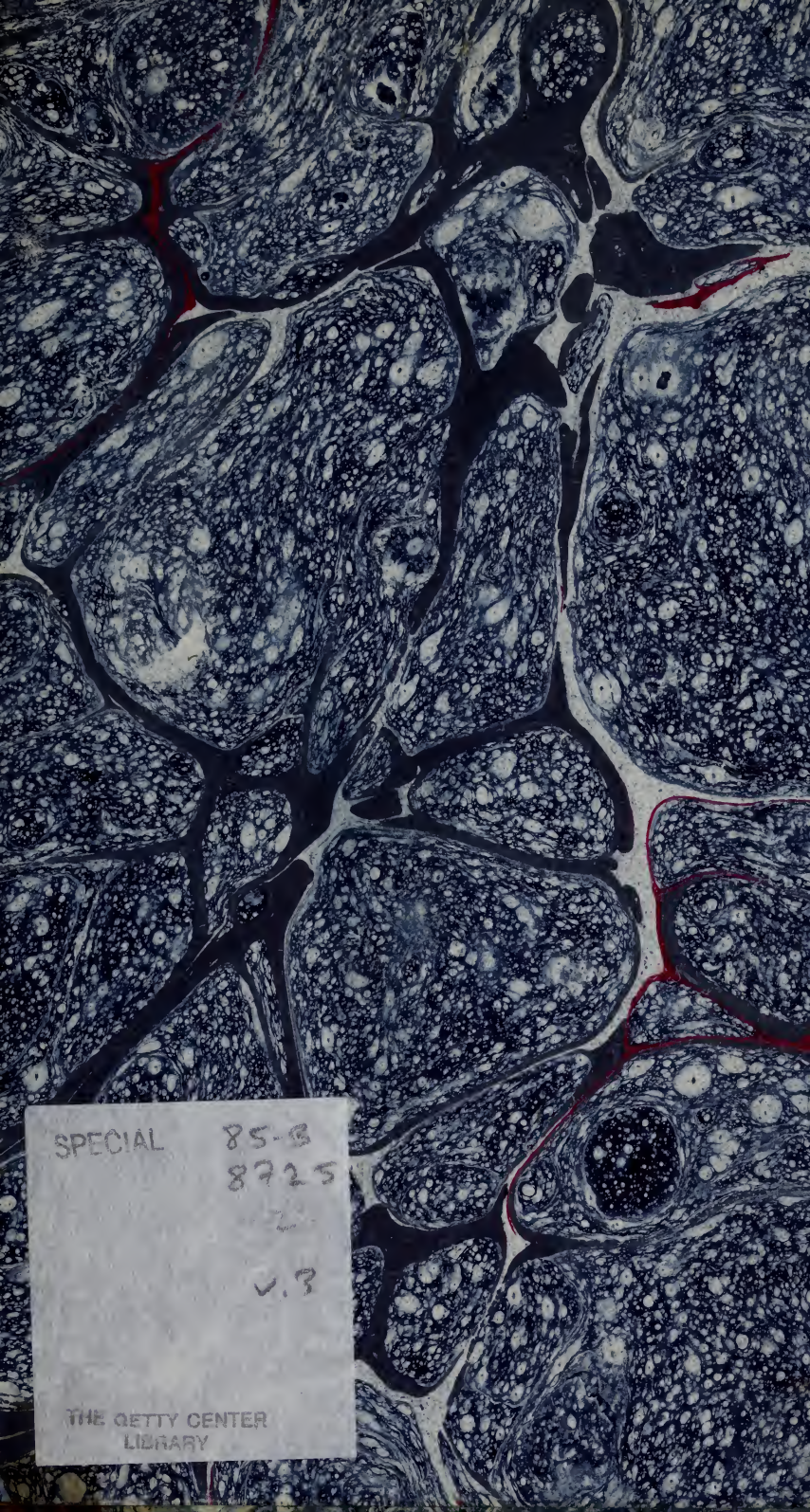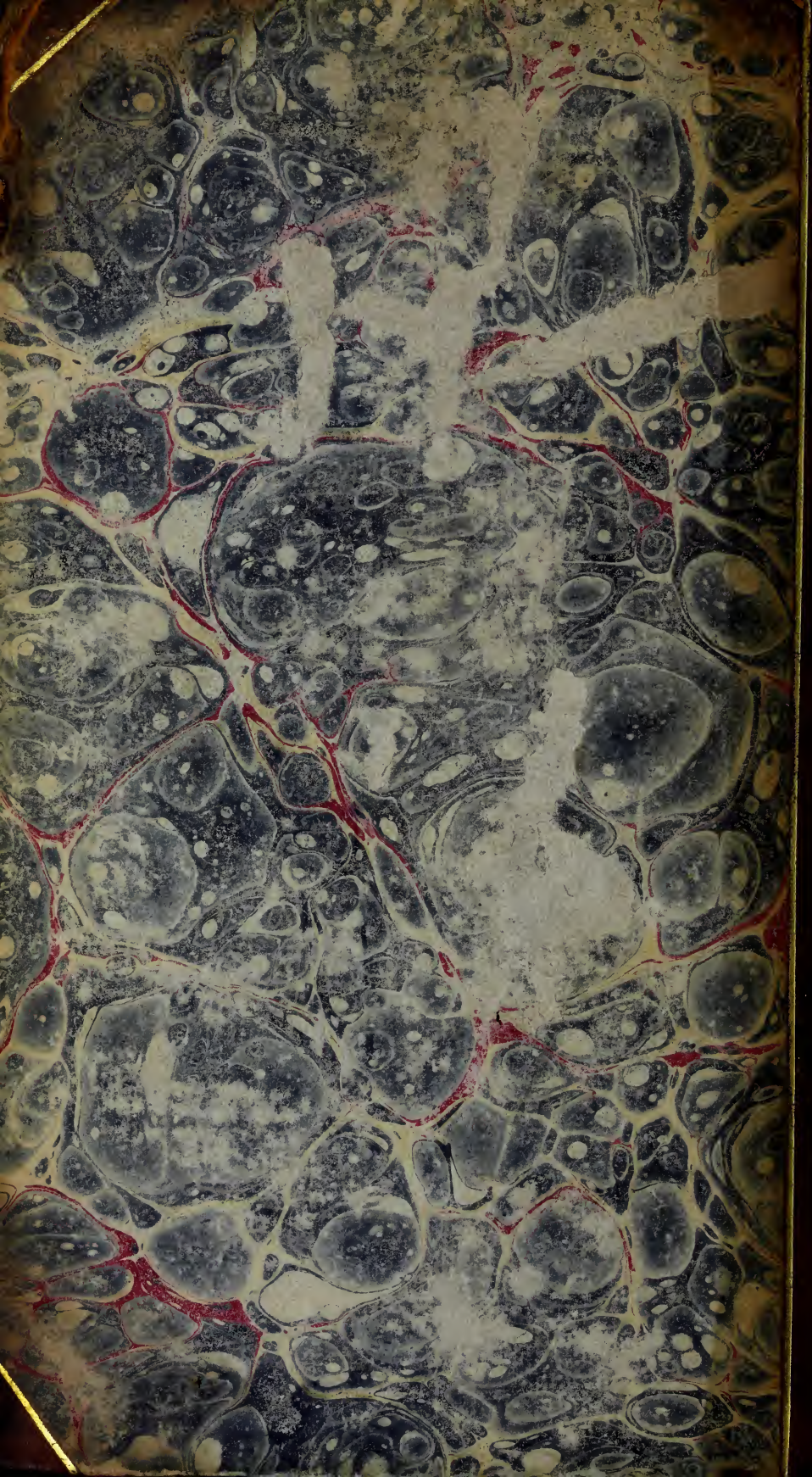
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